

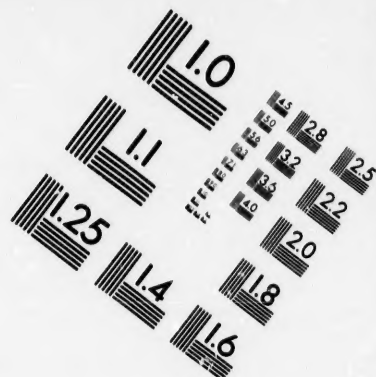
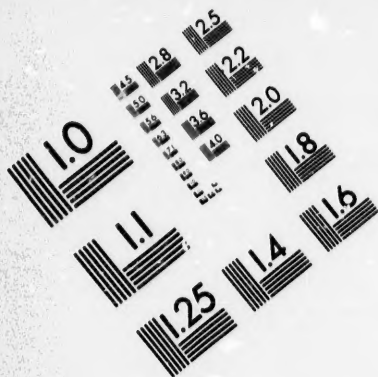
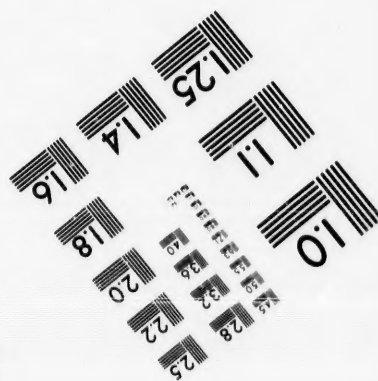
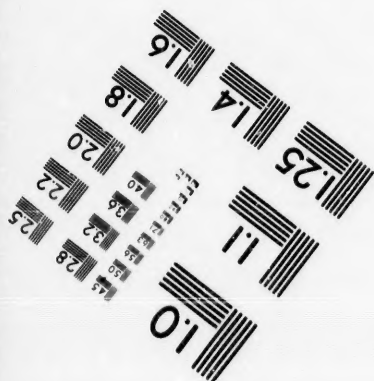
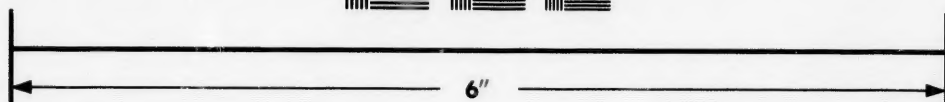
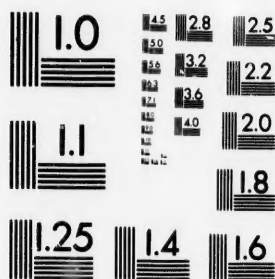


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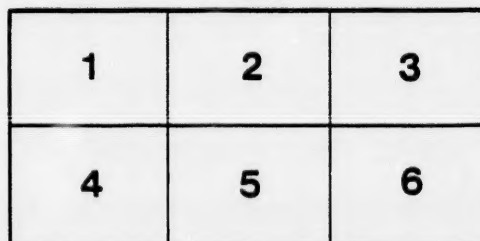
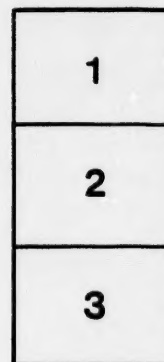
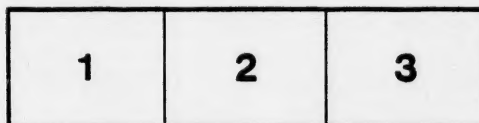
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NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION



IN TOURING on one occasion through India, two travelers met and after exchanging salutations each recited to the other his experience of the country. One said, "I have been preaching for fifty years God's handiwork in Nature;" the other observed that he had been a silent but no less devout worshiper. Impressed by the observations and the fervor of each of the enthusiasts, one day the thought occurred to the compiler of this work how little he had seen of the wondrous beauties of the world, and he then and there made a vow that if his life were spared, he would see with the physical eye what he had been trying to demonstrate to others. The object of the series of photographic productions is this: There are thousands unable, through lack of the time and means, to see with their own eyes the wonderful works herein shown by the solar prints in which this volume is so rich. The volume comes as a key to unlock these treasures of nature to all, and to stimulate the imagination and enrich each one's mental library with a collection of the most attractive views of every country under the sun,—showing the onlooker the parks, palaces, public buildings and chief cities of the world, works of art and statuary, famous paintings, etc., together with a representation of the manners, habits, and customs of the people, very vividly and realistically portrayed. The series opens with a tour through England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, then follow views of France, Germany, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Africa, India, Egypt, China, Japan, the Hawaiian Islands, Alaska, the Canadas, then a visit through the West India Islands, Mexico, and the United States. The compiler of the work has spared no expense in placing this panorama before the spectator, confident that the views presented will improve the mind and open to the world at large the vast field of travel which it has cost the editor much to explore and set forth. In appropriate language a description is furnished, without a multiplicity of words, of each and every scene, and one cannot help but be benefited by its constant perusal, making one better mentally, morally, and socially. Nothing in either letterpress or in picture, it is confidently claimed, occurs in the book to offend the eye or ear of the most sensitive; while to the student of art, science, and literature, every glimpse and accompanying description must prove most entertaining and informing.

THE EDITOR.



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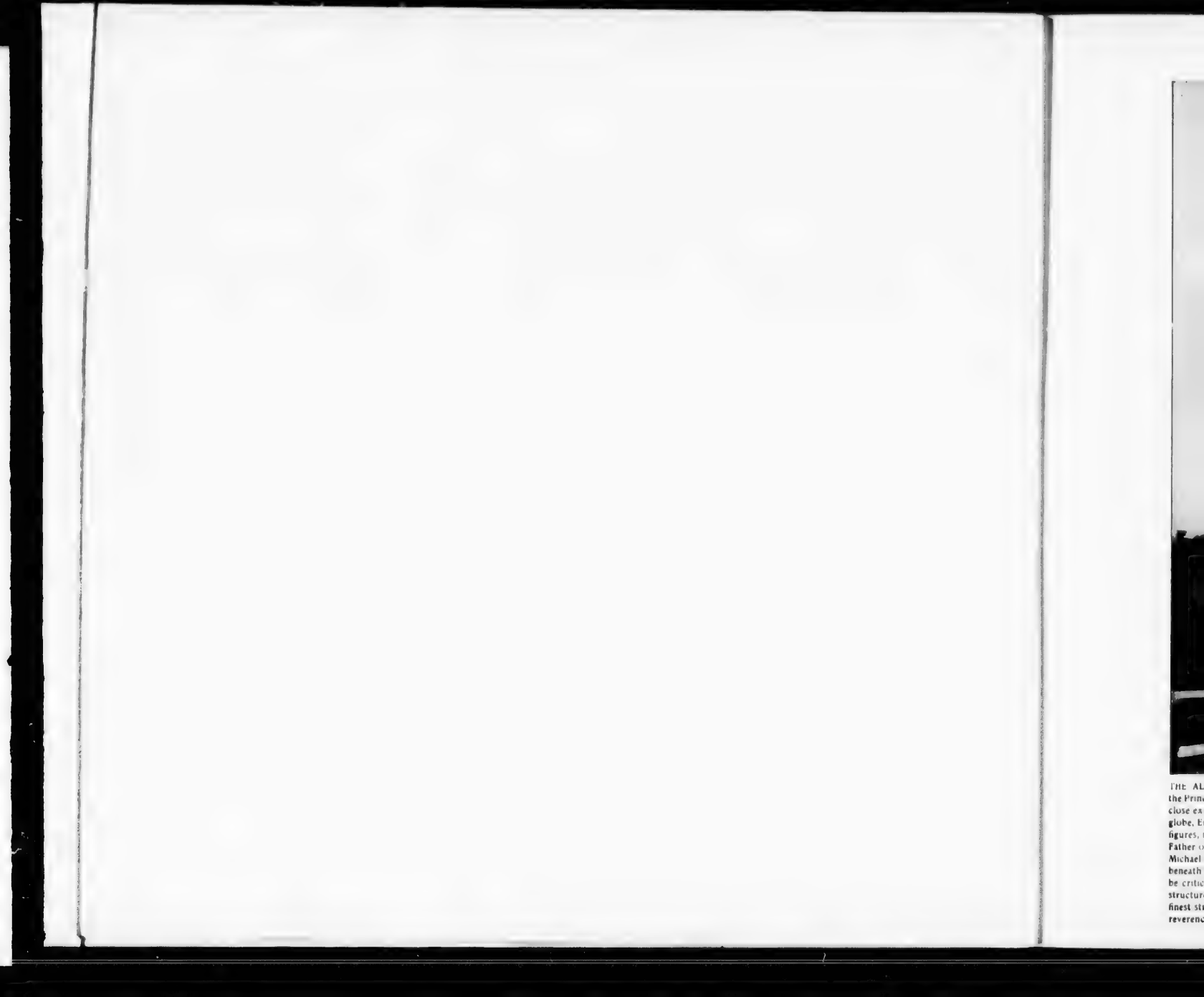
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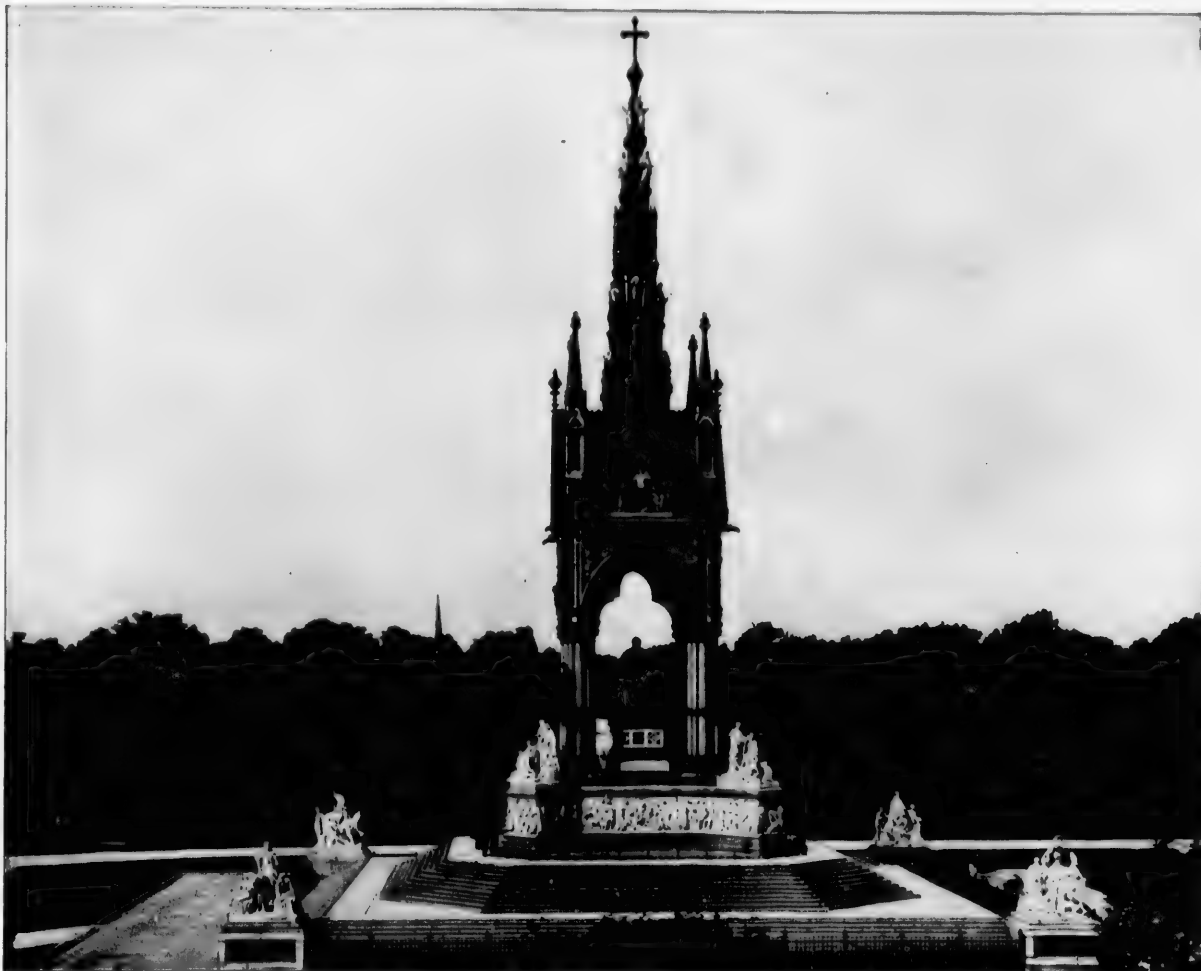




THRONE ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON. "A throne," said Napoleon, "is only a collection of boards covered with velvet." Nevertheless, it symbolizes so much of wealth, rank and power, that one approaches it with at least respectful interest. The Throne Room of Buckingham Palace, the usual London residence of Queen Victoria and her household, is a magnificent apartment. Its length is sixty-four feet. Its walls are covered with crimson satin. The royal chair itself stands on a slightly elevated platform beneath a velvet canopy. This is, however, by no means the only room within this palace which repays the traveler's inspection. The Ball Room, the Banquet Hall, and Picture Gallery, the various Reception Rooms and above all the splendid staircase of the palace, which together with its elegant Corinthian columns is of pure white marble, are these are what we might expect in this abode of English Royalty. The interior of Buckingham Palace is, however, much more attractive than its exterior, although adjoining it is the extensive palace garden which contains sixty acres and is very beautifully kept, and possesses a pretty summer house, frescoed by such distinguished artists as Machise and Landseer. This little villa has been used by her Majesty when she has been obliged to spend any of the summer season in the city. Near this palace are the Royal stables, where are kept the state carriages and the horses of the Queen.



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THE ALBERT MEMORIAL, LONDON—One of the most magnificent monuments in the world is the structure outlined in this illustration. It is the "Albert Memorial," erected to the memory of the Prince Consort (husband of Queen Victoria), partly by the Government and partly by voluntary contributions at a cost of \$600,000. The very foundation of this monument alone repays an hour's close examination. Broad granite steps lead up on every side to a spacious platform, at the four corners of which are fine colossal groups of statuary, representing the four great divisions of our globe, Europe, Asia, Africa and America. The pedestal itself is nothing less than wonderful in its elaborate display of marble statues in relief encircling the entire monument. There are 169 of these figures, representing the world's greatest artists since the dawn of history, including Painters, Musicians, Poets, Architects, Sculptors, Heroes and Reformers. In one place, for example, Homer, the Father of Poetry, is portrayed, holding the lyre, while near to him in attitudes of reverent attention are Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Milton and Boccaccio. In another section are grouped Michael Angelo, Donatello, John of Bologna, Benvenuto Cellini, and other sculptors of the Renaissance. At last above all this rises to the height of 175 feet a gorgeously decorated Gothic canopy, beneath which is seated a colossal statue of the Prince Consort, fifteen feet in height and made of gilded bronze. The excessive amount of ornamentation in mosaic and gilding on this canopy may be criticised, but there is no doubt of the grand and imposing effect produced by the lower portion of this superb memorial. The question naturally arises, however, whether it is an appropriate structure to commemorate Prince Albert. He was unquestionably a worthy man, a patron of art, an upright Prince, and the husband of the Queen; but when a man is honored thus by one of the finest structures on the globe, we look for other qualities than these. Such a memorial as this, beneath which stand as ministers the master-spirits of the world, and to whom four great continents do reverence, is worthy of being an offering of the whole Anglo-Saxon race to Shakespeare, or better still, a universal tribute to the Leaders of Humanity in its slow upward march toward light and truth.



OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, LONDON.—Charles Dickens, in the realm of fiction, has given to the English-reading world a host of veritable *friends*. The heroes of most other novelists amuse, instruct or entertain us, but quickly fade into oblivion, like chance acquaintances. But to the genuine lover of *Dickens* his characters are not fictitious—they are *real*. We laugh with them, we cry with them, we love their virtues, we forgive their frailties, till they are sealed to us as life-long friends. Nor is this all, for Dickens' *characters* are usually linked to certain *places* which he selected with great care, and sketched with wonderful fidelity. It is in fact this vivid picturing of *place and person* that makes it a continual pleasure to trace his works in that great World's-Metropolis, of which he was so fond. Thus, of late years, books have been written for this special purpose, and by the aid of these we may spend days in London itself, to say nothing of rural England, noting all sorts of odd localities, streets, houses, inns and churches; such as the quaint sign which suggested to Dickens his idea of Little Nell's "Old Curiosity Shop" to the house where Mr. Tulkinghorn resided or even the church-yard gate, beside which lay the lifeless body of poor Lady Dedlock. "Charles Dickens' London," therefore, and "Through England with Dickens," should never be omitted from the library of any European tourist who loves the creator of "David Copperfield," "Little Dorrit," and the immortal "Pickwick."



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WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.—If only one object in London could be selected for inspection by American tourists, it would doubtless be Westminster Abbey. The original church was erected here about the year 640, but this and two successors were pulled down and rebuilt, till finally this present Abbey was constructed in the reign of Henry III. It is in the form of a Latin cross four hundred feet in length. Although impressive and in places beautiful, its Gothic exterior will not account for the fascination which this building exerts upon the visitor. That is unquestionably due to the fact that for so many centuries it has been the English Pantheon, the burial place of kings and queens, statesmen, generals, explorers, orators, philosophers and literary geniuses. Thirteen English Kings and fourteen Queens are here entombed. Here also is preserved, as every visitor may see, the ancient chair in which all English sovereigns have been crowned (and most of them in this Cathedral) since Edward I. Here are the tombs of Queen Elizabeth and her fair rival and victim, Mary Queen of Scots, now lying 'neath the same Cathedral roof. The one apparently completely triumphed and saw the body of her hated cousin entombed within an unpretending sepulchre! But posterity has been more just. The murdered Mary's son ascended England's throne, and Mary's tomb was placed beside Elizabeth's in England's noblest shrine, and not a day goes by, or *has* gone by for centuries, but pilgrims to Westminster stand beside their graves and sigh in pity for the one, and blame the conduct of the other.

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THE POET'S CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.—Beautiful as Westminster Abbey is as a specimen of architecture, its distinctive glory is not found in Gothic arches, dim religious light, fluted columns or even works of art. But that which thrills us as we tread the pavement of this ancient Shrine is the assemblage here of the illustrious dead of many centuries. Its old gray walls are lined with tablets, busts and monuments commemorating names which are like house-hold words. But the most interesting part of this historic Pantheon is what is called "*The Poet's Corner*." Here every English speaking visitor at last stands with uncovered head and bated breath, feeling himself surrounded by the Master-spirits of his race. Here, for example, he sees a marble bust beneath which are the words "O rare Ben Jonson." Close by it is that of the poet Milton, and beneath this is the medallion portrait of Gray, whose masterpiece, the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," is one of the most exquisite classics of our tongue. Space fails to enumerate the names of those whose "storied urn or animated bust" here "invokes the passing tribute of a sigh." But Spencer, Dryden, Southey, Campbell, Thompson, Macaulay, Thackeray, Garrick, Grote, Sheridan and (last but not least) the dearly-loved Charles Dickens, all these and many more form here a galaxy of genius which makes the pilgrim from America forget all minor national distinctions, and glory in the fact that he too speaks the language of the men whose dust makes old Westminster haunted, holy ground.



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THE TOWER OF LONDON — No building in this greatest city of the world is historically so impressive as old "*London Tower*." Its gloomy battlements watch grimly o'er the Thames, as they have done for centuries. Some of its deep foundations are said to be as old as the time of Julius Caesar. At present, its most conspicuous feature is the massive structure in the foreground, with four pinnacles called the White Tower, built early in the reign of William the Conqueror, about the year 1079. The WHITE TOWER! A strange name truly for any portion of this building! For not only are its walls most dark and gloomy in appearance, but behind them have transpired some of the blackest deeds of English history! How many noble men and women have been imprisoned here whose names not only stand transcribed on the pages of history, but have been carved in tears upon their dungeon walls. Among them brave Sir Walter Raleigh, who languished here for thirteen years, part of the time in a small room but ten feet long and eight feet wide! Here all the distinguished prisoners of the Scottish wars were held in close captivity, and hence the noble Wallace was led forth to brutal death and mutilation! Here also was beheaded the noble and innocent Lady Jane Gray; here Anne Boleyn walked calmly to the block, praying with her last breath for her brutal husband, and as the fatal axe cleft through her fair white neck, the report of a gun rang out from yonder walls so that the lecherous Henry VIII might be informed that he was rid of her. But enough! These and a score of similar memories sicken us, and make the very air within the Tower's precincts taste of blood! Thank God that though the tower stands, such deeds are now impossible! For the sovereign of England is no longer the tyrant, but the administrator; yes, the intelligent servant of the people!



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ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.—The crowning feature of London is the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is sublime and noble in appearance, although so black with soot that a Frenchman suggested that it must have been built by chimney-sweeps! In fact, chimneys innumerable have offered up to this for years their grimy incense, till now it has a sooty grandeur which some think gives it added dignity. Hawthorne, for instance, said that it is much better so than staring white, and that it would not be one-half so grand without its drapery of black. The whole cost of St. Paul's was defrayed by a tax on every ton of coal brought to the port of London; so that after all, no building in the world has a better claim than this to have a sooty exterior. At all events the mighty Dome is like a temple in the air, 365 feet above the street and 180 feet in diameter! It is so lofty that, unlike most other structures, it seems quite unaffected by its environment. It is perhaps the more impressive from standing here in the great throbbing heart of London. Despite the roar and tumult of the waves of life surging around its base, nothing disturbs its grand repose. It soars above it all, as Mt. Blanc rises above Chamounix. Within the vaults of this Cathedral lie the remains of the Duke of Wellington, Admiral Nelson, and the architect of the edifice, Sir Christopher Wren, whose funeral inscription is brief but eloquent: "If you seek his monument, look around you!"

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HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, LONDON — These noble buildings are worthy of their fame. The finest view of them is obtained thus from the river, along the embankment of which they extend for 940 feet. Built in elaborate Gothic style, their ornamentations including graceful towers, pinnacles, fluted columns, interesting statues, and a bewildering amount of fine stone carving relieve the enormous structure of monotony. This edifice covers an area of eight acres. The rooms which it contains are numbered by hundreds and its corridors can be reckoned by miles. The grand "Victoria Tower" at the southern end of the building reaches the imposing height of 340 feet, and is more than seventy feet square. Through this the Queen enters when she opens Parliament, on which occasion the flag of England is always displayed above the Tower. The Clock Tower at the northern end of these Imperial legislative halls, is only twenty feet lower than its rival. Each of its four great dials measure ninety-two feet in circumference. The minute hand is a bar of steel more than twelve feet in length! It is said that five hours are required to wind it up. Every one who has spent a night in London must have heard the great bell of this tower proclaim the flight of time in deep and solemn tones, which are to those of other bells like the voice of an organ to the sound of a piano. This bell, which weighs no less than thirteen tons, is known as "Big Ben," and for years had no rival. But now it is surpassed by the new monster recently placed in St. Paul's Cathedral. Still they are far enough apart to make no interference with each other. The kingdom of "Big Ben" has simply been curtailed. Over this part of gigantic London he still reigns supreme.



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THE BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON.—In the very heart of the city of London stands a low-browed, massive structure, streaked with soot and without even a window in its outer walls. It is the Bank of England. The absence of windows is supposed to give greater security to its valuable contents, the light within being received from interior courts and skylights. The structure looks heretofore like a gigantic strong-box, covering four acres of territory! This establishment, though a national institution, is itself a private corporation. Its capital is about seventy-five million dollars, and its bullion alone is supposed to be at least one hundred and twenty-five million dollars in value. Its affairs are managed by a governor, a deputy governor, twenty-four directors and nine hundred clerks. Below the surface of the ground there are more rooms in this structure than on the ground floor. One looks with almost a feeling of awe upon this building. Architecturally it has nothing to attract us, but we feel that it stands as a representative of the wealthiest and most influential empire on our globe. It has a lifeblood of its own which regulates the pulse of the financial world. Whatever is done within those massive walls will be felt in the Antipodes. One can hardly estimate the shock which the entire world would experience if public confidence in this institution were shaken. Almost the same thing can be said of it that was once affirmed of the Roman Colosseum: "While stands the Bank of England, England stands; When falls the Bank of England, England falls. When England falls—the world."

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LONDON BRIDGE: LONDON — OF all the bridges which cross the Thames within the city limits none is so famous as this which characteristically bears the name of "London." It was opened to traffic by King William IV in 1831. It is of granite and its cost was about eight millions of dollars. The lamp-posts on its sides are said to have been cast from cannon captured from the French during the Spanish war. It has the distinction of being the last bridge on the Thames or the one nearest to the sea, which is about sixty miles away. The restless tide of human life ebbing and flowing across this granite thoroughfare is a suggestive sight. Dickens was fond of studying here by day and night those widely differing phases of humanity which can be seen in this world-metropolis better than anywhere else on earth. This bridge is never deserted, and during twenty-four hours it is estimated that 20,000 vehicles and 120,000 pedestrians cross here from one side of London to the other. The roadways are so arranged that those who desire to drive rapidly follow one course, and those whose wishes or whose horses are more moderate must take the other. Standing on this connecting link between the two great sections of the World's Metropolis, one realizes the immensity of London. Nearly *five millions* of people live within its mighty circuit. Twenty-five hundred are born and about two thousand die here every week. One hundred million gallons of water are used here every day, in spite of the multitude of the "Great Unwashed." If the people of London were placed in single file, eighteen inches apart, they would extend 1200 miles, or further than from Boston to Chicago. There are in London more Roman Catholics than in Rome, more Scotchmen than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin. The poverty and wretchedness in certain quarters of the city are as extreme in one direction as the magnificent display and wealth of the West End are in the other. Yet no great city in the world is better paved or better governed.



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TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON. This handsome square is so centrally located that it may be said to form the nucleus or heart of London. Around it are the National Gallery of Paintings, the celebrated St. Martin's Church, and such hostellers' "Morriewes" and the "Metropole" while in the center rises a majestic column known as the Nelson monument, surmounted at a height of 151 feet, by a statue of the immortal hero who died at Trafalgar in 1805. Upon the pedestal are inscribed Nelson's well-known words, "England expects that every man will do his duty." Flanking this granite monument are the four colossal lions of St. James' Palace, which are not only magnificent specimens of art, but are thoroughly in keeping with the majestic severity of the shaft which they adorn as well as with the general character of the great admiral beneath whose statue they thus crouch submissively. This London square has little of the charm and beauty of the Place de la Concorde in Paris, yet it is thoroughly characteristic of the city in which it stands. The qualities which attract us in London are quite different from those which please us on the other side of the channel, but when one has at last become accustomed to its smoky atmosphere, its melancholy fogs and sombre architecture, there is so much in London to appeal to the students of history, art, archaeology, science and human nature, that everything of the interest we record in us by associations with the English novelists and poets, who have often made this great metropolis their theme, that one can agree with Dr. Johnson when he said, "The happiness of London cannot be conceived except by those who have benefited."

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CHURCHYARD OF STOKE-POGIS, ENGLAND.—To this lovely churchyard the matchless "Elegy" by Gray has given an immortal charm. The place has altered little since the poet's time, save that "yon ivy-mantled tower," which he described, is now surmounted by a modern spire. It seems unsuited to the place, and the ivy, (while clinging lovingly to the old wall), avoids the spire as if it were a strange intruder. But this aside, the place is as it was when the Poet lingered here at sunset, as "The curlew tolled the knell of parting day!" Beneath its oriel window rich with ivy is the poet's grave. What an ideal resting-place for one who has identified his name forever with its peaceful beauty! Standing here what added significance and pathos are given to his lines,—

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."



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ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, STRATFORD ON-AVON, ENGLAND—This charming little cottage still stands in substantially the same condition as when Shakespeare came here to whisper to his future wife, Ann Hathaway, the story of his love. It is still occupied by a descendant of the Hathaway family. There can be little doubt that the man who has given to the world that most adorable of lovers, Romeo, must have himself been an incomparable suitor. For whatever may be said about great Geniuses making poor husbands, there can be little question of their fascination in those delightful moments of uncertainty and novelty commonly known as courtship and the honeymoon. Standing here listening to the nightingales and thrushes, one recalls with pleasure these lines attributed to Shakespeare:

"Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to frame your song?
To pierce my heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to my Ann Hathaway!
She hath-a-way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might, wondering, stoop to hear;

To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
To charm all hearts, Ann hath-a-way;
She hath-a-way.
Ann Hathaway,
To breathe delight, Ann hath-a-way!"



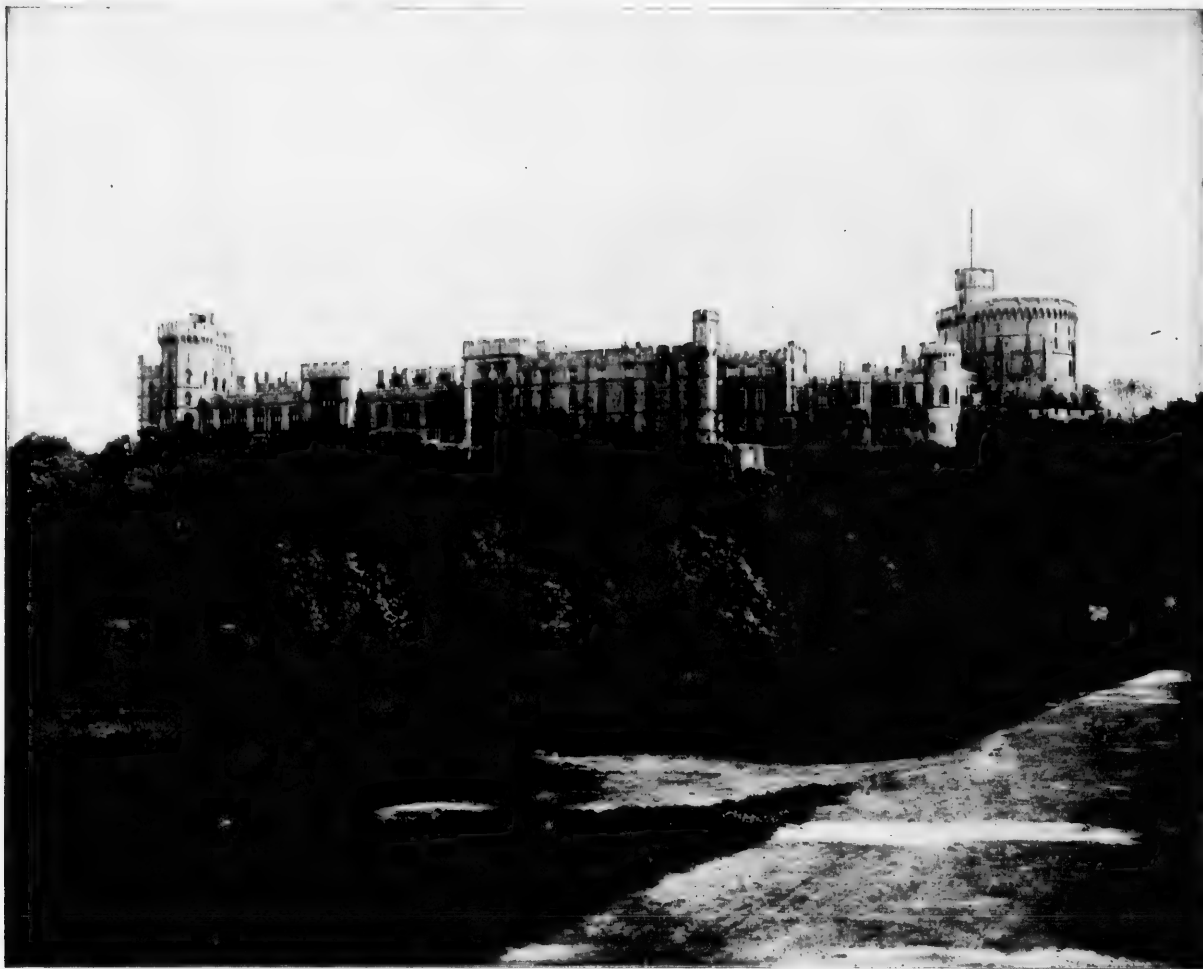
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SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, ENGLAND.—The little town of Stratford-on-Avon is famous only as the birthplace of the immortal Shakespeare. Fortunately the house in which the poet was born on the 23d of April, 1564, is now national property and is most carefully protected. Hither come every year about 14,000 visitors, most of them Americans. The building has undergone some changes since Shakespeare's time, but the old timbered framework is the same. On the first floor a little room facing the street is pointed out as the one in which the Bard of Stratford first saw the light. The walls are literally covered with inscriptions, written or carved in every tongue, and indicating that in endless throngs of pilgrims of all ranks, from prince to peasant. Elsewhere these names would be an outrage, but here, in memory of this universal genius, they seem a proof of the spontaneous, world-wide homage of mankind. Among them are the names of Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Tom Moore, Washington Irving, and the Duke of Wellington. In other rooms are exhibited many interesting relics of Shakespeare, including his portraits, his school-desk, several early editions of his works, and his signet-ring. Not far from this house is the lovely church in which all that was mortal of this sublime genius was laid away to rest beneath that weird and well-known epitaph: "Good Friend, for Jesus' sake forbear—To dig the dust enclosed here. Blest be the man who spares these stones, And curst be he who moves my bones!"



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WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND.—An hour's ride by rail from London is this magnificent abode of royalty, the history of which dates to the time of William the Conqueror, nine hundred years ago. It is an intensely interesting place to visit, because so many different sovereigns have added something to its architecture and left to it still more imperishable souvenirs connected with their reigns. Such are the Gateway of Henry VIII, the Tower of Henry III, and St. George's Chapel, built by Edward IV. It is in this Chapel that takes place at intervals the installations of the Knights of the Garter, that order which includes among its members so many Kings, Emperors, Princes and distinguished leaders of the race. The most conspicuous feature of old Windsor Castle is its immense "Round Tower," the view from which is beautiful and remarkably extensive. This tower is no less than 302 feet in circumference and 230 feet high. Whenever the flag floats over it, the public knows that the Queen is in the Castle, as is frequently the case. Like most mediæval strongholds, this royal abode is haunted by some gloomy memories. Captives have often languished here in misery. In the Round Tower, for example, the Prince who afterwards became James I of Scotland, was immured for eighteen years. In the Royal Vaults of Windsor are buried several of England's sovereigns, including Henry VIII and his Queen, Lady Jane Seymour, the unfortunate Charles I, and the Princess Charlotte (only child of King George IV), whose funeral monument is a magnificent work of art.



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SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN.—The Irish are exceedingly proud of their capital, and well they may be. Its situation on the river Liffey near its entrance into Dublin Bay is beautiful, and many of its public buildings command the traveler's admiration. Its principal thoroughfare, Sackville Street, has few superiors in Europe. In the centre, and dividing it into Upper and Lower Sackville Street, is a fluted Doric column 134 feet in height, crowned by the statue of Nelson, and reared to commemorate the hero of Frataigar. The cost of the monument was about \$33,000, which was raised by popular subscription. On every anniversary of Nelson's greatest victories the Union Jack is displayed from the top of the column. But the Nelson Monument is only one of the many striking features of Sackville Street. Here, for example, is the General Post Office, presenting a long and handsome facade adorned with statuary. Here also are several statues of distinguished Irish patriots, and many of the finest business blocks and hotels of the city. Moreover, this is the great promenade of Dublin, and it has been often stated that nowhere can there be seen more beautiful women than one may meet here on a pleasant afternoon. For if a "real old Irish gentleman" is one of the most agreeable of acquaintances and one of the truest and warmest of friends, so Irish ladies are not only charming in form and feature, but remarkably attractive from the rare combination they exhibit of high breeding and dignity together with a quick sympathy and warm-hearted impulsiveness, which no mere covering of conventionality can ever quite conceal.



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EDINBURGH, AND SCOTT'S MONUMENT.—Not another capital in Europe save Athens, which it somewhat resembles, compared with Edinburgh in situation, and the Scots have made the place well worthy of its fine position. On one side is Carlton Hill, rising three hundred feet above the town, and opposite this about a mile away is the old historic Castle. Between them extends the beautiful avenue called Princes' Street, bordered by handsome buildings, parks and monuments. Among the many attractive sights in this old Scottish city, and rising in the center of this picture, is the elegant memorial of Sir Walter Scott, who was born in Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771. The statues in its various niches represent characters taken from his works, such as Meg Merrilies, the Last Minstrel, and the Lady of the Lake. In the center, open on all sides to inspection, is a colossal marble statue of Sir Walter, and at the feet of one so fond of dogs is appropriately placed the figure of his favorite hound, Bevis. This monument is certainly one of the finest ever reared to a man of genius. Its graceful arches recall in miniature the groined roofs of Melrose Abbey. All parts of it are beautifully carved. A stairway of about 280 steps leads to the top. The cost of this great work was about \$80,000, and its design was furnished by a young architect of Edinburgh, who did not live to see the monument completed. It is a touching proof of the love which Scotland felt for Sir Walter, that subscriptions for this grand memorial poured in from all classes and conditions of his countrymen. It was the gift of a Nation; and while on the subscription list may be seen "100 Pounds from her Majesty the Queen," we may likewise read, "Three pounds, seven shillings from the poor people of the Cowgate."



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CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN, IRELAND. Dublin is a city of fine edifices, among which its Custom House, opened in 1791, and erected at a cost of about two millions of dollars. Standing on the north side of the river Liffey, some thirteen leagues from the sea, it is one of the most beautiful and commodious edifices. Its square central tower is about 125 feet high and surmounted by a statue symbolical of an invariable characteristic of the Irish, Hospitality. Now that inland trade has become so much less active, Dublin has not so much business activity as we should expect to find in so large and important a city, and Belfast is said to transact a larger general trade. The docks on the river, however, improve the latter result, and, being deepened, and now with quays have been constructed, but the custom dues have for many years formed almost no source of revenue. Dublin produces little for exportation now, except whiskey and porter. It has now but few manufactures and these almost nothing value. The public buildings in Dublin which rival the finest in London are numerous. Bunkers Island, formerly the headquarters of the army, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and above all Trinity College, which is an honor not only to Ireland but to Great Britain. But neither the culture of these and other evidences of wealth in Dublin, nor the vast amount of poverty, indifference, and street after street of wretched tenements produce a painful impression on the traveler's mind. Still the happy, buoyant disposition of the Irish is a conspicuous feature, and, as the April sun shines through the clouds, and rain and coldness is not characteristic of the capital of the Emerald Isle.

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BLARNEY CASTLE, IRELAND —The "Emerald Isle" abounds in lovely bits of scenery, of which some ivy-mantled abbey or historic castle forms a charming feature. One of the most renowned of these Old Irish ruins is Blarney Castle, not far from Cork. On the highest point of the northeast angle of the tower is a stone bearing the date of 1703, and held in position by two iron bars. In 1825 Sir Walter Scott, while on a tour through Ireland, kissed this Blarney Stone, as thousands of tourists do every year. The effect which this act has upon the eloquence of any one who thus salutes it is thus told in verse:

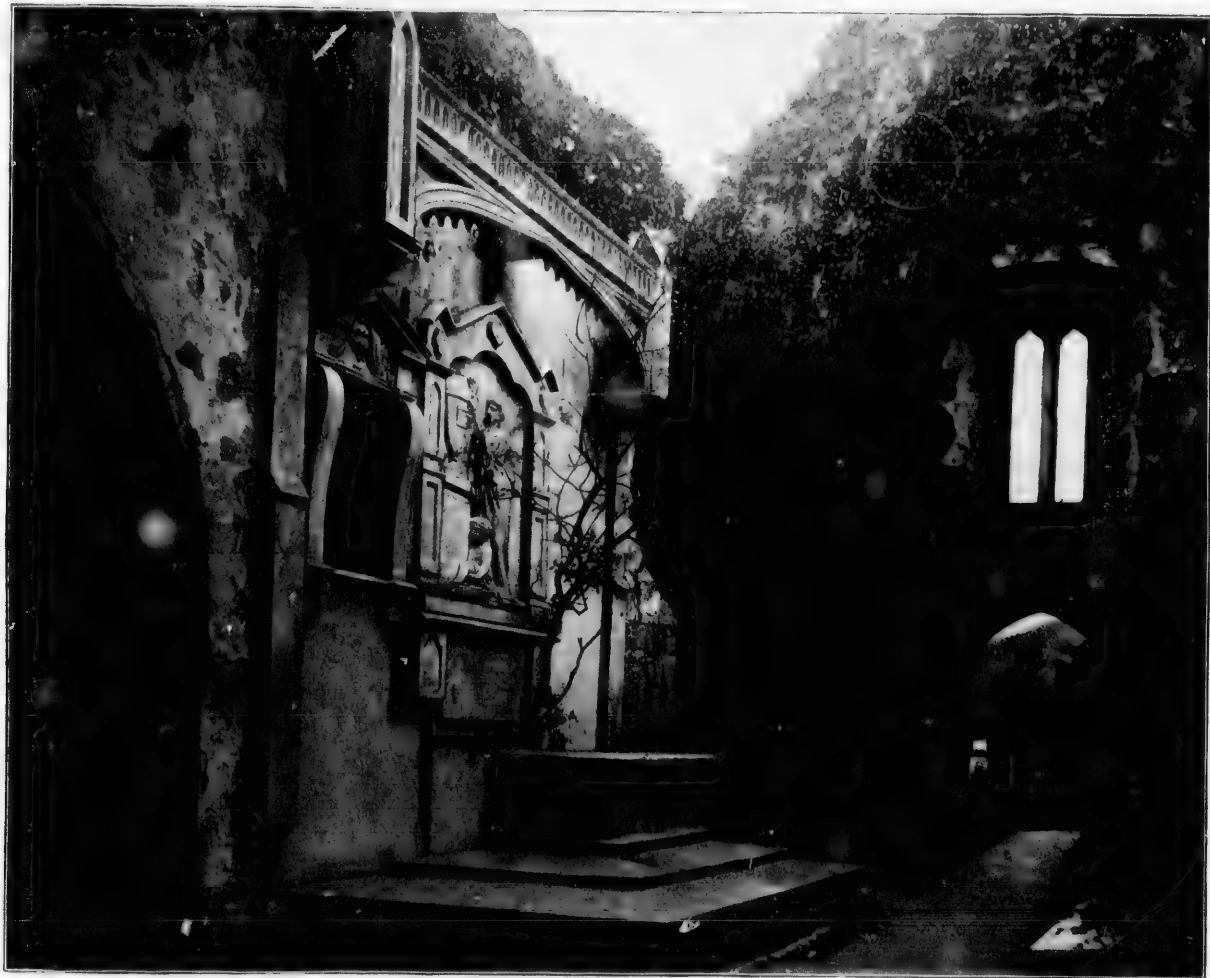
"There is a stone there
That whoever kisses
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber

To a lady's chamber
Or become a member
Of Parliament
A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out-and-outer

To be left alone
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure's, he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone."



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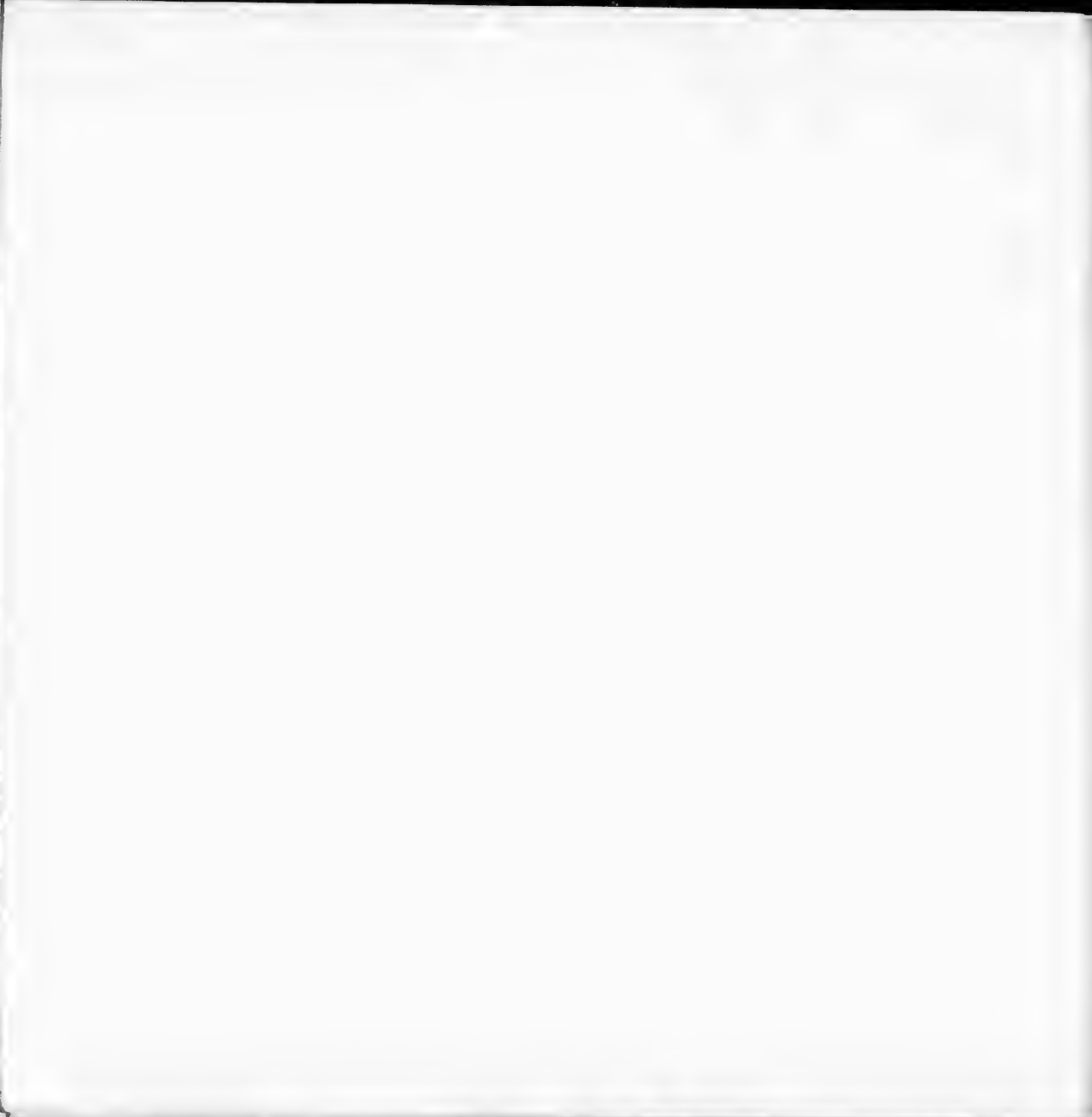


MELROSE ABBEY, SCOTLAND.—The charm of this celebrated structure is proverbial and it well deserves its reputation. Its noble columns, windows and arches are of exquisite beauty and delicate carving, and justify this poetical yet accurate description of Sir Walter: "Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand, Twixt poplars straight, an osier wand, In many a freakish knot had twined; Then framed a spell when the work was done, And changed the willow wreaths to stone." This magnificent Abbey was built by King David I in the twelfth century, and many of the monarchs of Scotland were buried here. Here is also deposited the heart of Robert Bruce. So durable is the red sandstone in which they are chiseled that the most delicately-sculptured capitals and flowers are still perfect, save where the hand of man has injured them. Yes, the "hand of man," for the mere lapse of time would not have caused such overthrow as this. Alas! it has been almost universally the fact that man himself has shattered the most exquisite and wonderful structures which human genius has been able to create. So was it here. Again and again contending armies plundered it, and finally the Scotch Reformers did even more injury to its remaining statues and carving than had been effected by the ravages of war! The sight of this ruined pile at moonlight can never be forgotten and imparts forevermore a new charm to the well-known lines of Scott: "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright, Go visit it by the pale moonlight, When buttress and buttress alternately Seemed framed of ebony and ivory; And home returning, soothly swear, Was never scene so sad and fair."

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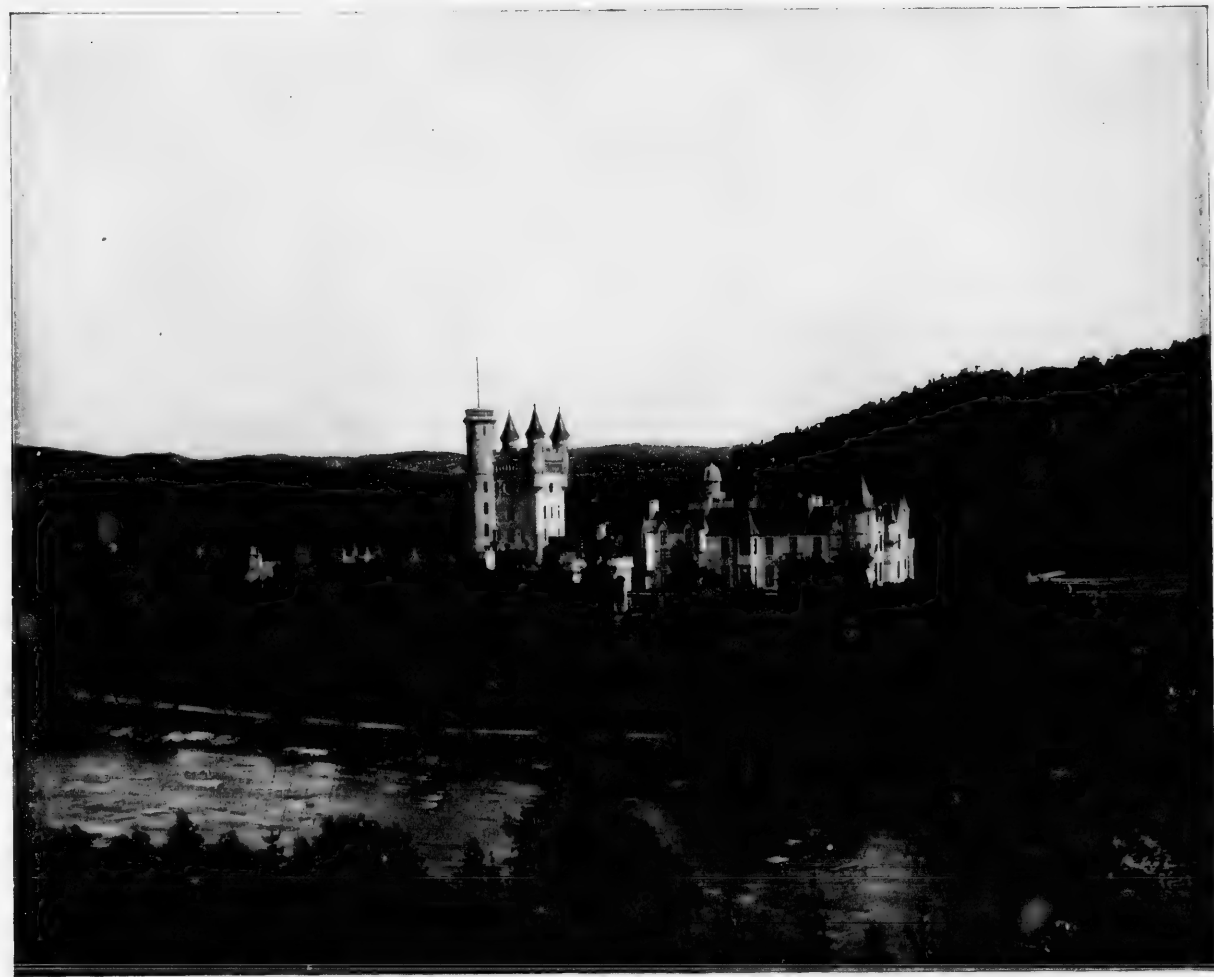
HOLYROOD PALACE, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND—At the other extremity of Edinburgh from that which includes its famous castle is Holyrood Palace, the residence of Mary, Queen of Scots. It is a gloomy building in appearance, whose cold gray walls seem to have little in harmony with the fair Queen who once resided there. Her memory so completely haunts the place that, though this edifice has stood here for nearly 400 years, and though many Kings and Queens have lived within its walls, the apartments of Queen Mary are all that the traveler usually cares to see. Their contents are, however, slowly crumbling into dust, for the frail memorials of that unhappy lady have stood thus for 300 years. There are not many portraits of Mary here; but wherever they are hung they attract the attention of even the most careless tourist. Of all the thousands who have for centuries passed before them, probably not one has failed to pause and think with pity of the lovely woman whom they represent. Here also we may see the room in which Mary's secretary, the Italian Rizzio, was murdered by her jealous husband, Darnley; and certain stains are still pointed out as having been made by his blood. The ruined structure on the left of the palace is old Holyrood Chapel, where Rizzio was buried, and the imposing mountain rising in the background is called "Arthur's Seat."



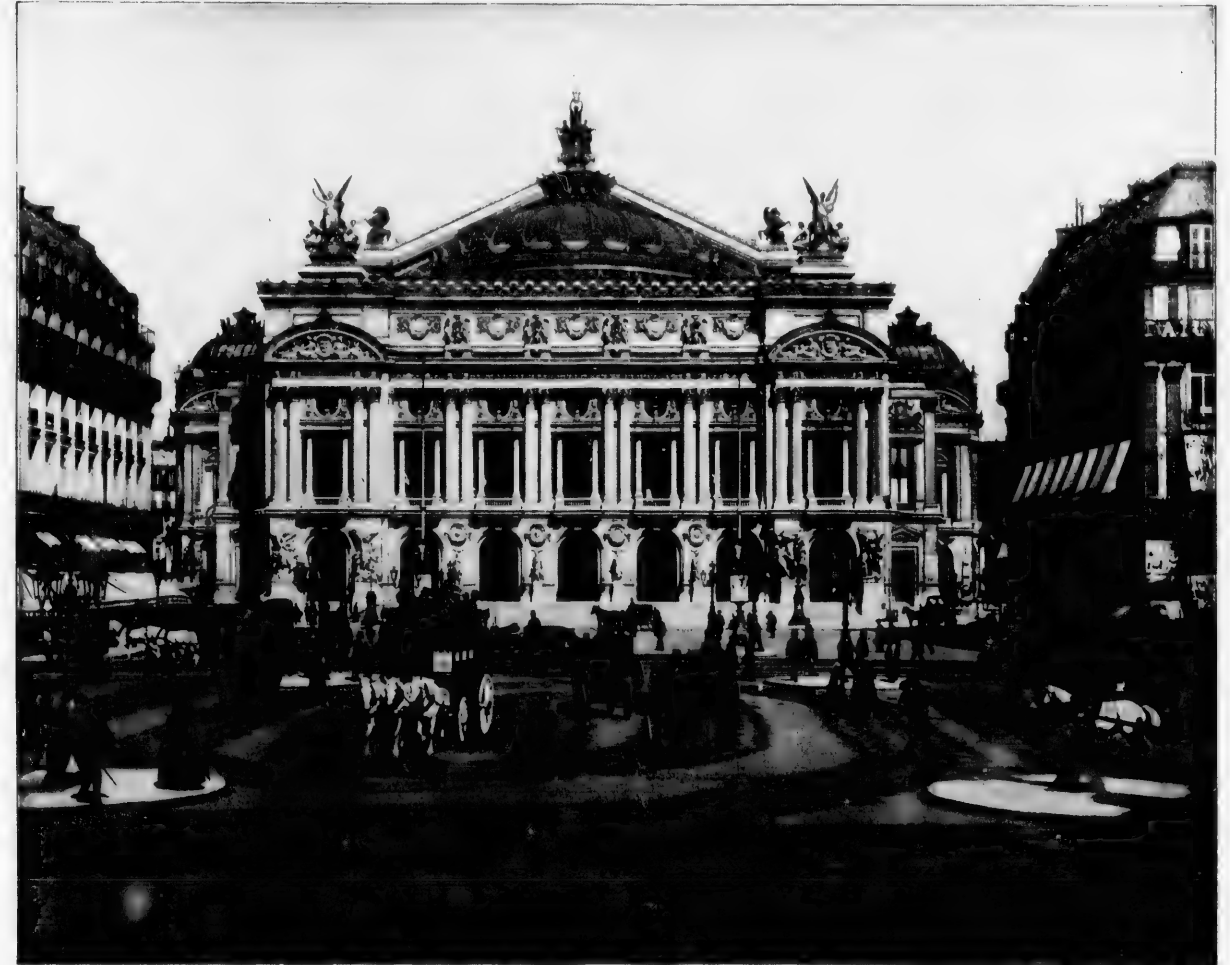
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ABBOTSFORD, SCOTLAND.—This home of the great novelist and poet, Sir Walter Scott, is an intensely interesting object to visit. It was his own creation. He even planted many of the noble trees in its adjoining Park. Its very ground was dear to him, for it had formerly belonged to the Abbots of Melrose, and was near Melrose Abbey, whose beauty inspired Scott to write some of his most beautiful stanzas. Yet this was not merely a poet's home. It was a veritable battlefield, where one of the noblest sons of Genius took arms against a sea of troubles, which would have paralyzed a braver heart than his. The failure of the publishing house with which he was connected threatened him with ruin, and to save this dearly loved estate, yet pay to the utmost every creditor, became the one great object of his life. Payment was deemed impossible. But Scott knew no such word, and actually assumed the entire debt of about \$600,000, asking only for time. In four years he had realized for his creditors nearly \$400,000, working ten, twelve and often fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. Never before or since was such a sum thus earned. It was Sir Walter's custom to do a vast amount of literary work early in the morning before his numerous guests had thought of stirring, and when everyone supposed him to be still asleep. It was this habit of early toil which enabled Scott to preserve for so long a time his incognito as the author of the Waverley Novels. Here on September 21st, 1832, the noble-hearted Scotchman passed away from earth while the members of his family knelt around his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. No sculptor ever modeled a more majestic image of repose.



BALMORAL CASTLE, SCOTLAND—This Highland home of Queen Victoria is beautifully situated beside the river Dee some fifty miles from Aberdeen. In her Majesty's absence, the castle is shown to visitors only on the presentation of a written order. The property consists of about 10,000 acres, which belonged formerly to the Earl of Fife, but which in 1852 became the property of the Crown by the payment of \$100,000. The castle itself, which is of light Scotch granite, was erected by the Prince Consort at his own expense. Near by is the Crathie Church, where the Queen attends divine service; and a mile and a half away is the Abergeldie Castle, a favorite "Shooting-box" and summer residence of the Prince of Wales. The adjoining country is of great beauty, and the Castle itself resembles a gem in a most attractive setting. At one end of the building is an exceedingly picturesque tower about 100 feet in height, commanding an enchanting view. More than 100 persons can at one time be comfortably lodged in "Balmoral," and it has frequently been the scene of regal hospitality. There can be, it would seem, no difficulty in entertaining visitors here, for within a pistol shot of the Castle is the "bonny river Dee," which sweeps from the Grampian Hills, and whose whole course of ninety miles offers a constant series of delightful views. The neighborhood also abounds in opportunities not merely for hunting, but for enjoyable excursions among the Highlands, particularly to that grand old mountain Lochnagar, 3800 feet high, celebrated by the poetry of Lord Byron, and called by the Queen her "Mountain Jewel." From its summit fully one-half of Scotland is outspread before the vision of the enraptured traveler.



GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.—This is not merely one of the most magnificent structures of the French metropolis, but is the largest theatre in the world; not strictly so in regard its seating capacity, which accommodates about 2200 people, but in the area of three acres which it occupies in the very heart of the city. The first view of it as one approaches it along the Boulevards can never be forgotten. Broad marble steps lead up to a facade adorned with groups of statuary representing Lyric Poetry, Idyllic Poetry, Music, Declamation, Song and Dance. Above these are medallions of four great composers, and over these extends along the full width of the structure a Loggia or gallery embellished with beautiful Corinthian monolithic columns and a marble parapet. Above the windows of this Loggia the eye beholds with pleasure medallion busts, in gilded bronze, of Mozart, Beethoven, Auber, Rossini, Meyerbeer and Halévy, whose noble works are heard so frequently within the Temple of Music which they thus adorn. To right and left upon the roof colossal groups in gilded bronze stand radiantly forth against the sky, portraying the divinities of Poetry and Music with the muses in their train. While to complete the charm of this extraordinary building, there rises in the center a majestic dome above the crown of which we see, triumphant over all, the statue of Apollo holding aloft a golden lyre, which still reflects the splendor of the setting sun long after evening has begun to spread its shadows over the adjacent streets, which soon will burst forth from that temporary twilight into a blaze of artificial brilliancy almost as light as day, which makes the place of the Grand Opera seem like the diamond-clasp in that long belt of gaiety, display and fashion known as the Parisian Boulevards.





GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS, FRANCE



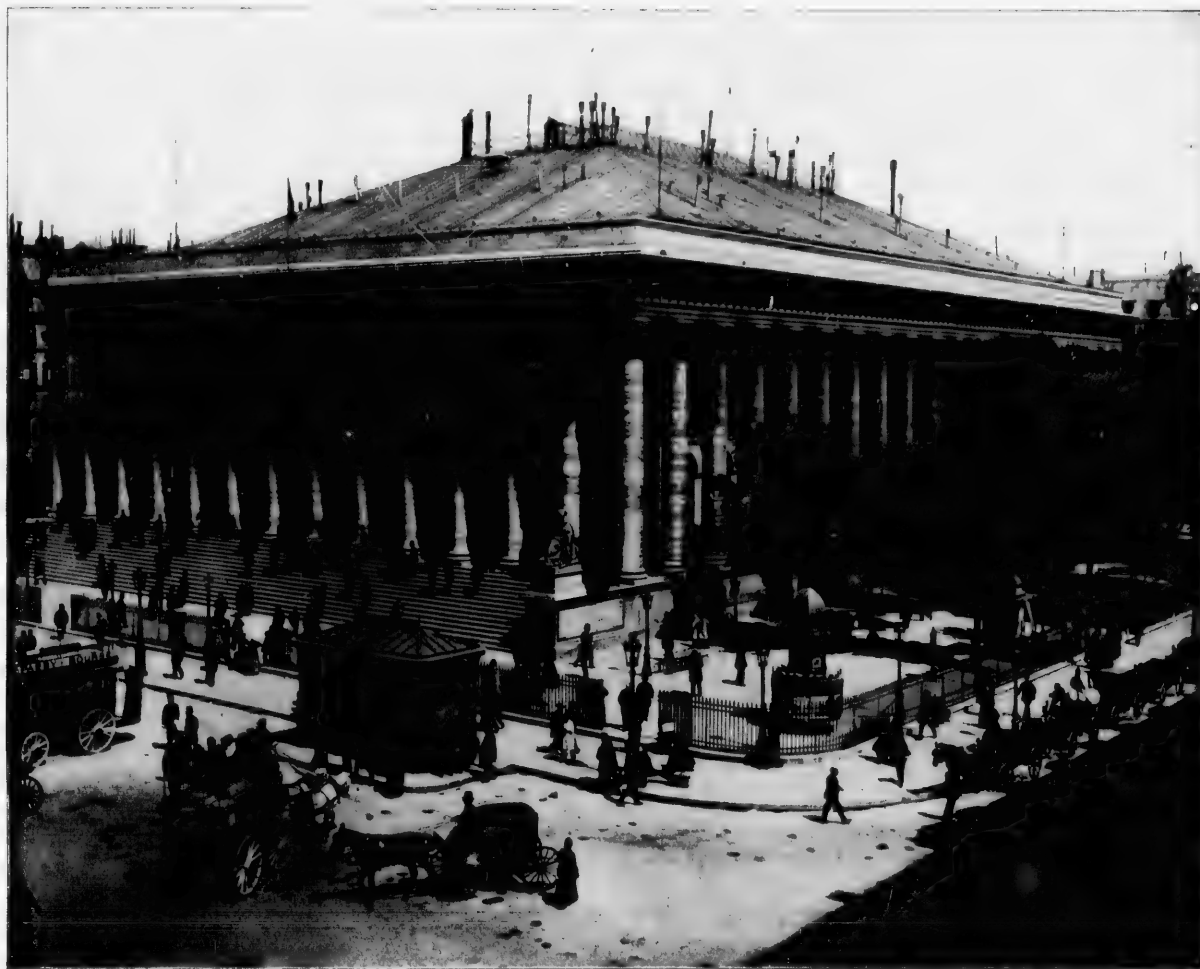
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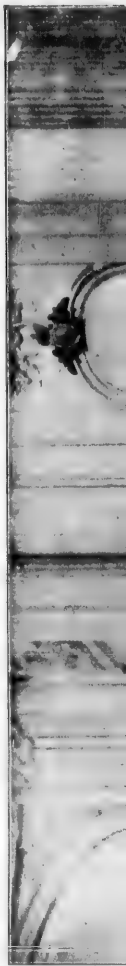
THE TROCADERO, PARIS.—Every public building in Paris is not only beautifully situated, but beautiful in itself. This is emphatically true of the Trocadero Palace, an edifice erected for the great Paris Exhibition of 1878. The place which it occupies was long known as one of the most unsightly spots near Paris, having been the site of several stone quarries. But like so many other points in and about the city, it was transformed into a beautiful locality by order of Napoleon III, to whom, with all his faults, Paris is much indebted. The Trocadero itself, with its extensive wings or galleries, occupies a space on the top of a hill 1,000 feet long. It is an immense circular structure crowned by a colossal statue of Fame and flanked on each side by a graceful tower 290 feet high. In front of the whole building is an arcade forming from end to end an unbroken promenade. Below this is a lovely garden, adorned not merely with flower-beds, summer-houses and grottos, but with fountains, of which the finest is a grand cascade 190 feet in diameter, which when illumined, as it sometimes is at night by electricity, forms an enchanting spectacle. The Trocadero contains a grand concert hall capable of seating seven thousand people, and its organ is one of the largest in the world. Here are also several museums of great value, among them one portraying different styles of architecture in France, and representing by plaster casts the beautiful portals of the old French cathedrals, the staircases of the French chateaux and the sculptured ornaments of the various Hotels de Ville in French cities. The name of this handsome edifice is derived from one of the forts of Cadiz, Spain, captured by the French in 1823.

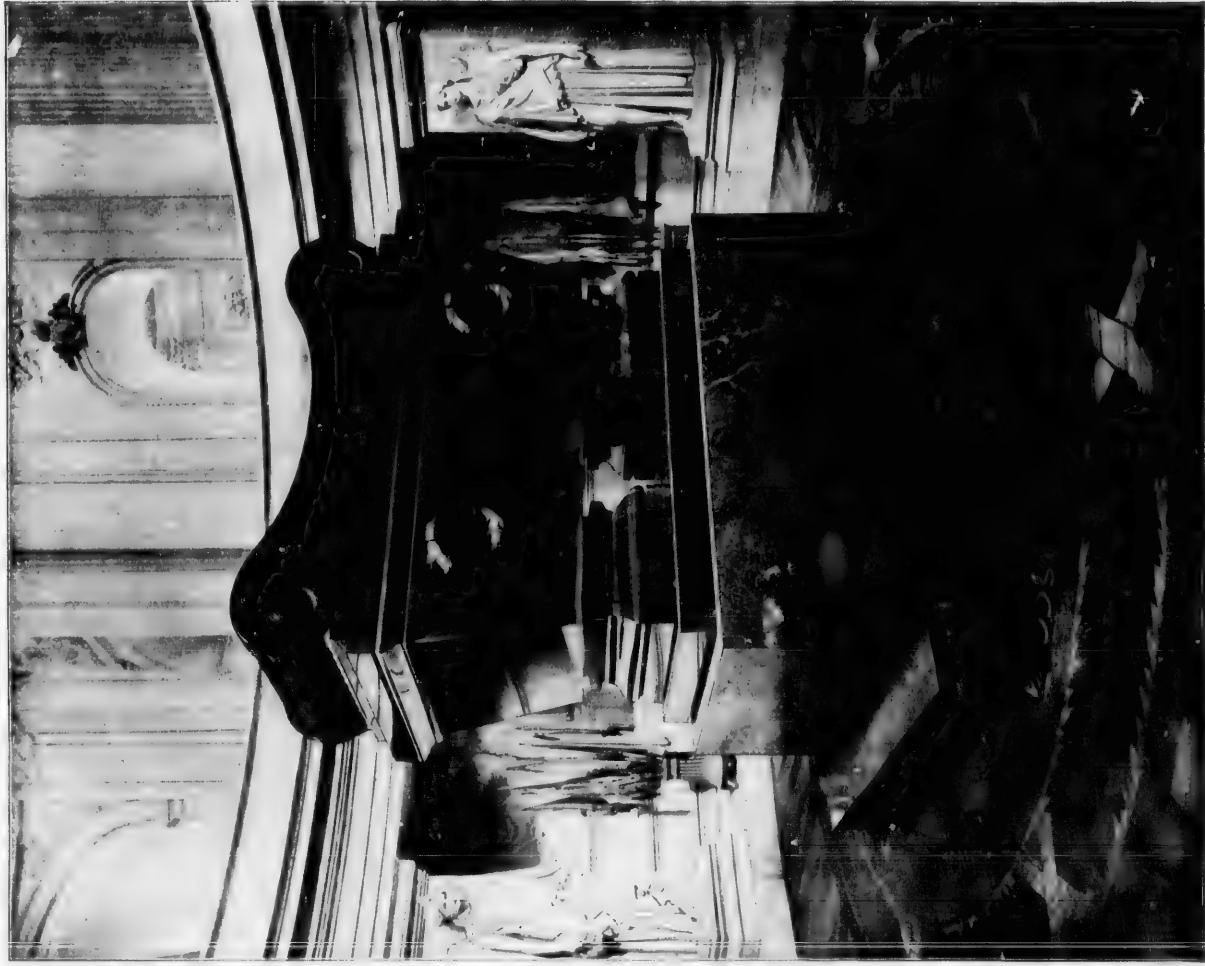


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THE BOURSE (OR EXCHANGE) PARIS—a handsome structure is thrivethence whose fortunes are so easily made and lost. Surrounded by sixty-six Corinthian columns this building is no unlike the model of a temple the Roman Forum. When the traveler has seen the stock exchange of New York or the Board of Trade in Chicago, there is nothing especially new or strange in the transactions of this Paris Bourse. Nevertheless the tumult and incessant uproar which wake the echoes of these walls from twelve o'clock to three are well worth noting, as an indication of the reverse excitement of the "Bulls and Bears," whose characteristics do not differ materially, whether the arena where their combats take place be in Wall Street or by Lake Michigan, in the vicinity of the Tribune or here in Paris. To stand in the entry of this Bourse and watch the pandemonium below or merely, is one lingers on these steps, to scrutinize the faces of successful or unfortunate speculators as they leave the building, affords a admirable chance to study interesting phases of human experience. This square, or "Place de la Bourse," is a great point of arrival and departure of the Paris omnibuses; the demand for which is usually greater than the supply. But no such crowding is possible here as in our public vehicles in America. Each passenger is entitled to a seat, which he secures by, upon for a "number," at the office in the square. The rule of "first come, first served," is rigidly enforced, and when the seats in the coach are filled, it rolls away, displaying over its door the word to complete "tull." Who does not recollect the story of the disappointed tourist who exclaimed that the only place in Paris he did not go to was one called "Compleat." Whenever I see an omnibus going there," he cried, "it will never stop for me!"





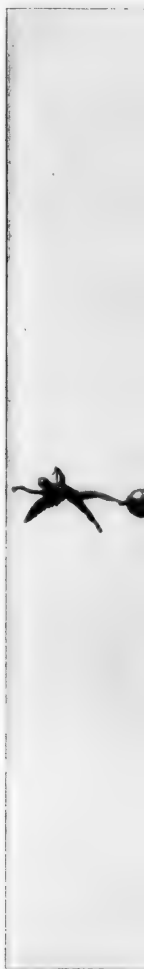
TOMB OF NAPOLEON, PARIS.—Beneath the gilded dome of the Invalides is one of the most impressive sights on earth. In a vast marble-lined apartment the visitor leans over a circular marble railing and looks on a crypt twenty feet deep and thirty-six in diameter. There on a pavement of mosaic in the form of a star, around which are inscribed the names of Bonaparte's most brilliant victories (Rivoli, Austerlitz, Marengo, Wagram, The Pyramids, Moscow, etc.), rises a grand sarcophagus of porphyry, a single block of stone brought hither from Finland, and weighing sixty-seven tons. It is the Tomb of Napoleon. Around this crypt are twelve colossal statues of Victory, and several groups of battle-flags captured in the Napoleonic wars. A colored light from stained glass windows in the roof invests this solemn circle of the dead with an ineffable solemnity. The entrance of the crypt is flanked by two sarcophagi, the burial places of the Emperor's friends, Duroc and Bertrand, one of whom died in battle for his adored chieftain, while the other followed Napoleon to St. Helena and shared his pitiable captivity until by death the imperial captive was at last set free. Above the entrance to the crypt are these words from Napoleon's will dictated at St. Helena: "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, among the French people I so dearly loved." His wish has been fulfilled. No more magnificent sepulchre exists on earth than that which shelters here the ashes of the great Napoleon.

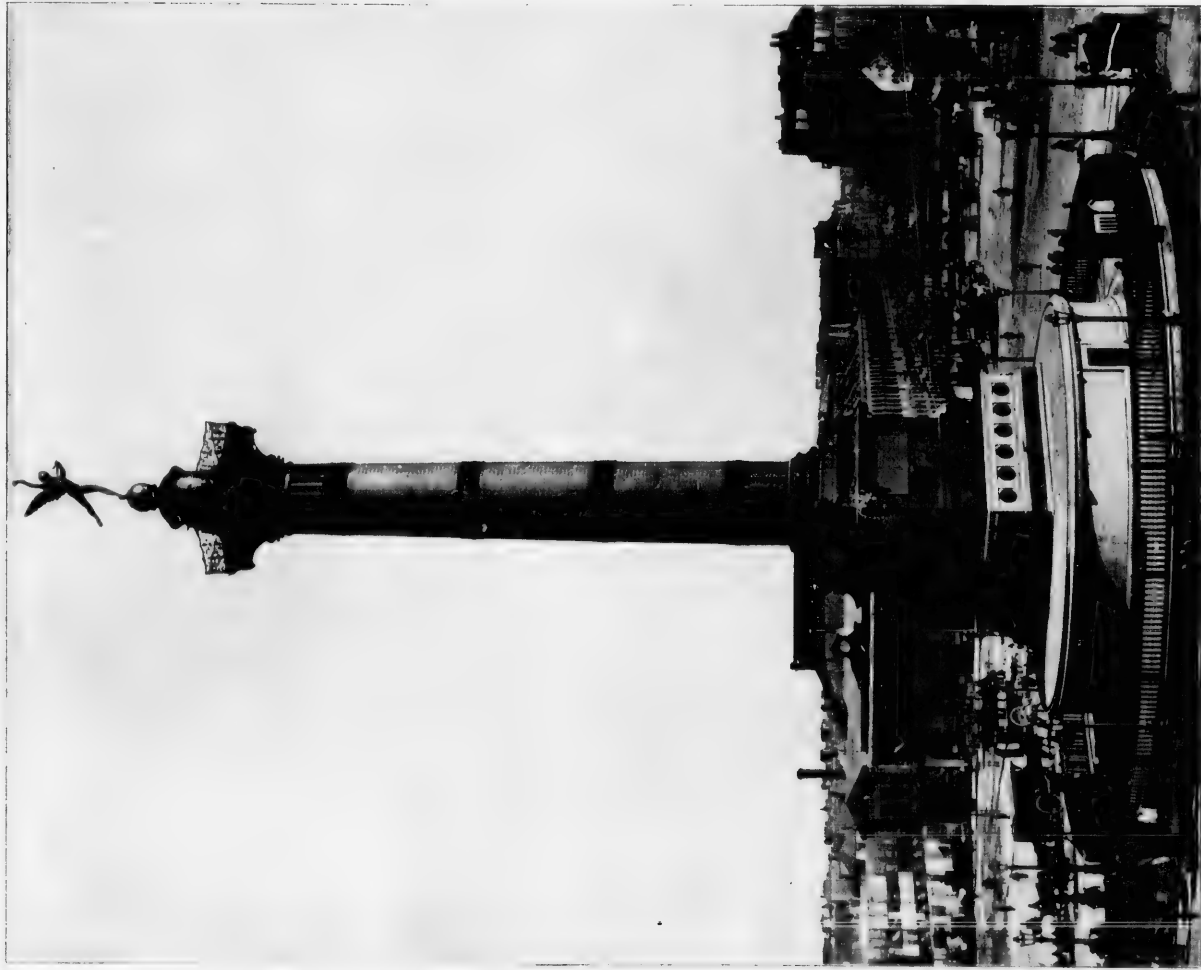


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HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.—This magnificent structure has been built to replace the old Hotel de Ville burned by the Communists in 1871. Its exterior is imposing not only from its grand proportions, but also from the splendor of its decorations. Domes, towers, windows and even chimneys are all adorned with statuary or elaborate carving. Upon the walls there is a veritable population of illustrious Parisians, and on the roof are ten colossal gilded figures representing heralds, summoning, as it were, the people of Paris to this, their City Hall. The courts and council-chambers of this edifice are also lavishly decorated with paintings and statues. One cannot look upon this modern structure without recalling the old Hotel de Ville which was its predecessor. It played a most important part in the great Revolution of 1789. Thither the destroyers of the Bastille were led in triumph. There the ill-fated Louis XVI assumed the tricoloured cockade before the maddened populace. Within its walls, after his arrest, Robespierre attempted suicide; and from its steps in 1848 Louis Blanc proclaimed the establishment of the French Republic. It seems incredible that Frenchmen could have been found capable of destroying that historic structure. But on the 20th of May, 1871, the Communists placed barrels of gunpowder and petroleum in its noble halls, and, when compelled by the Government troops to vacate the building, they set fire to the combustibles prepared for destruction. Many of the miscreants, however, perished in the conflagration which ensued, or were shot down by the infuriated soldiery. Thus it is in Paris. Behind her stateliest palaces and athwart her brightest streets and squares lags the grim shadow of some tragic episode in history. Yet, after all, these startling contrasts give to Paris that charm of human struggle and adventure, which no brand new and unhistoric city ever can possess. The difference is akin to that between a young recruit arrayed in bright new uniform and weapons never used save on parade, and some old warrior of a hundred battles, whose body bears the scars of conflict and on whose blunted sword are stains of blood.

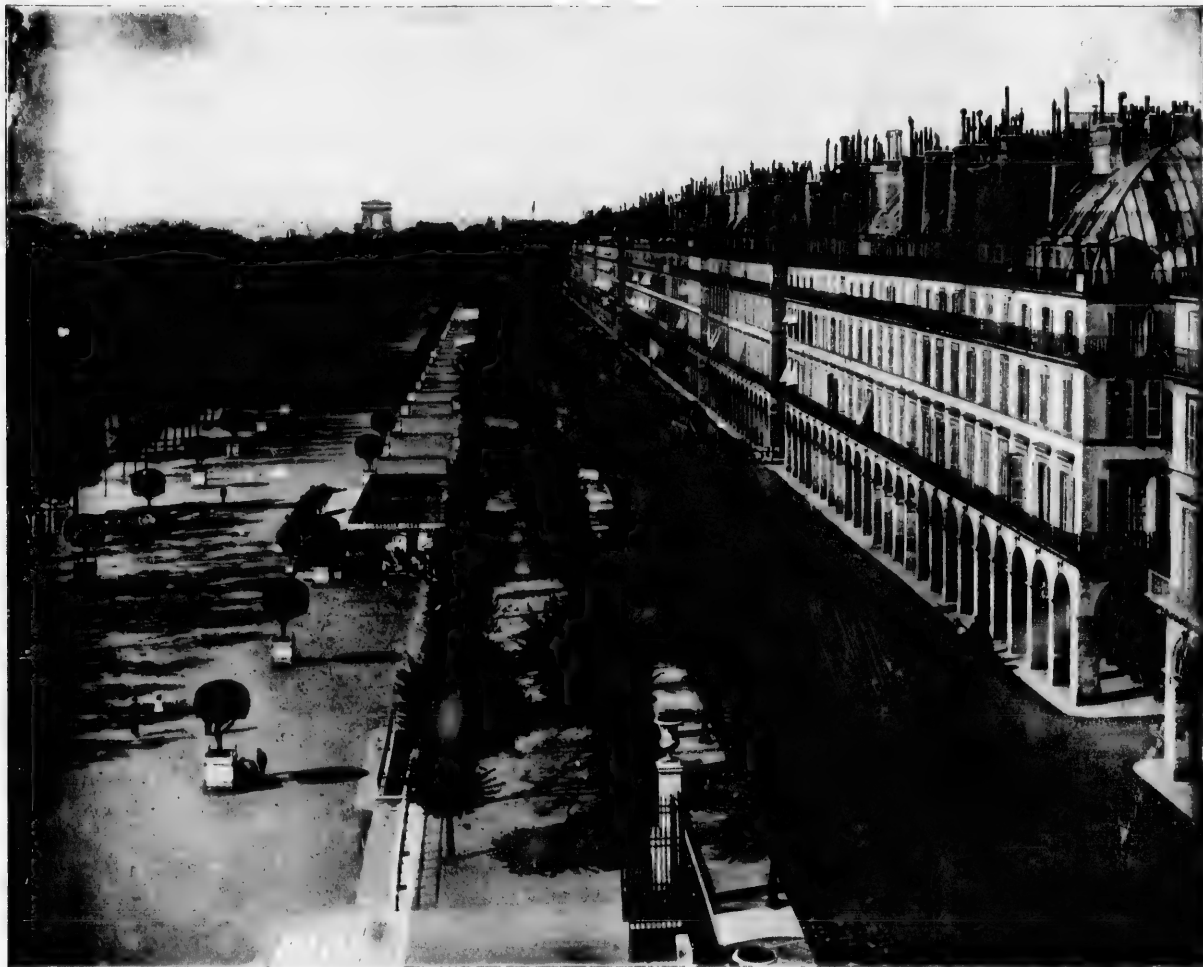




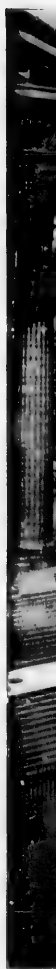
THE COLUMN OF JULY, PARIS.—At one extremity of the principal Boulevards of Paris rises this imposing monument in bronze. It was erected in honor of the patriots who fell in the revolution of July, 1830, but the place on which it stands recalls even more stirring associations than those of the "July" struggle for liberty. For this enclosure is the Place de la Bastille, the site of that terrible State Prison of old France, the very name of which, "The Bastille," is synonymous with cruelty and infamous injustice. The first great act of the maddened populace in 1789 (which also took place in the month of July), was the destruction of this stronghold of tyranny. Some of the stones of the Bastille were used in the construction of one of the bridges crossing the Seine. They are now, therefore, daily trampled under foot by thousands of liberated Frenchmen. It is appropriate that this "July Column" should have upon its summit, 154 feet above the square, a Statue of Liberty, holding in one hand a torch and in the other a broken chain. In 1871 the Communists filled the vaults beneath this monument with gunpowder intending to blow up the column and ruin the entire neighborhood. Happily the attempt was frustrated, and the historic shaft still stands unharmed.



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RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS—Few of the many beautiful thoroughfares in Paris are more interesting or better known to the traveler than the Rue de Rivoli. On one side for a long distance it is bordered by the handsome Louvre Museum, the former site of the Louvre Palace, destroyed by the English in 1793, and the Museum of the Louvre. At the further end of the same side rises the handsome Gothic monument called the Tour St. Jacques. The northern portion of the Rue de Rivoli is scarcely less interesting. There are the famous Palais Royal and the Théâtre Français, as well as the great Macasin du Louvre, and such well known hotels as the Continental, the Meurice and the Windsor. The great peculiarity of this street is the line of arcades extending for a long distance on its northern side. These are formed by a projection of the second story of each building over the sidewalk, thus furnishing a promenade completely sheltered from the sun and rain. Here are innumerable shops of jewelry, photographs and fancy articles, and foreigners are constantly gathering around the attractive window-like motifs about the street. In these arcades one often hears more English spoken than French. This street has been the scene of many thrilling episodes in history. Some of its arches have beheld the tumblers rolling on to the red-posted Guillotine during the Reign of Terror. Robespierre himself, like the hundreds who had preceded him, was led along this thoroughfare to the gory knife. It also saw the humiliating return of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette after their attempted escape, and besides having witnessed many of the dazzling receptions given to Napoleon, its name commemorates one of his most brilliant victories over the Austrians in Italy, the famous battle of Austerlitz.



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A street in Paris, France, showing the wide, tree-lined Avenue de la République, looking down the street towards the horizon. The street is flanked by multi-story buildings. On the left, a large classical building with columns is visible. The street is filled with people and early 20th-century automobiles. The perspective leads the eye down the center of the street towards the horizon.



PROMENADE
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PROMENADE, NICE, FRANCE—Nice is the Winter Paradise for invalids and a lovely pleasure-resort for the robust. With a full exposure to the south, and with its amphitheatre of mountains behind to shelter it from the northern winds, we can easily understand the mildness of its climate. In fact its delightful situation led Greek colonists more than 2,000 years ago to choose this for a residence, and from the victory gained here by them over its barbarian defenders, the place was called *Nikaia*, from which is derived the modern name, *Nice*. Here many fine hotels, charming villas, and a great number of "Pensions," which in the summer time are dark and utterly deserted, become in winter radiant with gas and crowded with humanity. Before the promenade gay parties of excursionists are constantly sailing out in pleasure-boats upon the mirror-like expanse. It is perhaps from the number and the beauty of these fair mariners that this Gulf of Nice is called the "Bay of Angels." Here also the gay world of fashion displays its brilliant panorama, each winter more bewildering than the last; for while northern climes are shivering in snow and ice, Nice forms a favorite rendezvous not merely for the delicate who come here to beg of Death the respite of a few more months, but also for pleasure-seekers from all portions of the world, especially for subjects of the Czar, who, when they can, are glad to escape the rigor of their northern winters. One of the quays of Nice is named after Napoleon's famous marshal, Massena, who was born here. Here also the immortal patriot, Garibaldi, first saw the light; here the world-renowned violinist, Paganini, breathed his last, and now upon a sunny hillside just above the town is the grave of the illustrious French leader, Gambetta.



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LAST DAYS OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA (BY VILIA). VERSAILLES—it is not merely the dying Napoleon whom we here behold—it is the exile, the dethroned Emperor, the heart broken captive, forgotten by those whom he had raised from the dead and made illustrious, abandoned by his Austrian wife, deprived of any communication with his idolized child and stung by daily provocations from his English jailer. The grand Napoleonic head is here which always shows so admirably in marble. The forehead is the same as that which wore the coronet of France and the iron crown of Charlemagne, but his temples are sunken and his cavernous eyes seem gazing down the vista of the years of captivity to the time when he was master of Europe and made or unmade kings at will. In his lap is the out-spread map of Europe, upon which rests his nerveless hand. That hand once carved out kingdoms there. It is now powerless to trace his name! Surely this statue (true to life and history) tells us that if Napoleon greatly sinned, he suffered correspondingly. To rise from the position of an obscure lieutenant of artillery to be the conqueror of half of Europe and sovereign of France and Italy; to place his family on the thrones of Holland, Spain, Naples and Westphalia, to equal Caesar in his victories, to wed a daughter of the Austrian Emperor, to plan to have his son succeed him in his glorious dynasty, and then to lose it all and linger on chained like Prometheus to a barren rock, his heart continually gnawed by the implacable vulture of Regret—what tragedy has the world beheld to equal it? Better to fall like the first Caesar, 'neath the daggers of conspirators, than die by inches on a sea girt cliff, as did the Caesar of the Nineteenth Century.



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BATTLE OF RIVOLI, GALLERY OF BATTLES, VERSAILLES.—One of the finest paintings in this Martial gallery is that entitled the Battle of Rivoli. It is the work of the celebrated artist, Philpoteaux. It represents the young Napoleon at one of the proudest moments in his eventful life, as he conducted that memorable struggle amid the Alps in 1797, when he so signally defeated the Austrians. The Portrait of Bonaparte is admirable. He seems inspired. Genius is visible in every line of that thin, pale face. In fact nowhere was his stupendous military genius more discernible than on the plains of Lombardy and in the gorges of the Italian Alps, where the "Little Corsican" with but a handful of ill-fed, ragged troops again and again defeated the proudest armies of Austria and her most experienced generals. "Do *experienced* generals oppose me?" cried the young commander; "So much the better! I will soon make them burn their books on tactics and know not what to do." In fact his wonderful rapidity and power of instantaneous decision gave him the speed and spring of a lion. "The French do not *march*," exclaimed an Austrian officer, "they *fly*!" The story of Bonaparte's victories in Italy, of which this of Rivoli was one of the most brilliant, reads like a romance. It was never equalled even by himself, save possibly in 1813 when the Emperor, ruined by the Russian campaign, was struggling single-handed against united Europe. But in Italy in 1797 Fortune was with him. In France in 1813 he had tempted the tickle goddess too far, and his star was waning, to sink at last behind the wave-washed rock of St. Helena.

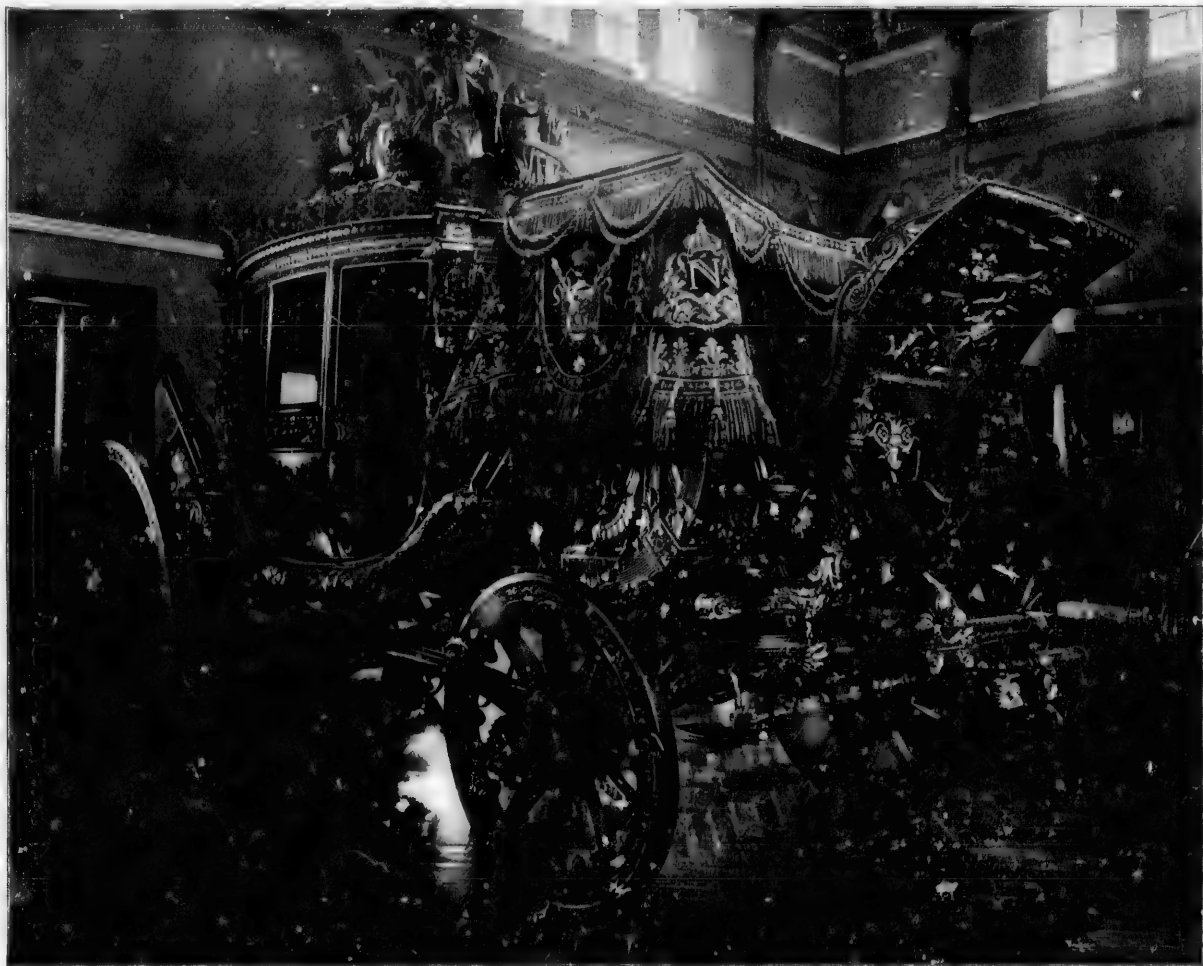
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GALLERY OF BATTLES, VERSAILLES—One of the most imposing and interesting of all the splendid apartments in the palace of Versailles is what is called the "Gallery of Battles." It has a length of about four hundred feet and is lighted from the roof, which is made of iron. It bears the name denoting a gallery dedicated to the remembrance of the Field of War. Around the walls are eighty marble busts commemorating famous generals of France, and above those are some of the finest paintings of battle scenes that Art has yet produced. Notably they all portray the glories of the armistice of France in early and in recent times, from Chancellery to Napoleon. The Napoleonic paintings are particularly fine, and represent astonishing force and valour such victories as Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Rivoli, and Waterloo. This and the many other picture galleries at Versailles are therefore not mere exhibitions of art, they are museum tablets of history, calculated to awaken patriotism and stimulate the youth of France to acquire a knowledge of their country's history and to emulate the heroic deeds immortalized here upon the glowing canvas. Unlike the other National Museums of France, this Palace of Versailles is entirely open to the public and can be entered and utilized by the humblest peasant. It is owing to the fact that the Germans, when they occupied this palace during the siege of Paris in 1870, that they carefully covered these paintings and preserved them from injury, although many of them represent humiliating defeats which their fathers suffered under the iron hand of the first Napoleon.

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NAPOLÉON'S "diamond wheels" were the rarest in the empire displayed Versailles (this magnificent vehicle, the woodwork of which is one mass of gilding, while the interior is covered in velvet and silk). This is said to be the carriage in which the Emperor Napoleon II went with the Empress Marie Louise to solemnize their marriage in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. As the carriage was the property of the Emperor, and Napoleon's future seemed then brilliant beyond all precedent in modern history. Yet in reality these gilded wheels were swift-bearing him to what Napoleon himself had prophesied: "I shall be covered with flowers." And such indeed proved to be this fatal marriage following his divorce from Josephine. No doubt Napoleon's pride was gratified in this marriage, as he would surely have been the Austrian bride, but it was certainly impossible for him to ever love her as he had once loved Josephine. The latter slightly older than himself, had been his childhood friend. So true it was, indeed, that much to his success. Her influence made her almost useful to him. But what was Marie Louise? A simple, inexperienced girl, with all the pomp and circumstance of a princess, but no genius, no "thriller" such as her mother, the Empress. They were possessed of characters as weak and vacillating as her face would indicate. The latter proved to be a weak and vacillating creature, but she was the most beautiful woman in Europe, but also the most famous of earth's sovereigns, and the man she loved. "It was not being more than a woman, and thus common to people when the divorce between them was pronounced, and they were right."



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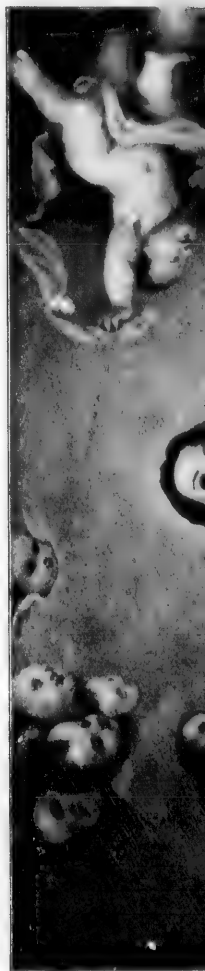
PALACE OF VERSAILLES, FRANCE.—This wonderful building with its extensive park was the home of Louis XIV, who caused it to be erected here at a cost of two hundred millions of dollars. The stories of the number of men and horses employed in its construction border on the fabulous. Voltaire called it "The Abyss of Expenses." Here the "Grand Monarch," Louis XIV, died, to be succeeded by the dissolute Louis XV, who also died here, deserted alike by friends and courtiers, as his disease was a malignant form of small-pox. Then for a few years it formed the abode of the ill-fated Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and here at the outbreak of the French Revolution occurred some fearful scenes of violence. Within the great courtyard in the foreground gathered the mob of starving men and women who finally burst into the palace, attempted to kill the Queen, and finally forced the royal family to go back with them to Paris, under the names of "The Baker, the Baker's wife and the Baker's Boy." Since that period it has remained practically uninhabited. It is now really a National Museum, containing many interesting historic relics and superb galleries of paintings. At the time of the siege of Paris by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war, this palace was the headquarters of the Prussian King, and here, on the 18th of January, 1871, he was saluted as Emperor of Germany.



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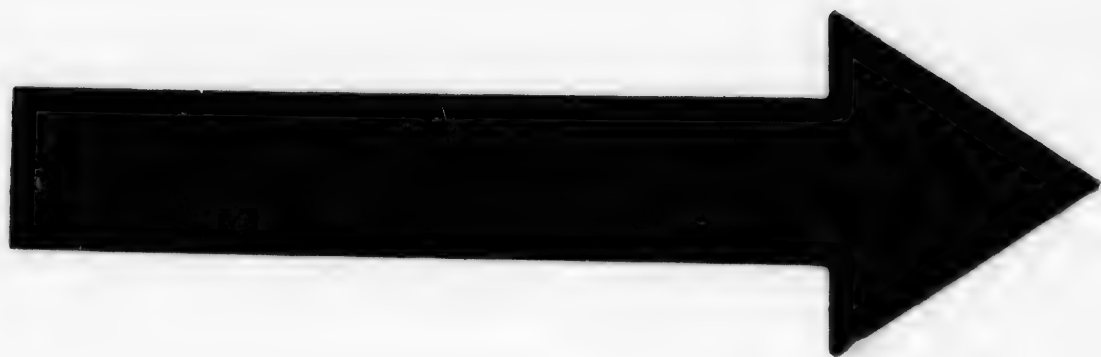


NAPOLÉON III, AT SOLFERINO, LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.—Among the military paintings in the splendid picture gallery of the Luxembourg, in Paris, is this by the famous artist Meissonier, which represents Napoleon III, at Solferino, that little village of Northern Italy, which on the 24th of June, 1859, inscribed its name in letters of blood upon the page of history. The combatants were Austria on one side and France and Sardinia on the other, their respective leaders being Franz Joseph, Louis Napoleon and Victor Emanuel. It was a desperate battle lasting sixteen hours. The Austrian troops as usual fought well, but were as usual defeated. There seems to be a strange fatality in Austrian campaigns. Is it due to the incapacity of Austrian generals? Two weeks later Napoleon III met the defeated Austrian Emperor at Villafranca and there agreed to preliminaries of peace, which seemed a little tame after this victory of Solferino, and were a crushing blow to those whose hopes had been aroused by Napoleon's famous words, "Italy must be free from the Alps to the Adriatic." For Venice and a part of Lombardy were still left to Austria. Nevertheless, when Napoleon III sat, as this painting represents him, surveying the victory at Solferino, his star was really at its zenith. Could he have then forsook the future, he would have sought death on the battlefield, for that was the time for him to die. He would have thus been spared the shame of Mexico, the horrible humiliation of Sedan, and the melancholy death in exile at Chislehurst. But destiny smote behind him smiling sarcastically even in this hour of triumph. The ancients were right when they said that one of man's greatest misfortunes is that he does not know the right time for him to leave the world.





THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (BY MURILLO), PARIS.—In the Salon Carré of the Louvre in Paris hangs the masterpiece of the Spanish painter, Murillo. It represents the Virgin Mary, as the very embodiment of youthful purity, innocence and beauty, standing in the clouds and supported apparently by an immense throng of cherubs, who form below her and around her a perfect carland of childlike loveliness. Her upturned face, her rapturous expression, her folded hands, her robe of snowy whiteness, her exquisite blue mantle and her angelic reticence, all these form a wonderfully beautiful combination which has endeared this work of art to millions and will continue to do so while it still endures. Murillo has been called the "Painter of the Conception," for he is said to have portrayed this subject twenty-five times. His daughter, Francisca, often served him for a model. Other artists have usually represented the Virgin as a blonde, Murillo, on the contrary, portrayed her with dark hair and eyes, as is certainly more natural in an Oriental woman. A critic once said of this painting that those who did not know that Murillo had produced it would think it had had its origin in heaven. One must go to Spain, and above all to his native city Seville, to fully appreciate Murillo's genius, for there are most of his wonderful paintings, which of themselves will repay a visit to Spain. There he was beloved and admired during his life, and there he died on the 3d of April, 1682, from having fallen from a scaffolding while painting the "Marriage of St. Catherine."



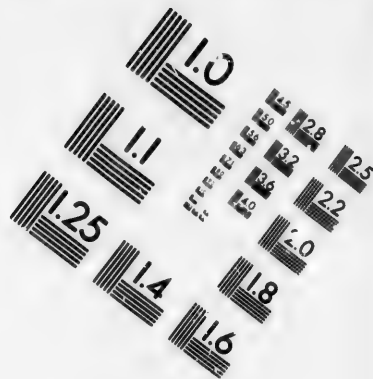
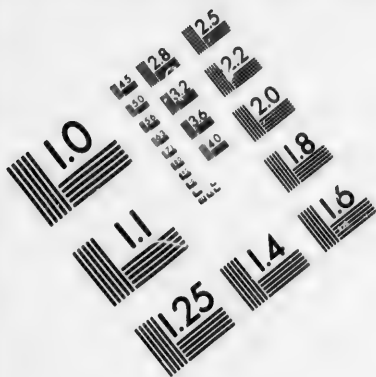
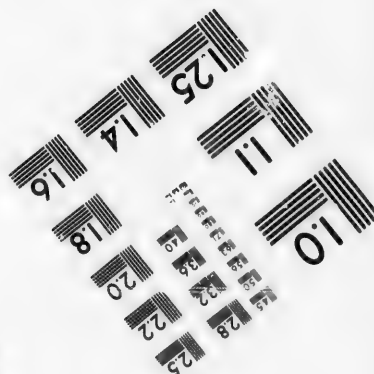
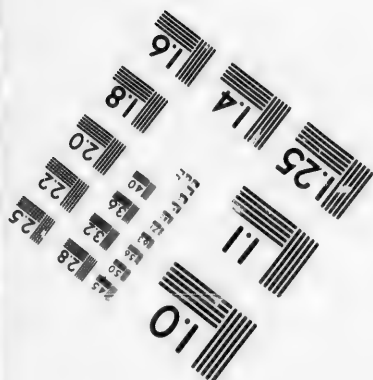
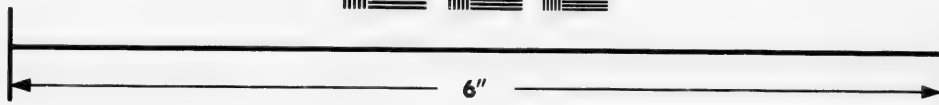
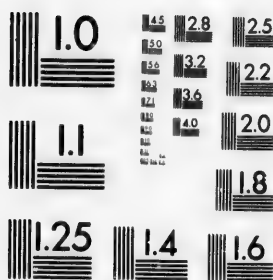


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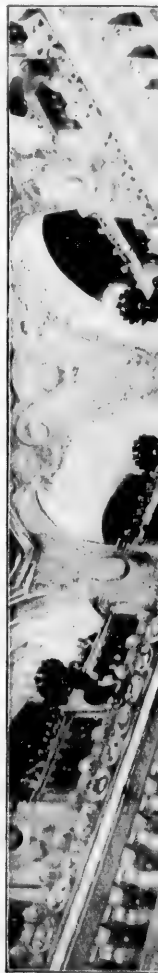
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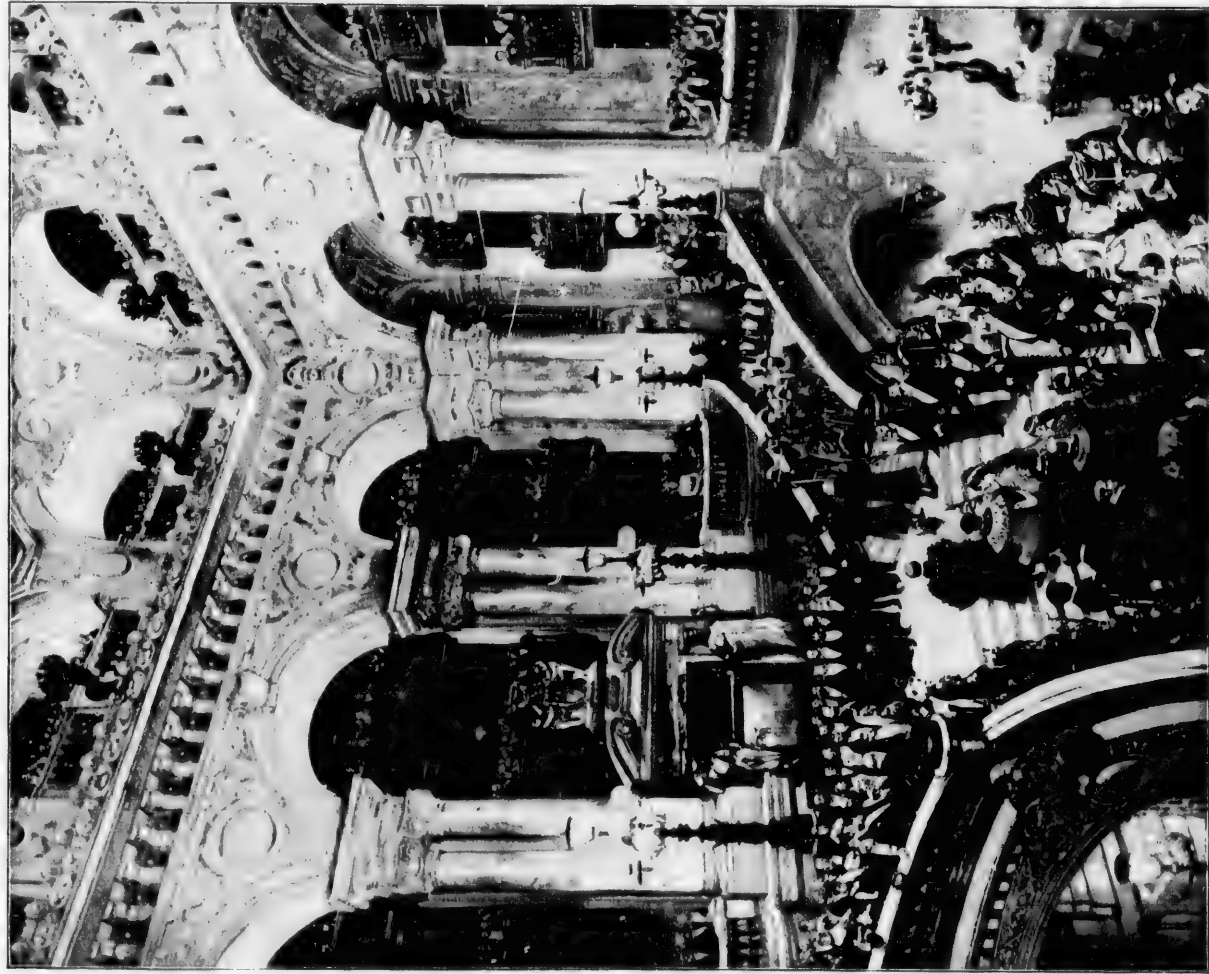


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ARCH OF TRIUMPH, PARIS.—One has to deal with superlatives in Paris. To say that this is the finest triumphal arch in the world is a strong statement, but it is literally true. It was begun by Napoleon I to commemorate his marvelous victories in 1805 and 1806. Built after the style of the old Roman arches of triumph, it nevertheless surpasses them both in its grand dimensions and in the magnificent effect which it produces. Something of this is due to its unrivaled situation. It stands upon an elevation from which radiate, in perfect symmetry, twelve of the finest avenues in existence. The grandest of these is the world-renowned Champs Elysees. Numerous marble reliefs upon this arch commemorate the achievements of the French. Around the summit are marble medallions in the form of shields bearing the names of various brilliant victories. Within the arch are the names of 656 generals of the Republic and Empire. On each of its four immense pilasters is a colossal group of statuary in relief, of which the ones presented in this illustration portray Napoleon crowned by Victory, and France summoning her children to take up arms in her defense. One can form some idea of the grandeur of this structure when he reflects that it is 160 feet in height and 146 in breadth.





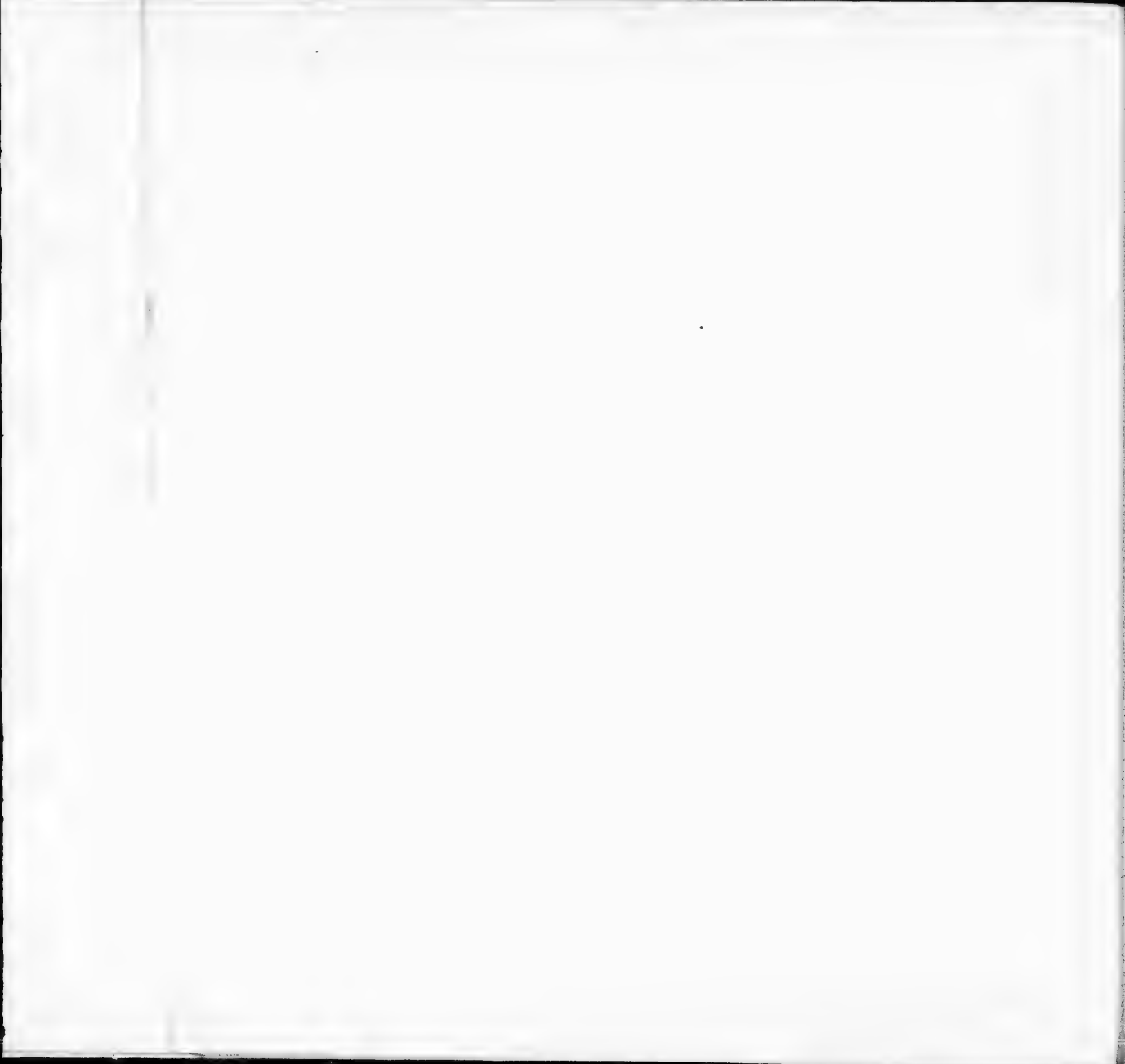
INTERIOR OF GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.—If the exterior of this Temple of Music be imposing, the interior is dazzling. On a gala night the sight of its grand staircase, its balconies, corridors and magnificent foyer, can never be forgotten. One pauses in bewilderment at the foot of this "Staircase of Honor." The steps are of white marble, the balustrades of alabaster, the hand-rail of African onyx. Twenty-four colored marble columns rise to the height of the third floor. The ceiling glows with brilliant frescoes. Superb bronze groups surround us, bearing globes of light. At the head of the first landing, a doorway, flanked by two more figures of Tragedy and Comedy, leads inward to the amphitheatre and orchestra. The pavements are of exquisite mosaic. The auditorium is open to the ceiling of an excessive amount of gilded ornamentation, but the foyer, or promenade hall, is of extraordinary splendor. It is 127 feet long and 100 feet in height, and with its gilded columns, statues, paintings, marble chimney-pieces and colossal mirrors presents an appearance unsurpassed in any theatre in the world. The cost of this building, apart from that of its site, was about seven millions of dollars. It was begun in 1861 and opened in 1875, from the design and under the directions of Garnier, whose name will thus be forever associated with the most gorgeous opera house that the world has yet produced.



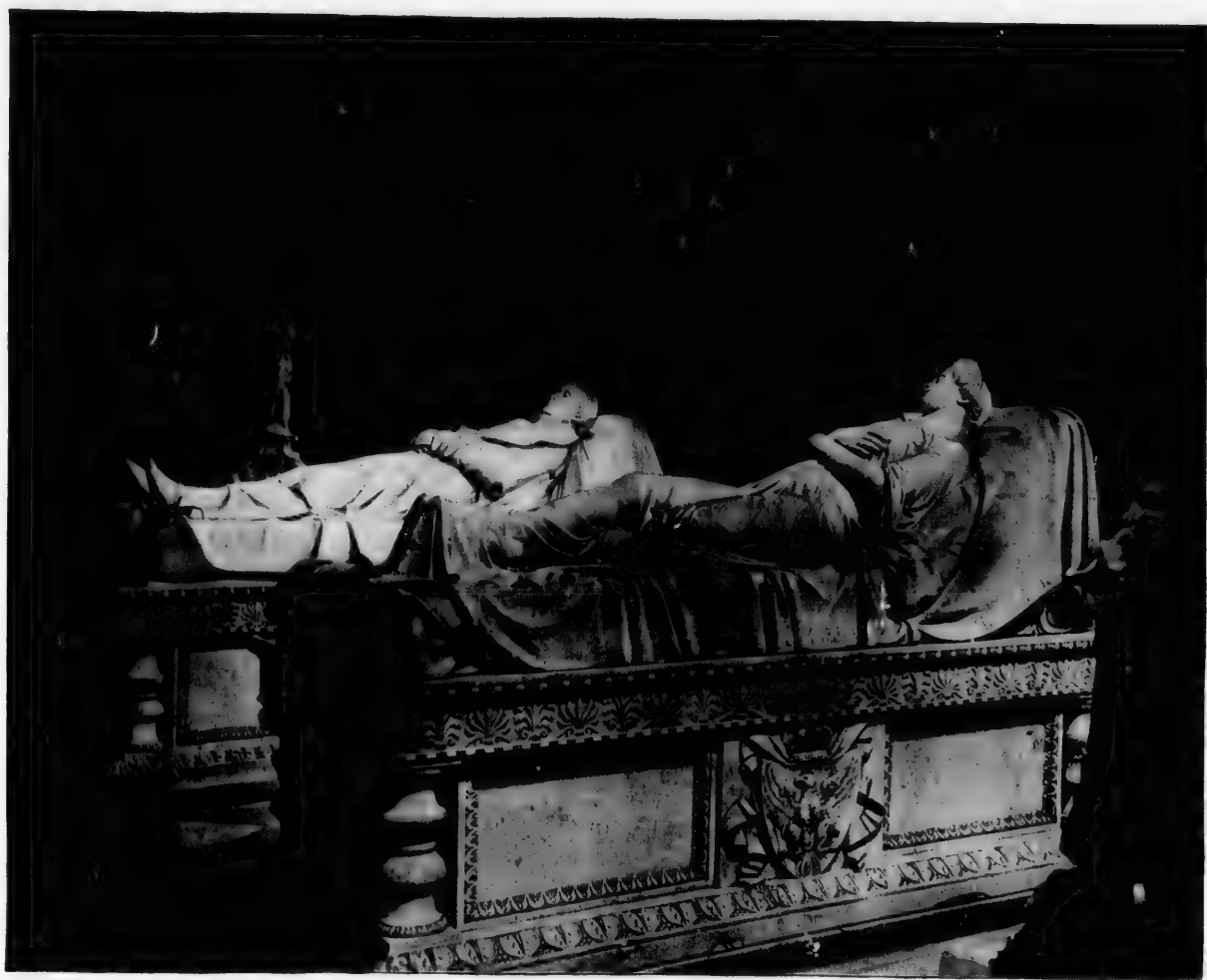
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SCENE OF THE CRUCIFIXION, PASSION PLAY, OBERAMMERGAU.—The village of Oberammergau, hidden away in the Tyrolese Alps of Bavaria, lies for nine years lifeless and forgotten. Then every tenth year it suddenly emerges from its obscurity, and, like a comet at its periodic visitation, comes once more into the vision of mankind. The cause of this celebrity at the recurrence of each decade is the performance there of its wonderful Passion Play. Two hundred and fifty years ago a plague was raging in Bavaria. In Oberammergau alone one hundred persons had thus perished. The terrified survivors made a vow to God that if He would thereafter spare their lives, they would thenceforth perform every ten years a drama of Christ's life and sufferings. The plague abated, and every since those villagers have deemed themselves compelled to carry out the vow of their forefathers, bequeathing it from generation to generation as a sacred and important legacy. Elsewhere the Passion Play would seem offensive. Like a wild mountain-flower, it would not bear transplanting to another soil. In Oberammergau, however, it is appropriate and natural. The piety, sincerity and intelligence of these villagers, who profit by centuries of stage-tradition and are filled with enthusiasm and religious terror, reconcile even the most sensitive to this remarkable production. The play is performed every Sunday (and sometimes oftener) through the months of June, July, August and September. It lasts from eight in the morning till six in the evening, with the intermission of an hour and a half at noon. It has eighteen acts and twenty-five tableaux. Sometimes five hundred people are on the stage at once. Joseph Maier, who for three decades has enacted the part of Christ, is a man of noble character, majestic figure and positive genius in his refined conception of his role. The scene of the Crucifixion is the most thrilling in the drama. Maier hangs upon the cross for twenty-two minutes, and all the details narrated in the Gospels are faithfully carried out. To see these various incidents thus solemnly and beautifully represented under the open sky, as if in actual life, is a unique experience, repaying almost any sacrifice. Forever after it lingers in the memory like a benediction.



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MAUSOLEUM OF CHARLOTTENBURG, BERLIN, GERMANY — The park adjoining the Palace of Charlottenburg, a few miles from Berlin, contains a beautiful marble Mausoleum, the interior of which is represented in this illustration. It is the burial place of the Prussian King, Frederick William III, and his wife, the idolized "Queen Louisa." The tombs of Royalty are numerous in Europe, but few can be compared with this for beauty and solemnity. The walls and floor are all of polished marble, upon which falls a delicately-colored light from stained glass windows in the roof, while in the center upon marble couches are these recumbent figures of the King and Queen. There is a beautiful repose about these statues. With their folded hands, they seem to lie, not in death, but like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams. Hither, as to a hallowed shrine, each year, upon the anniversary of the Queen's decease, the members of the Royal Family come to lay some floral tribute on her grave. And there are few events in the life of the old Emperor William more touching than the visits which he made to this, his mother's tomb, before and after the late war with France; the first as it were, to invoke her blessing on the coming conflict; the last (when flushed with victory) to lay his laurels at her feet!



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THE RHINE, GUTENFELS AND THE PFALZ, GERMANY.—The interest which we take in the rivers of our globe increases in proportion to the historic souvenirs which seem to mingle with their foam and murmur with their waves. In this sense one of the very foremost of the world's great rivers is the noble Rhine. This illustration reveals to us one of the many ruined castles which from their mountain crests look sadly down upon us as we sail along; their massive walls and ivy-covered battlements telling us of some famous deeds of chivalry or romance through a line of centuries. This castle of Gutenfels owes its title to a lovely maiden named Guta, who was wooed and married by a brave English knight under romantic circumstances which cannot be enumerated in this limited space. Below this castle stands in the middle of the Rhine a tower, known as the Pfalz. Here, it is said, toll is still paid to the Duke of Nassau by all vessels navigating the river, the sole surviving instance of a common custom centuries ago in many places on its banks. This tower also has its poetic legend. A certain Count Palatine used this as a prison for his daughter, lest she should marry against his will the hero of her love. But all in vain. The Romeo of the Rhine at last secured admission here disguised as a pilgrim, and the lovers were united in marriage despite all obstacles. It was at this point that the Prussian army under Blücher crossed the Rhine in 1814, to advance on Paris in company with the allied European forces to crush the first Napoleon.



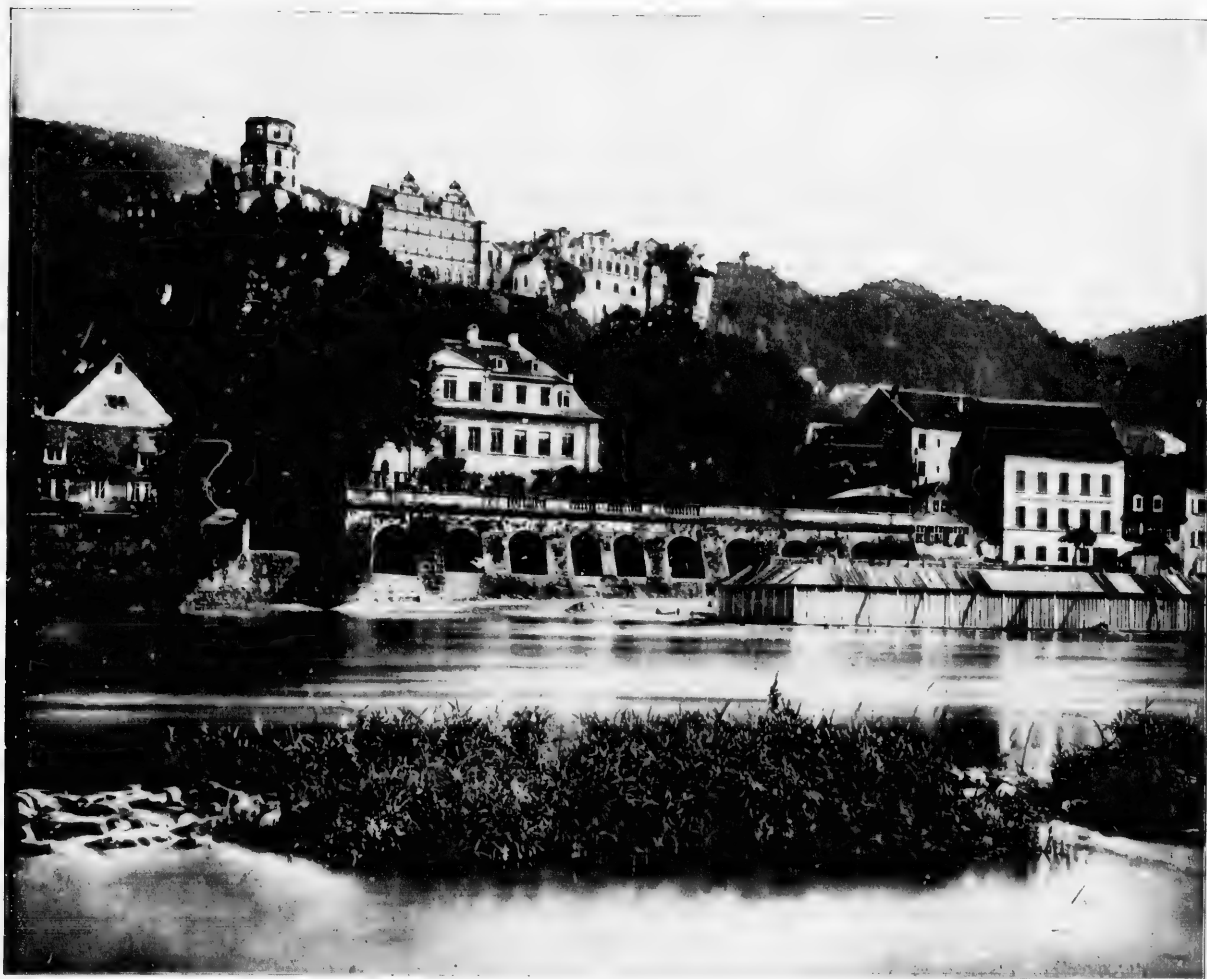
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KOBLENZ ON THE RHINE, GERMANY.—One of the most important of Rhenish cities is Koblenz, which lies at the meeting point of the Rhine and the Mosel. The waters of these streams not at once assimilate. The Mosel preserves for a long time its emerald color quite distinctly, as though unwilling to mingle its French waters with the waves of Germany. The historic souvenirs of this town are extremely interesting. The Romans founded here, 1800 years ago, a city known as "Confluentia." Hither, after the death of Charlemagne, came his grandsons to divide between them his gigantic empire. In recent times it was a favorite residence of the Empress Augusta of Germany, wife of old Kaiser William. A bridge of boats connects this city with the opposite bank, where on a lofty hill, 400 feet in height, rises the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, appropriately called the "Gibraltar of the Rhine." It is a stone Colossus effectively protecting this most important confluence of the two streams, and capable of instantly transforming the peaceful romance of the river into a tragedy of blood and iron. It is safe to say, therefore, that Koblenz will never pass out of the possession of the Germans; for the "Broad Stone of Honor" which thus guards it is held to be impregnable, and day and night in massive majesty maintains its perpetual "Watch on the Rhine."



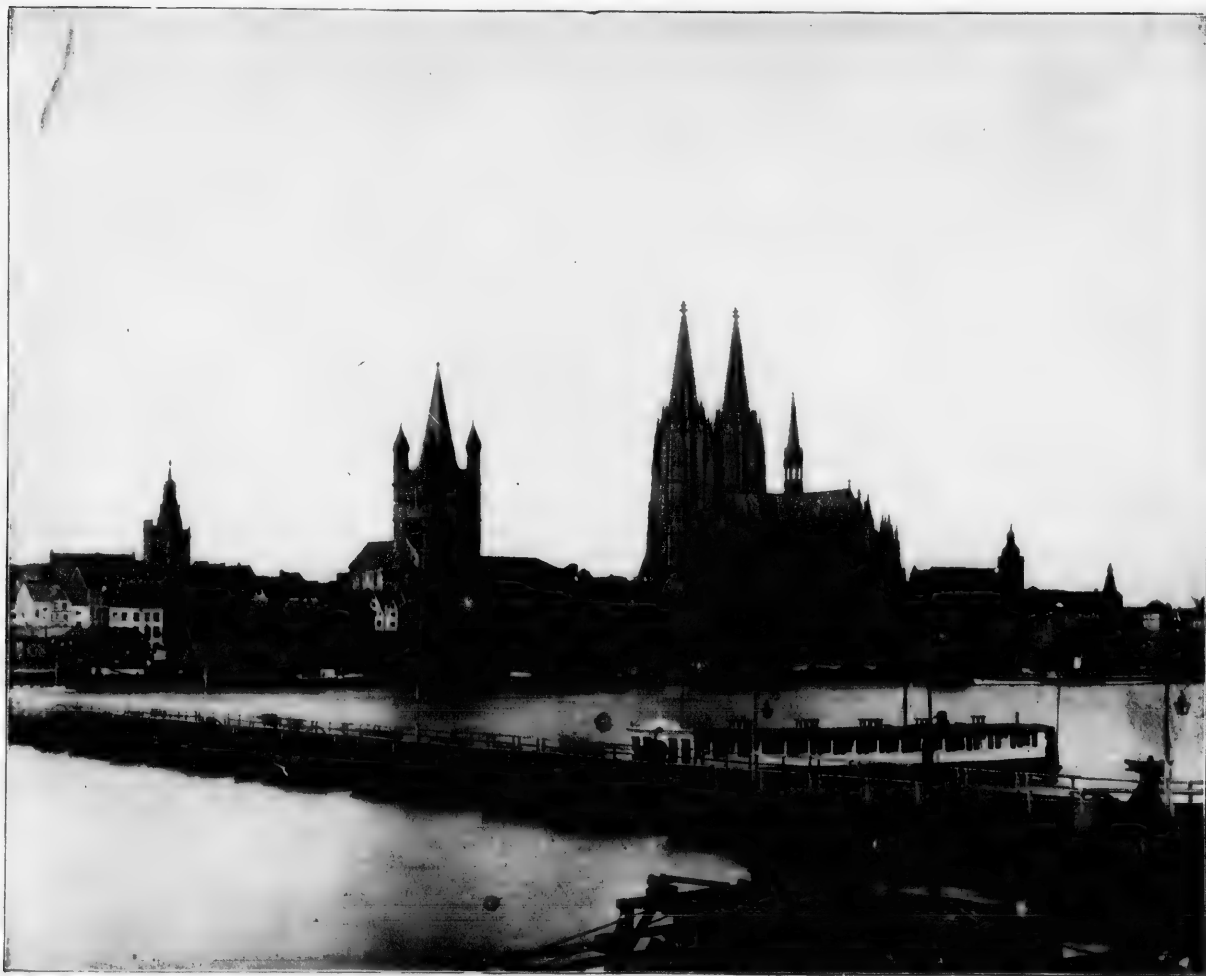
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HEIDELBERG CASTLE, GERMANY.—One of the most charming features of the Old World is Heidelberg Castle towering above the river Neckar, which rolls beneath it like a flood of silver. To the right not many miles away, its situation is glorious. From the "Castle Hotel," just above the ruin itself, one gazes with increasing pleasure upon the shadow-darkened river and the great forest all about him, like a magnificent rug of deepest green, from which the castle rises in its grandeur. The forest itself is threaded with countless paths completely sheltered from the sun, in early spring-time lined with violets and spanned at frequent intervals by half-ruined arches, crowned with luxuriant wild flowers and caressed by the clinging fingers of a hundred vines. A great variety of architecture is here displayed. Each portion of the building differs in style and finish from its neighbor. The ruins possess no similarity. The great round tower is unique. But after a moment's thought this difference in style is understood. For Heidelberg Castle was not, after all, the work of any *one* great architect, or even *one* age, but rather is a series of old palaces erected by various princes through 500 years. A wonderfully fascinating place is the old court of Heidelberg either just after sunset, or better still when the full moon is threading its deserted court with silver sandals. In that mysterious light its sculptured kings and warriors seem like living beings gathered here to speak of the old times when these grand halls were filled with valiant knights, fair ladies and sweet-voiced minstrels.



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THE RHINE AND COLOGNE, GERMANY. — Of all the cities on the Rhine, Cologne is the wealthiest and most renowned. It has played quite a role even in Roman history. Here Poppo received the summons to assume the Imperial purple. Here Vitellus and Silvanus were proclaimed Emperors; and here the latter was murdered by his cohorts. Here also, in the camp of Germanicus, was born Agrippina, the mother of Nero; and she, retaining an affection for her birthplace, sent here in after years a colony of Roman veterans, and gave it her name, *Colonia Agrippina*, whence comes the modern name *Cologne*. A multitude of churches greets the eye as one surveys this city from the Rhine, but of course its crowning feature is its glorious cathedral in the foreground. Those who beheld that building fifteen years ago would hardly recognize it now. Massive indeed it was and vast, but looking somewhat like the hull of an enormous ship without its masts, since its great towers lacked completion. But now it has a glory and a majesty which lift it heavenward above all other churches in the world. It is unquestionably the most magnificent Gothic edifice upon the surface of our globe. Begun in 1248, it was not completed till 1881. The last stone was placed in its position, amid impressive ceremonies, in the presence of the old Emperor William and nearly all the Princes of Germany. Its towers reach an altitude of 514 feet! The nave is 145 feet high from floor to roof! It is impossible to gaze on certain parts of either the exterior or interior of this stupendous structure without feeling well-nigh crushed by an overpowering realization of the sublime



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HARBOR OF HAMBURG, GERMANY—Hamburg is located on the river Elbe at the mouth of one of the tributaries of that stream,—the Alster. Its harbor is a very extensive one. But, as it now exists, it is a modern creation. At first this city was at some distance from the main branch of the Elbe, and the mouth of the Alster served as its port; but owing to vast engineering enterprises, the principal current was diverted to its present course. The quays of Hamburg now cover a distance of about three miles, and beside some of them are pleasant promenades planted with trees. Vessels, drawing fourteen feet of water come up to the city itself, and their cargoes are distributed by means of barges to the warehouses, which line the numerous canals which intersect the town, and make more than sixty bridges a necessity. This harbor of Hamburg presents, as the illustration before us makes evident, a very animated scene. The river is always covered with a multitude of ships and steamers, some of them close to the shore. There is said to be room here for 400 ocean vessels, and for twice that number of river craft. We can hardly be surprised, therefore, to learn that Hamburg ranks first of all the seats of commerce on the Continent, sending its ships and steamers out to every portion of the world. Hamburg is a very ancient city, having been founded probably by Charlemagne in the year 809. In its vicinity are many pretty villages, beautiful promenades and charming villas.



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FRANKFORT, GERMANY—Frankfort-on-the-Main is one of those cities which combine the characteristics of mediæval and modern Germany. Some of its streets are as winding and narrow as they were six centuries ago, and others bear the stamp of the New Empire, broad, well paved and adorned with handsome structures. It has many interesting relics of the past. Here is the Council-House where the German Emperors were elected and entertained in the Kaisersaal, the walls of which are covered with their portraits. In its cathedral, whose spire rises far above the town, the German Emperors were crowned. Here may be seen the house in which originated the famous family of the Rothschilds. Its highest literary distinction is the fact that here the poet Goethe was born in 1749, at No. 23 Hirschgraben. In 1804 the house was purchased for 50,000 florins, by a German society designed to promote art, science and general culture. Thus Goethe's birthplace was made forever the common property of all German people. Its various rooms are kept as little museums of Goethe literature and art. Near this river Main is a spot known as "Goethe's Rest," because he is said to have there admired the situation and beauty of his native city. One square of Frankfort is also called Goethe Platz, and is adorned with a fine bronze statue of the illustrious author of "Faust." This is a city of immense wealth, and offers a good market for American securities. Its name is said to be derived from an episode in the life of Charlemagne, when he, together with his army of *Franks*, found here a ford across the river.



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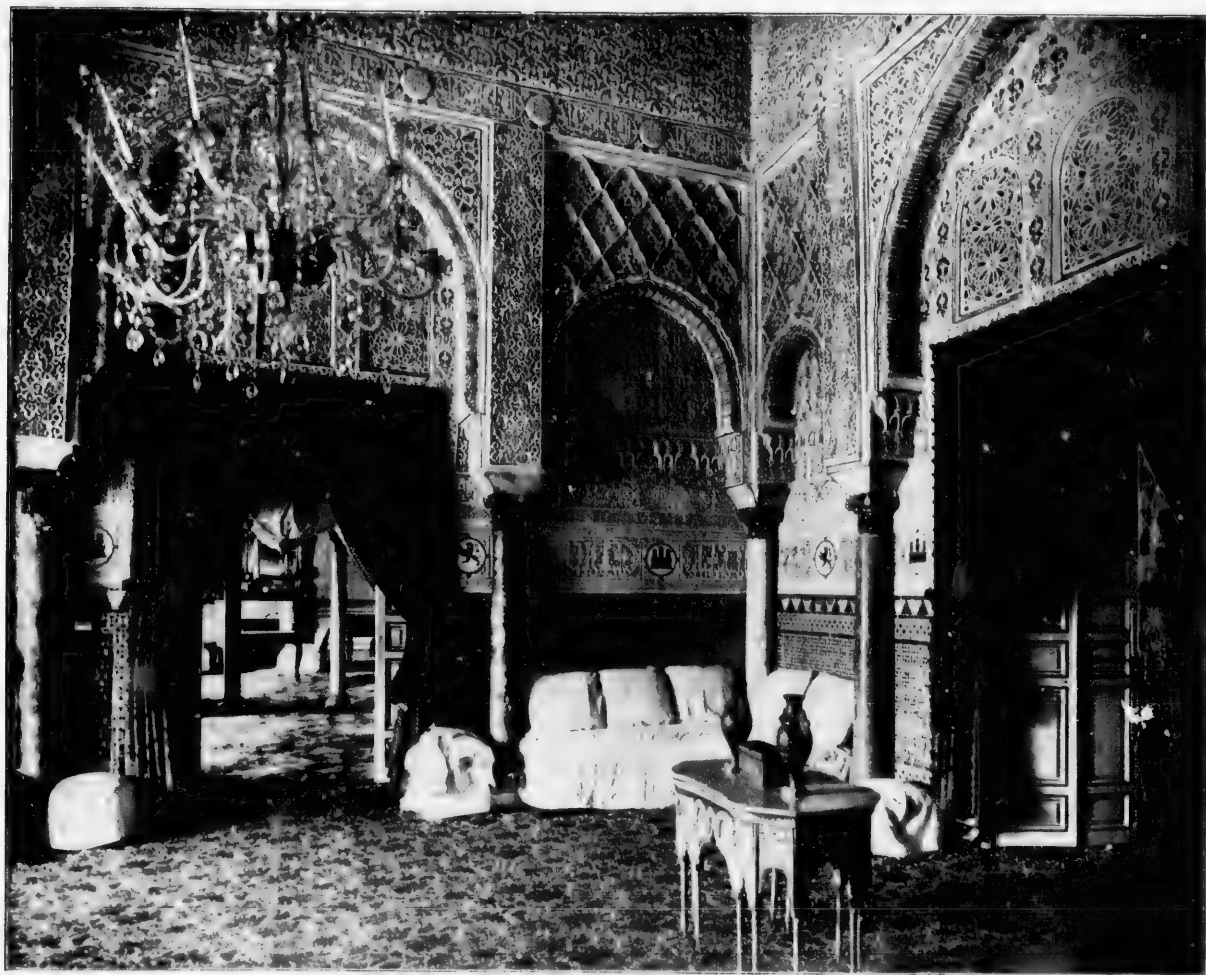
PUERTA DEL SOL, MADRID, SPAIN—This "Portal of the Sun" was formerly the eastern gateway of Madrid, and hence the first to be greeted by the dawn, but now it marks the centre of the capital. Although not beautiful, it is nevertheless justly famous, for it is the nucleus of the city's life, the *Acord* of Madrid, throbbing with tireless activity. Through this the restless life-blood of the town is every moment flowing. Most of the lower stories of its houses and hotels are cafes, from which at night music and light stream forth, amid a clatter of glasses, a babbling of tongues and the cries of waiters, as though this Spanish capital had banished sleep forever. Sun-burnt peasants and ragged beggars are always idling about in this Puerta, gaining fresh coats of tan by steeping themselves in the sun. One can always perceive here Spanish priests, dressed in their great three-cornered hats and long black robes, amid a mass of gaily-decorated mules with tinkling bells, bull fighters in their gorgeous costumes, musicians with guitars, and proud Castilians wrapped in their deftly-folded cloaks and wearing on their head those huge sombreros which strikingly resemble gigantic chocolate creams. If you are in the mood for it, this whirl of life is thoroughly amusing. If not, it renders you more sad than would the desert. For in that motley throng there is not one who knows your name, or cares for your existence. One may find cause for sadness, therefore, even in this brilliant Gateway of the Sun.



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VIEW OF THE ALHAMBRA FROM THE GENERALES, GRANADA, SPAIN.—The view from the Alhambra hill, an inspiration to the most poetic that I have ever seen, and when combined with the historic, romantic, and literary associations of the place, renders this Girnada Acropolis unequalled in attractiveness by any portion of the world. Such is the expressed opinion of a great traveler, who has had the opportunity of making extensive observations and comparisons. But his enthusiasm is not misplaced. Here is a noble ruin containing fifty-seven square miles of wonderful fertility, green as the emerald, and ornamented here and there with Oriental pearls, with white-walled villages and towers. Every portion of that plain has been the scene of desperate conflict between Moslems and Christians. Around it are many mountains, only a few of which are visible on the side represented by this distribution. Some of these are raw and desolate, while others peak the azure at a height of 11,000 feet and meet with vitalizing snow. With such an environment there rises abruptly above the city of Granada the hill which constituted the favorite abode of the Moorish Caliphs. It is dotted from the base to the top by magnificent emirs a hundred feet in height. Nightingales merrily in their abundant foliage. Roses and orange blossoms fill the air with perfume. A lofty, airy, lofty tower, built here, of Oriental delights and resembling a queen upon a lofty throne, is the most exquisite palace man has ever built, the unique, the world renowned. *Alhambra* is the word which signifies the residence of the Moorish sovereigns, a veritable earthly paradise, where to pass time is like a happy dream.



11. The interior of the Alhambra, Granada, Spain. The photograph shows the Court of the Lions, a central courtyard of the Alhambra. The walls are covered in intricate tilework and mosaics. The ceiling is high and features a complex geometric pattern. A large, ornate chandelier hangs from the ceiling. In the center, there is a large, arched opening or alcove. To the right, a large, dark wooden door is visible. The floor is covered with a patterned carpet. A small table with a vase on it is in the foreground, and a large, patterned cushion or rug is on the floor near the center.



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COURT OF SPANISH AND MOSQUE, SEVILLE, SPAIN. The Mosque is a masterpiece of architecture, and is one of the most beautiful in the world. The architecture is beautiful. One steps on through a Mosque gate, and is met by a beautiful courtyard, containing orange trees three centuries old, and palm trees of unknown antiquity. A perfect wave of perfume greets one, and one feels that one is in a garden. In the center is an ancient fountain, at which birds stop to drink, women, on their pitchers, and children of the Sun. A large, white, and apparently on the piers of orange and the flowering trees of a garden. The Mosque itself has been transformed into a Christian church, but nothing can conceal the great character given it by the Moors, namely, that of a magnificent mosque. For the mosque is a mosque, and is a mosque of the Great. Then about 1,000 years ago there was within the walls of this city 600 mosques, 50 hospitals, 300 public baths, 600 schools, and a library of 600,000 manuscript volumes; and hundreds of students went here daily to the Moslem schools, where Music, Medicine, Philosophy, and Mathematics were then taught, as is elsewhere in the world.



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PANORAMA OF SEVILLE FROM THE GIRALDA, SPAIN. From the summit of the old Moorish shrine, the Giralda, the view of Seville is one of exquisite beauty. Grasping in beauty, like a silver griddle, is that state tower, Alcazar, Moorish palace, the palace of the Catholic Kings, and when you descend to the city, you find a city of many a distinguished man, lovely women, palm-trees and orange groves, charming courtyards, the churches and many fine paintings by Murillo and Velasquez. From Seville two of the most celebrated and admirable Roman Emperors, Hadrian and Trajan, went forth to conquer the purple of the world. Here the great Moorish mosque, now a cathedral, was raised in splendour. The promenade of Seville discloses a multitude of bewitching Senoras and Senoritas, who wrap round their blond tresses face-masks, which are adorned with a red nose or a pink one, and turn the most becoming and coquettish head-dresses in the world. Each house in Seville, however plain the exterior may be, will reveal a pretty courtyard paved with a white tile and enclosed by walls encased by white enamel with glazed tiles. In these charming patios occur in the soft delightful evenings of Seville the little informal social parties, which render a residence here agreeable. A few modern squares have been found here, but it is often unpleasant to cross their broad expanse of hot sunlight, and the narrow, Moorish streets, into which the sunbeams rarely enter, for in heat it is so much better suited to its climate.



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GIBRALTAR.—The ancients believed this cliff to have been planted by the Gods at the western limit of the civilized world, beyond which even the boldest never dared to sail. No single illustration of it can reveal its many characteristics. It rises on one side almost perpendicularly from the waves to the height of 1,400 feet. It is three miles long and about half a mile wide. From some positions it resembles a gigantic lion crouching by the sea and guarding thus the entrance to the Mediterranean. Just opposite this on the African coast is a mountain very similar in situation and appearance to Gibraltar. In climbing over this extraordinary fortress the traveler sees a great number of half-natural, half-artificial caverns or galleries, designed to serve as places of protection during a bombardment. Some vegetation covers this apparently barren rock, and frequently the mouth of a cannon grimly protrudes from a bed of flowers. Gibraltar is probably impregnable. It has for many years been in the possession of the English, and has resisted every effort made to capture it or silence its tremendous batteries. The fortress is continually provisioned, and so perfect are the arrangements for a water supply, that at a few hour's notice it can be put into a condition to withstand a year's siege. Although this cliff is almost paved with British cannon and surmounted by the English flag, it is still an eloquent memorial of the Moors. The name "Gibraltar" is a corruption of Arabic words meaning "The Mountain of Tarek," leader of the Moors when they landed in Spain. For more than 700 years it was held by them, till on the fall of Granada in 1492, they were expelled to Africa.



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PIAZZA CARLO ALBERTO, TURIN, ITALY.—One of the brightest and most cheerful of Italian cities is Turin, which from 1859 to 1865 was the capital of Italy and the residence of the King. Its spacious squares, broad streets, numerous gardens and fine public buildings make it a very agreeable town to visit, although it cannot boast of so many priceless souvenirs of art and history as its sister cities of Italy possess. Nevertheless, Turin is ancient, for it was founded by the Emperor Augustus 1900 years ago, and it was in recent times the principal centre of those national struggles which resulted in the unification of Italy. It is the birth-place of the illustrious statesman, Cavour, and a magnificent monument has been erected here in his honor. Here also was born King Victor Emanuel, whose statues and monuments also decorate the city. The building seen in the illustration is the Palazzo Carignano, which was the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies till 1860, and after that for five years was the Hall of the Italian Parliament. The bronze equestrian statue in front of it is that of King Carlo Alberto, for whom the square is named. The pedestal is approached by four steps of Scottish granite, at the corners stand as a faithful body-guard four colossal statues of Sardinian soldiers; and above are four female figures representing Freedom, Justice, Independence and Patriotism. Among the objects of interest which Turin offers to the traveler are the *Royal Armoury*, containing many valuable relics of various celebrated soldiers from Charles V down to Napoleon I, an admirable *Picture Gallery*, and the *National Museum*, which is the loftiest structure in Europe with the exception of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, its height being 538 feet.

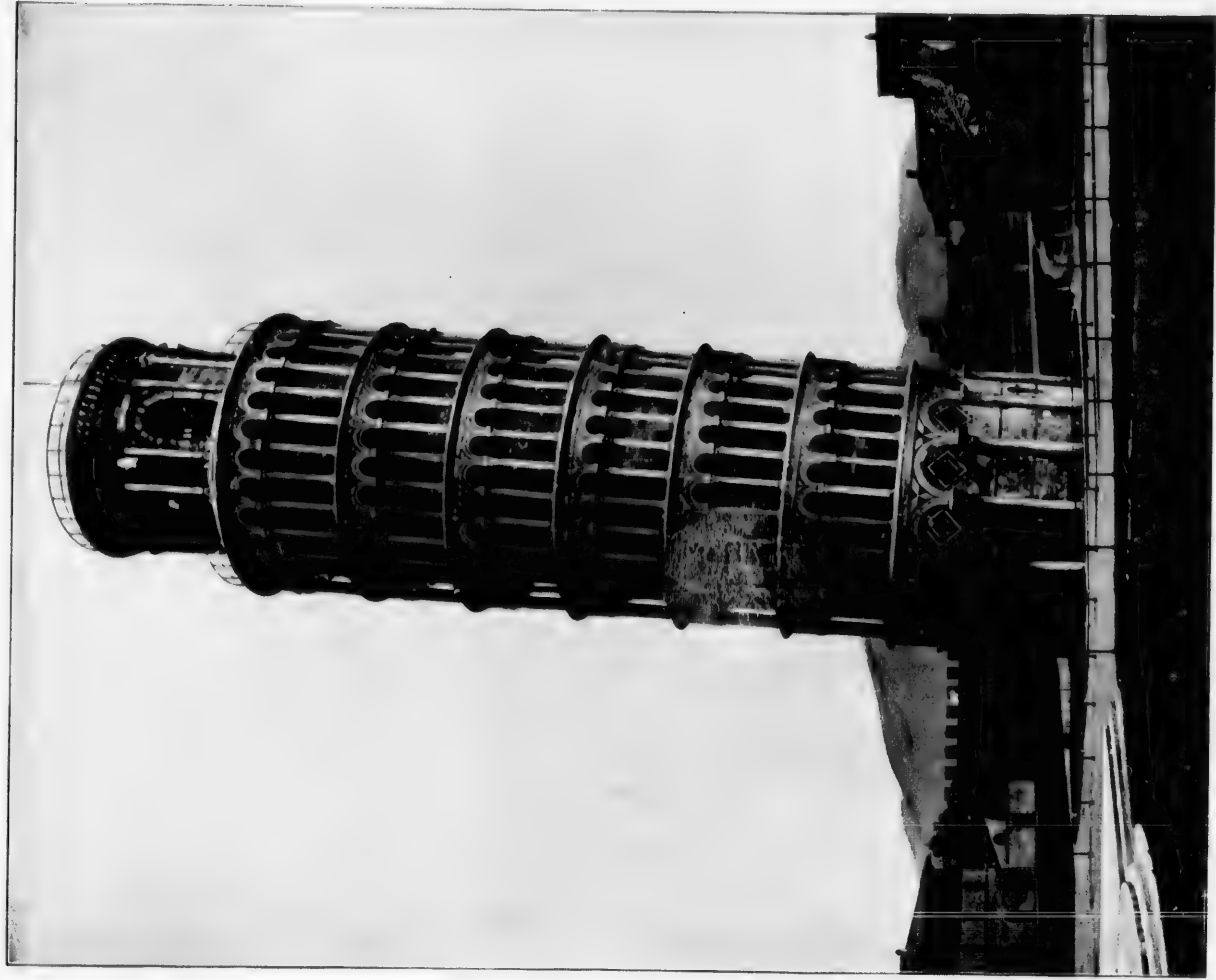


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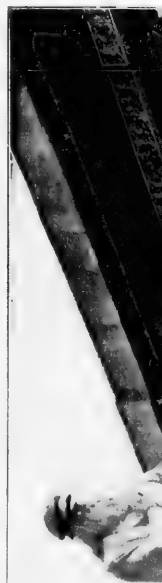


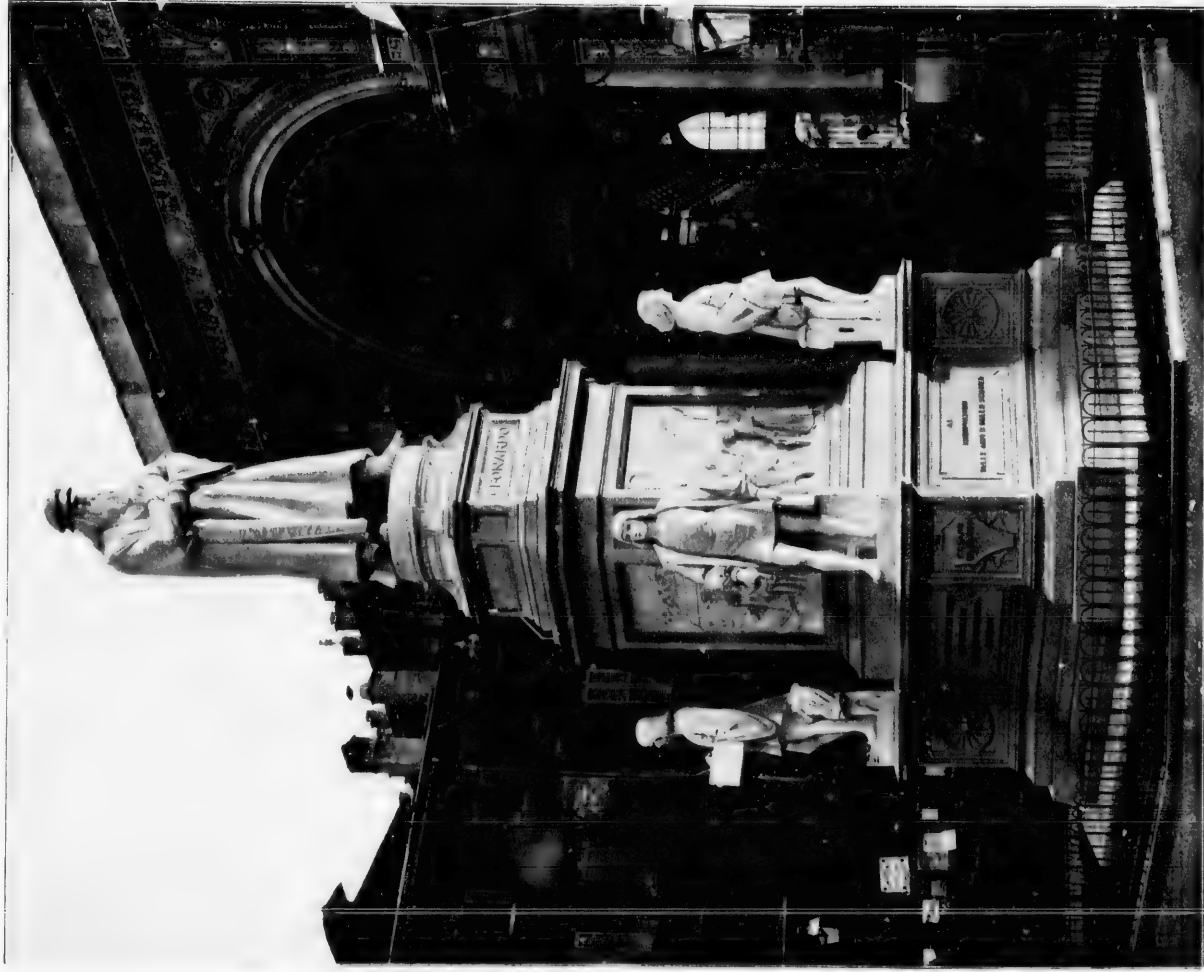
STATUE OF COLUMBUS, GENOA, ITALY.—"Genoa, la Superba" well deserves its name. Its situation is glorious and the view of the ocean spread out beneath its flower-crowned terraces is magnificent. The history of this city is brilliant and eventful, and one ever-memorable feature of it is commemorated in this noble statue recently erected in a prominent square directly in front of the principal Genoese railway station. It greets the traveler, therefore, on arriving here; it bids him farewell as he takes his leave. The inscription briefly tells us what this handsome monument signifies, viz: the gift of a grateful country to Christopher Columbus. For it is the glory of Genoa to have been in 1492 the birthplace of that immortal discoverer. What though it has been proved that hardy Norsemen crossed the North Atlantic centuries before Columbus sailed from Spain? His courage, faith and perseverance are not less sublime. Whatever Northern Vikings may have done, America was still in 1492 virtually a *terra incognita*, and it was the illustrious son of Genoa who brought it to the knowledge of the civilized world and revolutionized the ideas, hopes and destinies of mankind. The design of this monument is admirable. Columbus leans upon an anchor, his right hand pointing to the figure of America. Below him we discern, encircling the shaft, a line of naval ornaments symbolic of the discoverer's little fleet. On the corners of the pedestal are statues representing Science, Religion, Courage and Geography, and between them scenes of his adventurous career.





LEANING TOWER, PISA.—The city of Pisa is known throughout the world from the fact that it possesses a structure which is so far inclined from the perpendicular as to appear to be on the point of falling. Moreover, this leaning tower is as beautiful as it is extraordinary. It is of pure white marble, and the delicate colonnades which encircle it, ascending in a spiral to the lofty belfry, are marvels of grace and elegance. It has a height of about 180 feet, and is fourteen feet out of perpendicular. It is hollow inside, and looking from the top down its cylindrical interior is like gazing into a well. In spite of one's conviction that a tower which has been leaning thus for nearly 600 years will not fall, it is impossible to avoid a slight feeling of nervousness, as one looks down from the *lower side* of the upper gallery. The sensation is peculiar, and one clutches the iron railing as he surveys beneath him the retreating marble wall. Close by this tower are other buildings which would make Pisa famous even without the assistance of its "leaning miracle," namely, its grand cathedral of remarkable beauty and possessing a marvelous echo, while the Campo Santo or Cemetery of Pisa close at hand, is a clustered structure adorned with many statues, medieval monuments and splendid tombs.





STATUE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI, MILAN, ITALY—Almost in the shadow of the grand Milan Cathedral rises this noble monument in marble, erected in 1922 to the memory of that immortal artist of the Renaissance, Leonardo da Vinci. Upon a lofty pedestal stands the colossal statue of the master, apparently described in the count. Below him are life-size figures of four of his pupils, and copies in relief of some of his principal works. The city of Milan has done good to no more fitting the most valuable of men, for it was here that he exhibited his brilliant talents to an astonishing degree under the patronage of the Milanese Duke. Here he lived for thirty-five years. Here in the convent of the Madonna delle Grazie is the ruin of his wonderful masterpiece, "The Last Supper," with which the world has been made familiar through paintings and engravings. There seems to have been no department of art in which his extraordinary gifts, foreshadowed almost a century before he was famous as a painter, sculptor, architect, engineer, musician, poet and manager of all the clocks of the local court. Beyond this monument of Da Vinci the illustration gives us a hint of the spacious and beautiful Gallery of Victor Emanuel. It is in the form of a Latin cross, with an inscription in the center, and is about 1,600 feet in length and ninety-four feet high. It forms a most attractive promenade, for not only does it contain many cafes and handsome shops, but its decorations are extremely rich and elegant. No less than twenty-four statues of famous Italians adorn its walls; and many elaborate frescoes also claim one's admiration. The cost of this Gallery in 1867 was one and a half million dollars. Its architect, Mengoni, lost his life by falling from one of its portals.



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THE MILAN CATHEDRAL, ITALY.—No matter how weary one may have become from visiting numberless cathedrals through the length and breadth of Europe, here is one before which he feels inclined to kneel in admiration. It is one of the most majestic, and at the same time beautiful and elaborate, structures in the world. It reveals Gothic architecture carried to its most exquisite limits. Its material is white marble. There are times, especially by moonlight, when it seems like a mountain of alabaster peopled with thousands of graceful figures. This is hardly an exaggeration, for there are actually more than 4800 marble statues on the exterior of this marvelous structure. Nor are these figures roughly finished on account of their elevation from the street. If we ascend to the roof and examine some of them, we shall find each one an admirable work of art. Some of them are the products of Canova's genius. To walk over the roof of this "eighth wonder of the world" is to wander through aerial sculpture-galleries, surrounded by myriads of columns, towers, pinnacles, buttresses and arches, all tenanted by snow-white angels, warriors, saints, kings or cherubs outlined at times like frosted silver on the sky. It should be also remembered that the interior of this marble Duomo is worthy of the exterior in the grandeur of its dimensions, its gigantic fluted columns, and its magnificent stained glass windows, through which the rays of sunlight fall on the vast mosaic pavement like the ruby and golden hues of autumnal leaves.



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THE FORUM, POMPEII—Notwithstanding all that we may have read about Pompeii, to walk among its excavated streets and temples is an unique and never-to-be-forgotten experience, surpassing all one's anticipations. For here beneath the awful mount, which still holds high its smoking torch, lies an ancient Roman city, partially ruined, it is true, but so protected from the Goths and Vandals by its very lava shroud, that now in looking on its streets and buildings we can imagine them re-peopled, and realize just how life went on beneath this same blue sky when Jesus walked in Galilee. Here are frescoes undimmed by the fatal touch of time. Here have been found scores of dead bodies and gems which fell from the trembling hands of those who fled in terror. The walls, though roofless, are still standing firmly. The columns have not lost their color. This Forum of Pompeii had not been quite completed when the destruction of the city came, and these, its numerous pedestals for statues, were for the most part unoccupied when the deadly ashes fell, to wrap them in a winding sheet, which, only in this nineteenth century, has been removed. Pompeii was a favorite summer-resort of wealthy Romans. Cicero had a villa there and was very fond of the place. The fatal catastrophe occurred on the 24th of August, A. D. 79, when Pompeii was buried in showers of ashes and red-hot pumice stones to a depth of twenty feet. Much more of the city still remains to be excavated. The Government allows \$12,000 a year for the work to go on.

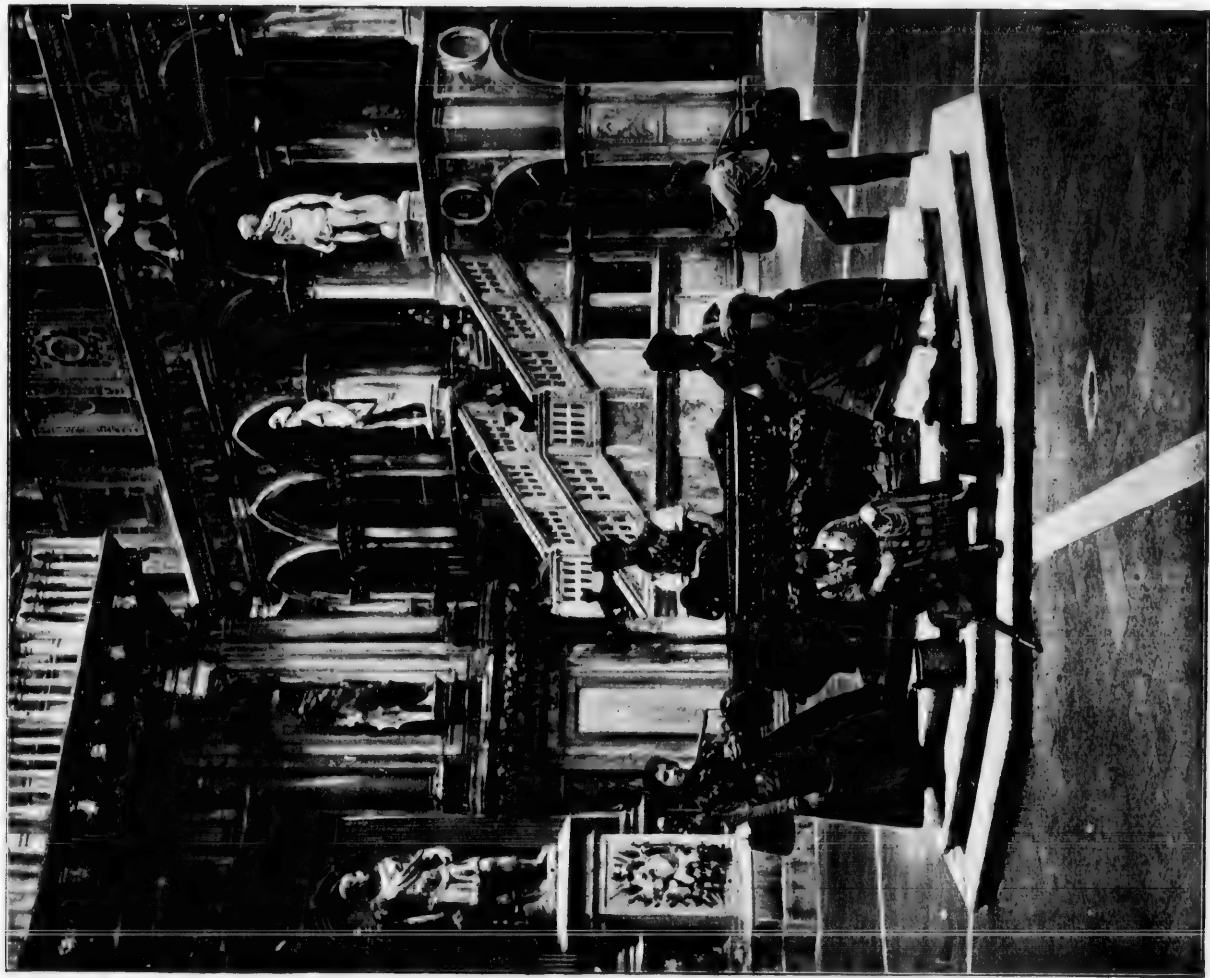


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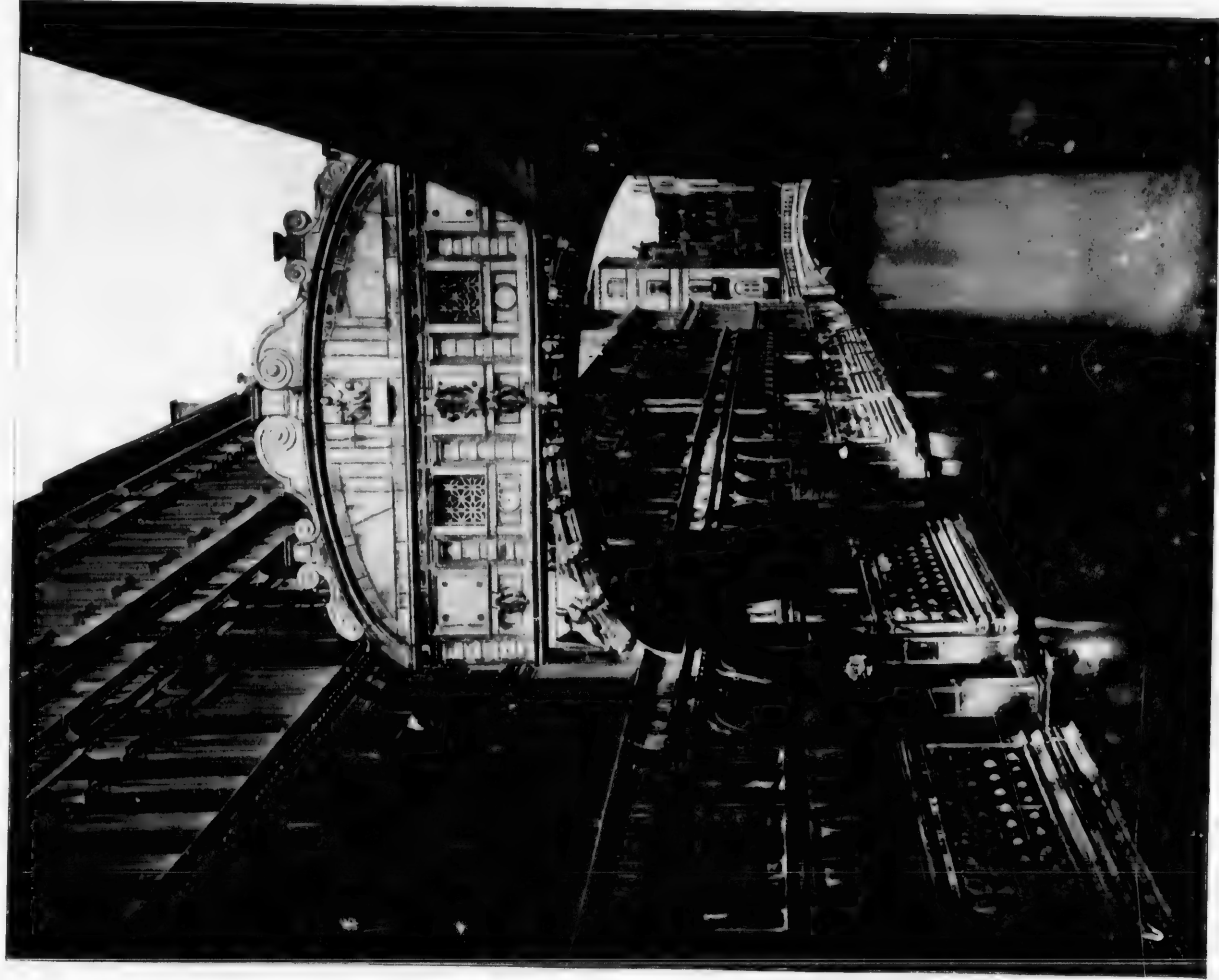
THE BAY OF NAPLES, ITALY.—It is a never-to-be-forgotten moment when one looks for the first time on this unrivalled bay, which holds within its glorious curve Pompeii and Sorrento, forever guarded by the giant form of fire-scathed Vesuvius. Incomparably fair is the environment of Naples; its winding shores, its sparkling bay, its bold cliffs ravaged by the sea, its threatening lava cone and buried city of Pompeii, all these combine to render it a veritable Mecca for lovers of the beautiful. To drive along the northern shore of this Neapolitan Bay is to explore the hallowed ground of classical Italy. At every turn the souvenirs of ancient times seem waiting to receive us, clad in the pleasing garb of legend or tradition, while in every breath that blows upon us from this classic sea, we hear a murmur of ancient yet familiar names. For, once these slopes were covered with the splendid villas of distinguished Romans; and therefore history and fable blend now their dark and golden threads to weave a net-work of enchantment round the place. Thus it is well known that Virgil had a villa on this shore, in which he lived for years, composing some of his finest works; and when he died, the Emperor caused his friend's last wish to be fulfilled, and had his body brought here for interment, beside the same unchanging sea and on the very slope where he had written his immortal poems.





COURTYARD OF THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.—In another illustration the exterior of this wonderful building is portrayed, as it fronts upon the Piazzetta. We are here looking on a portion of its inner courtyard, around which rise the marble walls of the Palace, magnificently decorated with stone carving and statuary in bronze and marble. In the foreground is one of two elaborate bronze well-curbs here, the work of Venetian artists 350 years ago. Upon their marble steps Venetian women often sit to rest themselves before returning homeward with their pails of water, gossiping gaily of to-day, unmindful of the history with which each stone in this old building seems at times so eloquent. In the distance we perceive the marble steps, known as the "Giant's Staircase," because of the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune which decorate its summit. This is more than 400 years old, and for centuries at the head of its steps the Doges of Venice were crowned. Byron, in his tragedy of "Marino Faliero," makes this the place of that sovereign's execution, and the concluding line of his drama is, "The gory head rolls down the Giant's Steps." Unfortunately, Marino Faliero was decapitated before this stairway had been built, but it is a fact that he was beheaded in this palace. Just beyond the "Giant's Steps" is a flight of stairs leading to the upper story, called the Scala d'Oro, or the Golden Staircase, from the magnificence of its ornamentation.





BRIDGE OF SIGHs, VENICE. —In the rear of the Tuscan Palace there hangs above the dusky waters of a narrow canal the structure poetically called "il Ponte dei sospiri," or the "Bridge of sighs." The popular idea in reference to this has long been an erroneous one. It has been supposed that over this arch the ill-fated victims of the Council of Ten were led into the palace to receive their sentence, and then conducted back again to meet their death! If such were the case, the bridge would well deserve its name. But this structure only dates from the end of the sixteenth century, since which time there has been only one instance of political imprisonment here can be no doubt, however, of the deep dungeons below this bridge called "wells," for the traveler can see them to-day. They are thought to be well calculated to arouse and to terror of which have been imitatively described by Dickens in his "Pictures from Italy." No one can look upon this famous arch without recalling the immortal lines of Byron in his third canto of *Childe Harold*:

As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles.

Over the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the Winged Lion's marble pines,
When Venice sat in state throned on her hundred isles."



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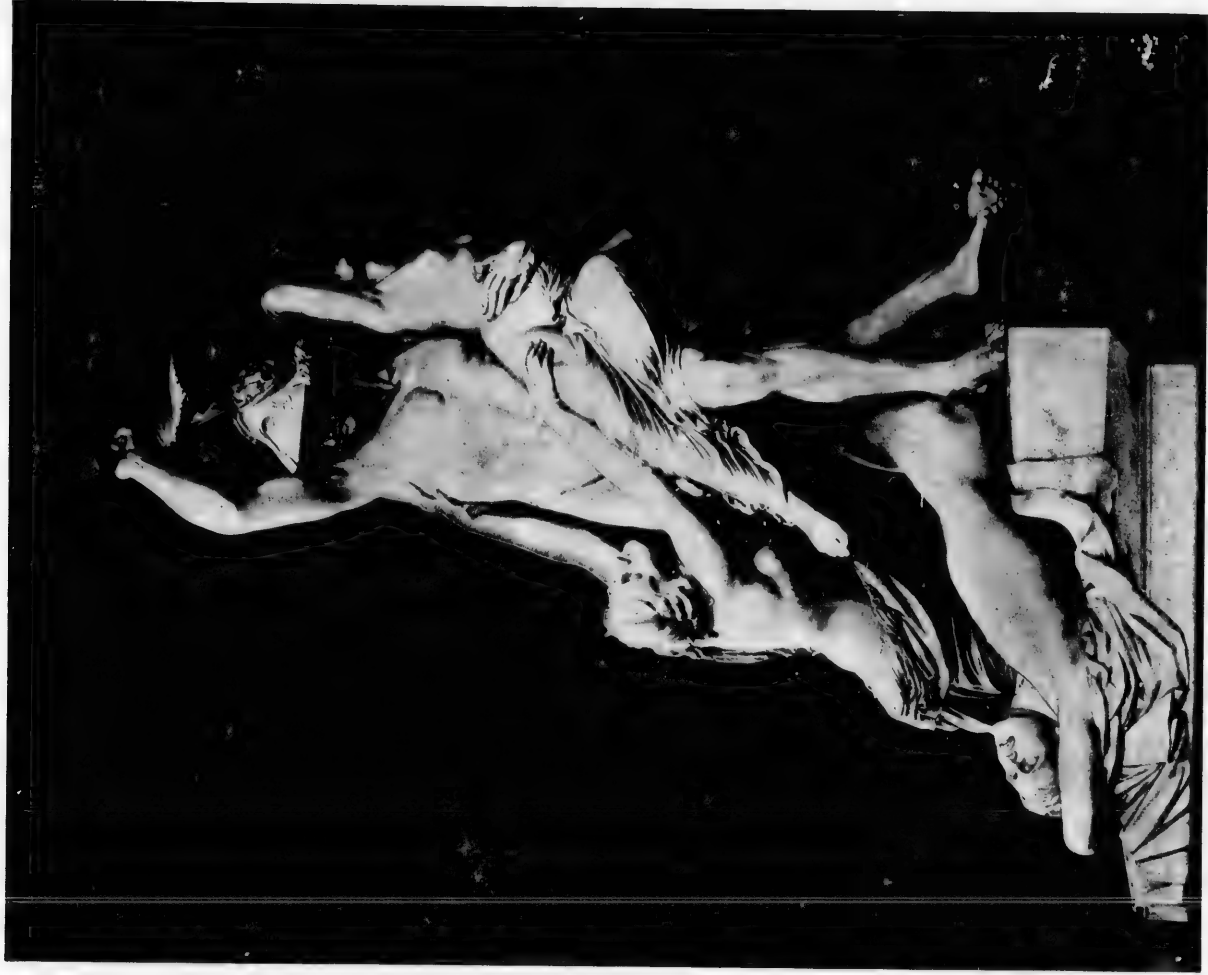
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THE RIALTO BRIDGE, which does the pulse more than all give upon this grand Canal is the famous bridge of the Rialto, built entirely of white marble and consisting of a single arch one hundred and fifty-eight feet in length. It is worth a month of ordinary life to have the privilege of basking our gondolier halt beneath this bridge, thronged with the memories of three hundred years, and floating there to let the tide of historic associations sweep over us. For envied as we are by all that make these memories real, we think of Shylock and Othello and of the old Doges who ruled here in magnificence for one thousand years! We think of the time when, just as this bridge unites the eastern and the western banks of this canal, so Venice itself was the connecting link between Europe and Asia, and held for years in her controlling hands the commerce of the civilized world. Moreover, almost in the shadow of this marble arch appeared the first bank of deposit which the world had known, in Venice also was published the first book ever printed in Italy, while on this very bridge was sold the first newspaper ever published in the world, which (bartered for a coin called Gazzetta) has given a name to many of our modern journals. Nor can we here forget how Venice, in her glorious career of conquest, once caused her standard to roll out its purple folds over some of the richest islands in the Mediterranean and Adriatic.



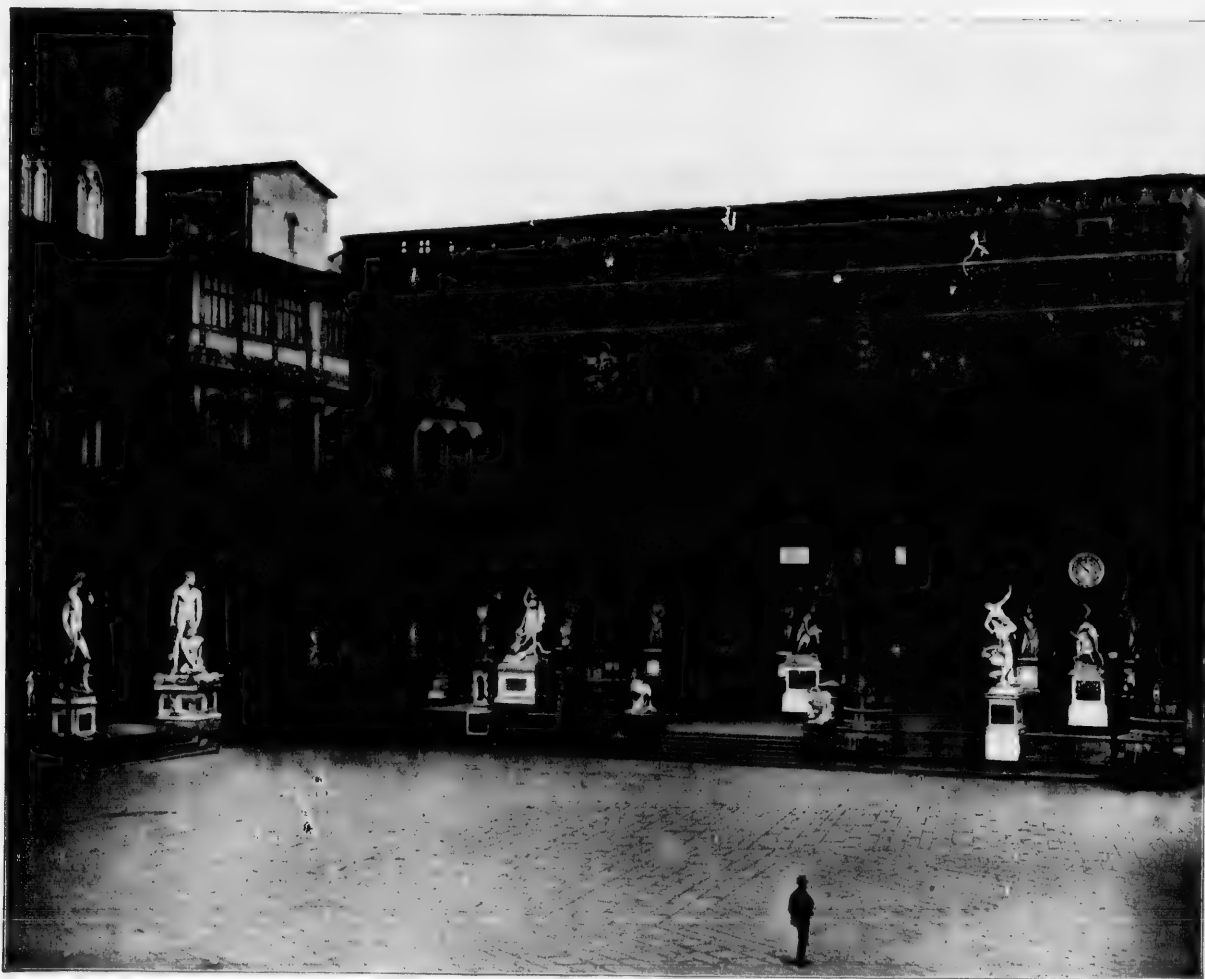
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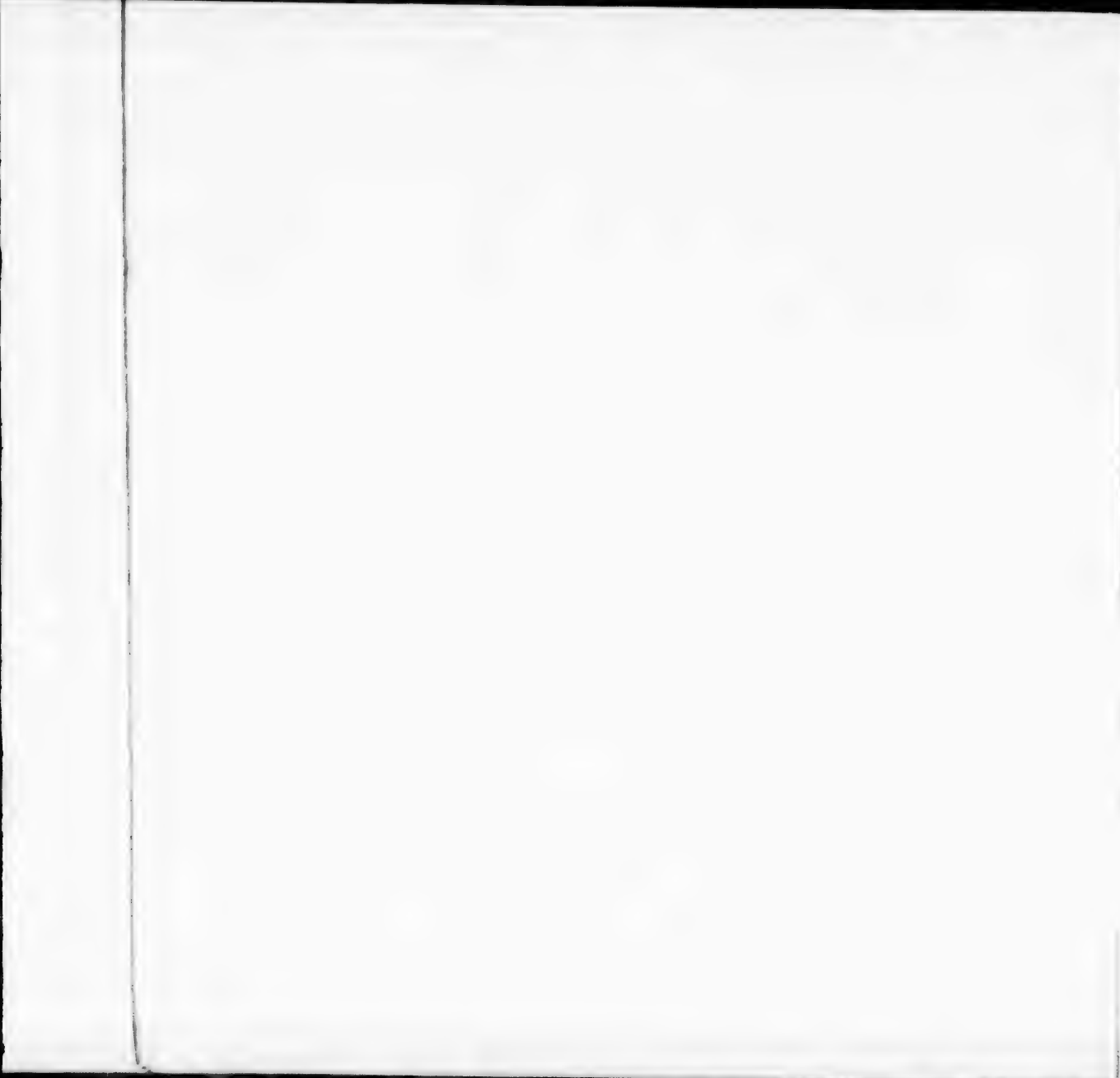
SEIZURE OF POLYXENA BY FIODO FILARETE — Prominent among the works of art in the historic Loggia, or Portico, of Florence, is a group which may, upon the traveler a profound impression. It is a modern work by the Florentine sculptor, Fedi, completed in 1865. Our admiration of it increases when we learn that, large and complicated as it is, all its four figures were produced from a single block of Carrara marble! Before this was achieved the sculptor Fedi was unknown, toiling in poverty. But having once produced this, with a single hand he sprang into celebrity, and this, his masterpiece, was placed here in the Portico, as on a throne of honor, among the statues of Cellini, Donatello, and John of Bologna. Moreover, so jealous was the city of her new possession that she made Fedi promise never to repeat the group. It represents a painful subject in mythology; the seizure of Polyxena by Pyrrhus. The conqueror, whose form is a magnificent combination of strength and beauty is bearing off the captured girl, while at his feet lies in the agony of death the maiden's brother, who has tried in vain to rescue her. Beside him, and still clinging to her child with trembling hands, we see the mother, Hecuba, whose face and attitude are worthy of high praise. As for the girl, her form is wonderfully beautiful, none of its rounded outlines being lost beneath the drapery, creased by her struggles in a thousand folds. Each time one passes the Loggia during his stay in Florence, he always looks with undiminished pleasure at this noble work. What a city is this, where one may stumble (as it were) at a street corner upon the works of such great sculptors!



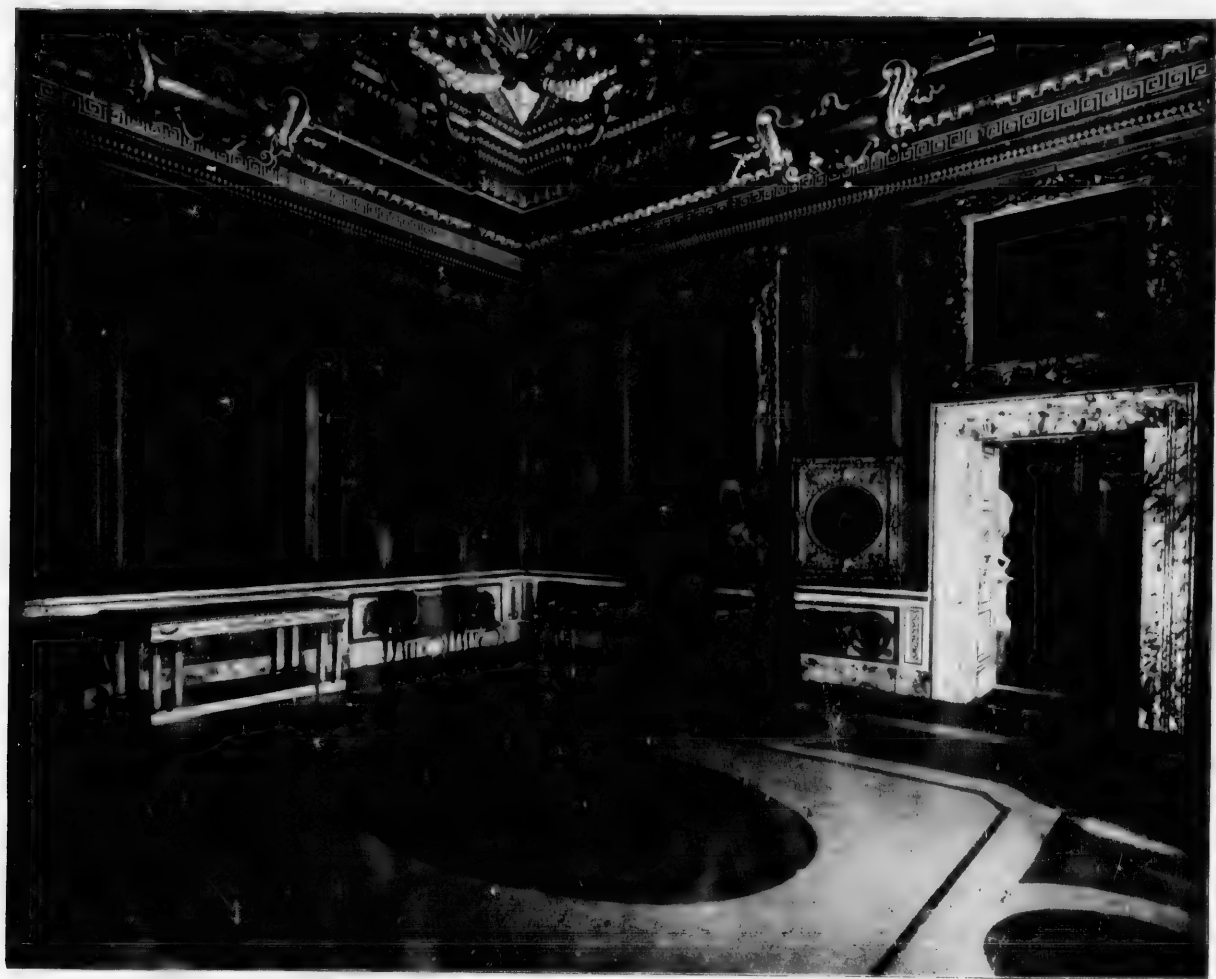
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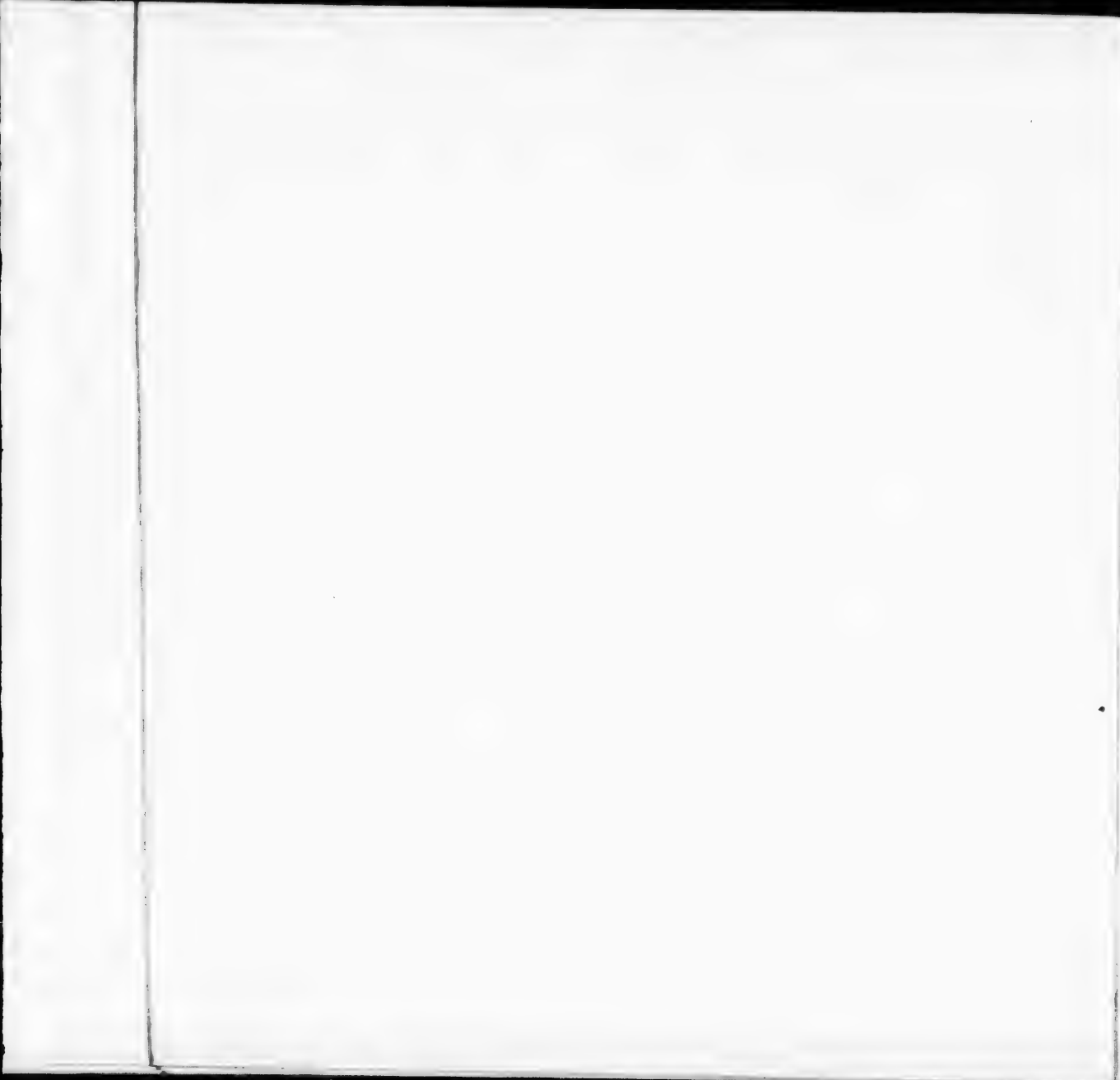
THE LOGGIA, FLORENCE. Close by the grand Palazzo Vecchio and on another side of the Square of the Senate is a marble portico of vast proportions. It is the celebrated Loggia or Portico of the Uffizi, so called from the Duke's specimen gallery stationed here beside the Palace. How simple yet beautiful is this aside of lofty arches, coming in perfect symmetry! The mass forms two excellent centers. It has remained long thus, delighting every visitor to Florence from the most casual passer to the skilled architect. When Lorenzo de' Medici begged Michael Angelo to plan for him another splendid monument for this Piazza, the sculptor answered: "Give that Loggia entirely around it. Nothing there is possibly so intended." The Piazza, however, shrunk from the expense of this undertaking. No fountains are stationed here today. For centuries it has had a noble use, since it now forms a most imposing group of shelter for the works of art, which this is Florence's glory. From her great sculpture galleries into the streets themselves! Here for example, the most famous group of Benvenuto Cellini has celebrated "Perseus holding up the head of the monster Medusa," and near that is the warlike group by John of Bologna, entitled the "Rape of the Sabinas." This Loggia therefore displays in exhibition of sculpture such as we never see on this side of the Atlantic, exposed freely and constantly to the admiration and inspection of every passerby.



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HALL OF SATURN, PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE, ITALY — The Pitti Palace at Florence is still used as the residence of the King and Queen when they visit Florence, but it possesses for mankind an infinitely greater value than that arising from its being an abode of royalty. It is a marvelous treasure house of art, containing probably a greater number of fine paintings than any other building in the world. If Europe should lose every other place of interest, it could still be rich. Perhaps some of its treasures are so precious that an artist would make application five years in advance, so many are there who desire the privilege. Moreover, the decorations of the walls, containing these pictures, are worthy receptacles for the works themselves. The lofty ceilings themselves are covered with paintings framed in gilded and stuccoed cornices. Beneath these picture-lined floors — Put out your hand, and it may touch a table of mosaic, malachite, or lapis-lazuli, the cost of which was probably fabulous! Sit down to rest, and you will perceive that even a chair of silk, silk brocade or velvet. Look round you in bewilderment, and you behold elaborately decorated walls, on which from ceiling to foot are sculptured in marble and in gold the world's great masterpieces. Walk even the doors through which we pass have frames of variegated marble. One really needs to make one visit here before one can appreciate a single picture. Close by the door leading into another of these gorgeous apartments one sees in this illustration that sweetest and most tender of all Raphael's paintings, the "Madonna of the Chimney."



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PANORAMA OF FLORENCE, ITALY.—To one who visits the Old World with a keen appreciation of its History, Biography and Art, perhaps no European city proves more attractive than that which greets us here, in beauty, where—"On the bright enchanting plain, Fair *Florence* 'neath the sunshine lies, And towering high o'er roof and lane, Her Duomo soars into the skies!" "What a priceless debt of gratitude we owe to this fair Tuscan Athens! A debt so vast that we are quite unable to express its magnitude. After the appalling gloom of the Dark Ages, which, on the downfall of Imperial Rome, folded entire Europe in its shroud, the first pale streaks of light, announcing the approaching dawn of a new age, appeared above these walls of Florence! 'Tis true, the glory which succeeded that bright dawn did not last long. Its splendor scarce outlived two centuries. But in that time Italian art and literature reached their zenith, and Florence ever since has been a treasure-house for those who prize inspiring memories and forms which live again on canvas or in marble. What wonder, then, that this fair city of the Renaissance, girt by its amphitheatre of vine-clad hills, cleft by the current of the smiling Arno, and guarded by the Tuscan Apennines, is not alone a beacon-light in the world's history, but one of the most enchanting spots upon the surface of our globe!"



"THE DYI
Gladiator."



"THE DYING GAUL," CAPITOL, ROME.—One of the best known and most justly admired statues which have come down to us from antiquity is this pathetic figure popularly called the "Dying Gladiator," but probably representing a dying Gaul. In any case no words which have ever been written in regard to it are so appropriate and eloquent as the immortal lines of Byron:

"I see before me the Gladiator lie,
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow,
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder shower, and now
The Arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

"He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away,
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother, none, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire?
And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!"



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THE CAMPIDoglio, ROME—In the very heart of the Eternal City is a majestic flight of steps, looked at the summit by colossal statues of old Roman emperors, found in the Baths of Trajan. It was down the steps, which these have now replaced that Rome's last of the Roman Tribunes, fled in his last moments, to fall at their base, bleeding from twenty wounds, while from a window in their palace, burning on the hill, his beautiful young wife looked down and saw his cruel death. In the square at the summit of this staircase is the place where Brutus harangued the unwilling populace after the murder of Caesar. There stands today the famous bronze equestrian statue of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, the only perfect equestrian figure which has come down to us of all that once adorned Imperial Rome. He is described in his own words in the "Marmorium." That statue, the Lion of Praxiteles, is one of the treasures of the Art Museum of the Capitol, which contains also the "Young Gladiator," the "Capitoline Venus," and many other celebrated statues of antiquity. There too are many busts and statues of the Roman Emperors and their families; and perhaps no part of Rome is better adapted to contain the portrait gallery of its ancient times than this Capitoline hill, the scene of many of its earliest glories and its latest crimes.



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CASTLE OF SAN ANGELO AND TIBER, ROME—One of the most beautiful and impressive views of Rome is that represented in this illustration, embracing the Tiber, the Castle of San Angelo, and in the distance the majestic dome of St. Peter's. For amid all the changes which have swept over Rome, one thing at least remains comparatively unchanged. It is this yellow, legend-laden Tiber, still rolling on with tawny waves beneath its arches towards the setting sun, and guarding deeply in its breast some of the mightiest memories of the world. How many lives, for example, it has remorselessly engulfed—from those of brave defenders of the city to countless victims of Imperial or Papal tyranny! And, oh! what treasures no doubt lurk within its sands! The Castle of San Angelo is not the name which seems appropriate to this huge circular structure which casts its sombre shadow in the stream beneath. That is a title bestowed upon it by Pope Gregory the Great; but in reality, that building is the grand Mausoleum of Hadrian, erected by that monarch as his place of sepulture 1700 years ago. Now it is bare and desolate, but once its curving wall was covered with pure Parian marble and decorated with the finest Grecian statues and Corinthian columns, destined, alas! to be hurled down upon the heads of an invading army of Barbarians, who nevertheless were ultimately successful and threw with brutal laughter to the Tiber's waves the ashes of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus and Hadrian himself.



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THE FORUM, ROME. It is a thrilling moment when one looks upon this square, which constituted once the centre of civilization and the brain of the immense Roman world. This was the point from which the roads led out to the extremest points of that mighty empire subject to the caesars, and in this very area stood the golden milestone from which such distances were measured. It is a difficult thing for one to trace, with accuracy now, the ancient grid-iron plan of the Forum. We look at various points, arches and columns, pedestals and crumbling walls, but what is left is nothing to what once existed here. The last stately column still standing near the Temple of Saturn, erected about 30 years before the birth of Christ. Three others are the relics of the Temple of Vespasian. The Arch of Septimius Severus, almost still well preserved. Upon the polished surfaces of some of these, the hands of Scipio or of Cæsar may have rested. Pillars are standing here which may have echoed to the voice of Cicero. The memories of this place become therefore such as render it a potent and vivid, not with a thinking of thoughtless tourists, but meditative, with some congenial friend or else alone. One often comes to see this Forum passed by with a crowd of people, but one can little realize that here the famous Roman laws were framed while savages were hunting on the site of Paris, and Britain was in almost unknown regions of barbarians.



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INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.—This is indeed the King of Ruins. Around it are eighty mighty arches leading to this interior. The 87,000 people who were often seated here could find abundant means of entrance and of exit. One might suppose that all the pictures he had seen of the interior of the Colosseum would leave no room for astonishment. But neither word nor photograph quite prepares one for the grand reality. These rows of ruined arches, rising in a gigantic circle towards the sky, are overpowering in their immensity. The countless doorways seem like caverns in a mountain side, from which wild beasts might even now emerge. Those who beheld this twenty years ago would hardly recognize the interior of the Colosseum as it now appears. Around the sides were formerly little chapels dedicated to the memory of Christian Martyrs who had here found death. Here every Friday afternoon a sermon would be preached, teaching how much the Christian faith once cost, yet how that faith has lived and triumphed over Caesarian Rome. But now the greater part of the arena has been opened to the light. One sees the subterranean cages for the animals, the corridors through which they rushed to the arena and the apartments where the gladiators waited till called to duty, probably to death. Gigantic as it is, almost as much of the Colosseum seems to have disappeared as still remains. In the fourteenth century it was looked upon as a legitimate quarry from which to extract building material. Four thousand workmen were at one time employed in tearing down its walls, and some of the largest palaces of Rome were thus constructed.



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THE VATICAN LIBRARY, the world over, in the eyes of the wisest and the most cultured, is the greatest treasure in the world, and no traveler should visit Rome without seeing it. It is a place of great beauty and interest, and everywhere we see the most precious and valuable objects of art and science. The library is a place of great beauty and interest, and everywhere we see the most precious and valuable objects of art and science. The library is a place of great beauty and interest, and everywhere we see the most precious and valuable objects of art and science.

Who have made the Vatican not merely the globe of the Pontiff or the Catholic Church, but a world of its own. The most precious of the treasures of the Vatican are the most valuable in the world, and no traveler should visit Rome without seeing it. It is a place of great beauty and interest, and everywhere we see the most precious and valuable objects of art and science. The library is a place of great beauty and interest, and everywhere we see the most precious and valuable objects of art and science.



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SISTINE CHAPEL, VATICAN, ROME.—One of the most celebrated and important apartments in the Vatican is the Sistine Chapel, called thus from Pope Sixtus IV, who caused it to be built in 1473. It is a lofty hall about 150 feet in length, with a gallery on three sides. The upper part of its walls is ornamented with frescos, painted by famous artists of the fifteenth century, and also with many portraits of the Popes, twenty-eight of which are by the celebrated Botticelli. But that which gives to this chapel its greatest artistic value are the works of Michael Angelo which it contains. These are seen first upon the ceiling, which is covered with his magnificent pictorial representations of Old Testament scenes, such as the creation of Adam and Eve, the Expulsion from Paradise, and the Deluge. Here also are portrayed in majestic proportions twelve seated figures of Prophets and Sibyls, which are among the most remarkable creations that Art has ever produced. At the end of the chapel, opposite the entrance, is Michael Angelo's enormous fresco of the Last Judgement. This was designed by the great artist when sixty years old, and was completed by him in 1541 after a labor of nearly eight years. In order to show him his appreciation of the work, the Pope himself went to Michael Angelo's house, accompanied by ten cardinals; which according to Court etiquette must rank as a greater honor than that offered to Titian by Charles V, when the latter picked up the artist's pencil, although the REAL sovereign in both cases was the man of genius. This Sistine Chapel is used for important Papal ceremonies, especially during Holy Week.



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ST. PETER'S, ROME.—The approach to this noblest temple of Christianity is worthy of the shrine itself. The grandeur of the intervening space, the curving colonnades on either side, the lofty obelisk in the centre, the sparkling fountains on the right and left, and finally the breadth of the gigantic edifice itself, surmounted by the glorious dome—all these leave an impression on the mind never to be effaced. The obelisk perhaps appears at first a singular decoration for the entrance of a Christian church, but in reality it is most appropriate. For this majestic relic of old Egypt once stood where now St. Peter's stands, within the Circus of Nero, a place of Christian martyrdom. What could have been more fitting, therefore, than that this ancient monolith, after beholding so many scenes of suffering, when it gave place at last to this grand temple of the persecuted, should here uphold before its door the Cross of Christ, which has replaced (to some extent at least) throughout the world, the mighty sword of ancient Rome. On the right of the church is the enormous Papal palace of the Vatican, which with its galleries of sculpture and painting makes of this part of Rome a place of pilgrimage for all admirers of the most wonderful of Christian churches and of unrivaled souvenirs of ancient art.



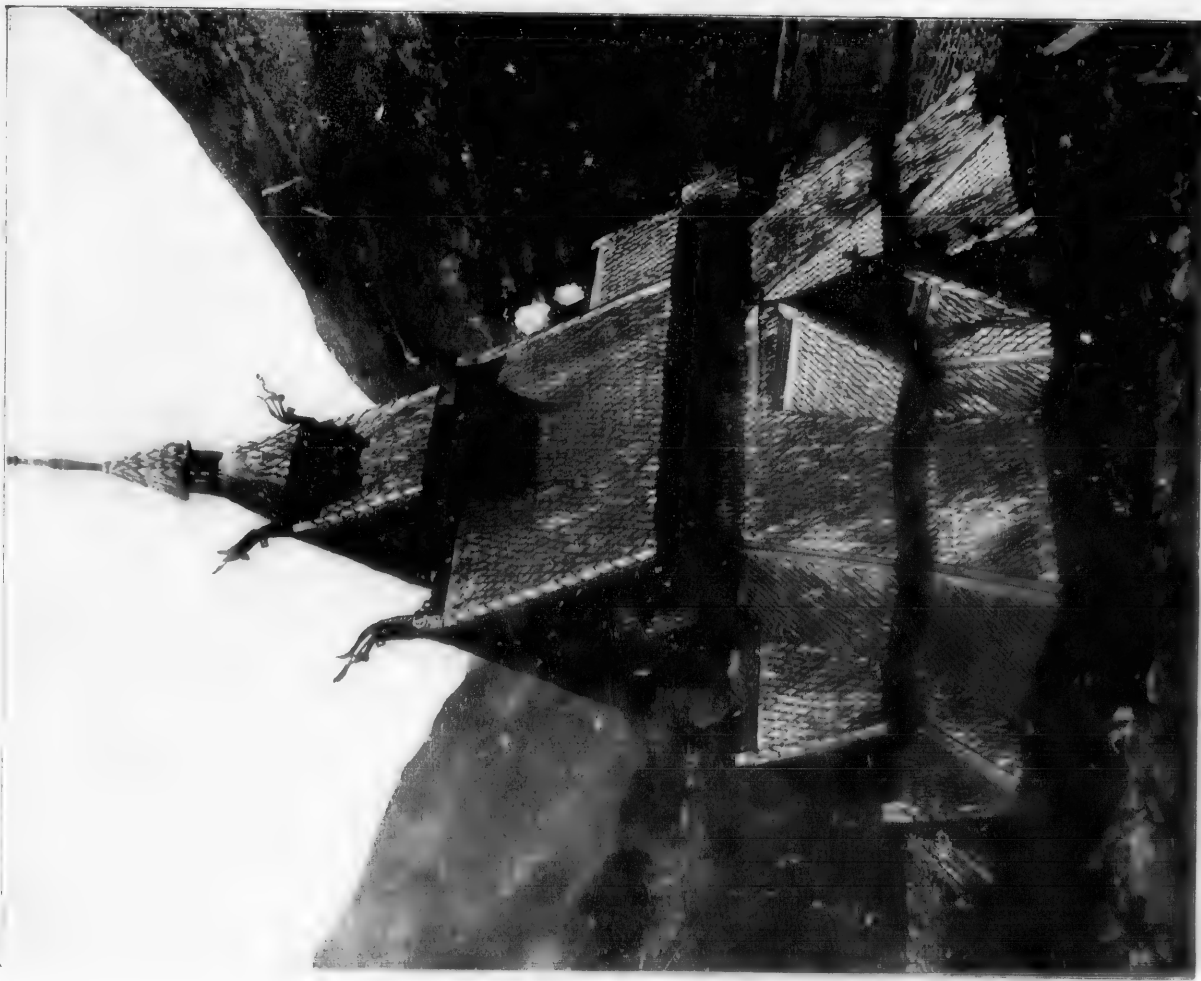


Fig. 1. The church of St. John the Evangelist, which the Greeks call "St. John the Baptist." It is the largest church in the village, and is a fine example of the architecture of the 15th century. The church is built of stone and has a tiled roof. The spire is made of wood and is covered with lead. The church is situated on a steep hillside and is surrounded by a wall. The church is a fine example of the architecture of the 15th century.

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PANORAMA OF STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN.—Stockholm is one of the most beautifully located cities in the world. It has been called the Venice of the North. It is founded on six islands, and through it sweeps a glorious flood of deep green water, which is the overflow of the beautiful Lake Malar, a half a mile away, making its tumultuous exit to the Baltic. How fascinating is that mass of emerald water rushing impetuously through the city with half the uproar of a cataract! Upon its fair expanse, a stone's throw only from the Grand Hotel, are usually half a dozen steamers bound to various places on the Swedish coast, while through their midst, from point to point, dart back and forth a multitude of little steam launches, about the size of tug-boats. There are the ferry-boats of Stockholm, and take the place of horse-cars in our cities. On some of the islands of Stockholm, and at many points in its vicinity, are lovely gardens and places of amusement, which make the Swedish capital a charming place of residence in summer. The people then spend as much time as possible in the open air. There is then in that northern latitude almost no darkness, and the long summer evenings, marked by a silvery light that never wanes, but merely brightens into dawn, are even more enchanting than the days. The cordial hospitality, sunny dispositions and exquisite politeness of the Swedes are additional reasons why the traveler remembers Stockholm with great pleasure.



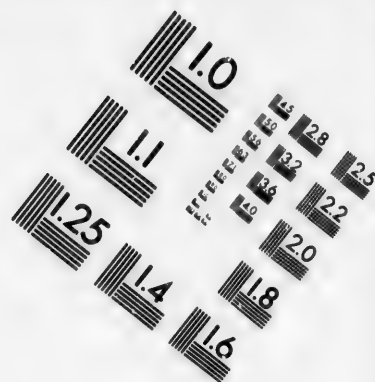
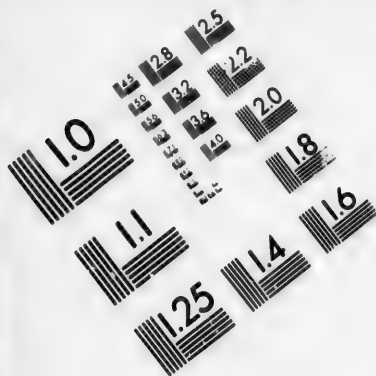
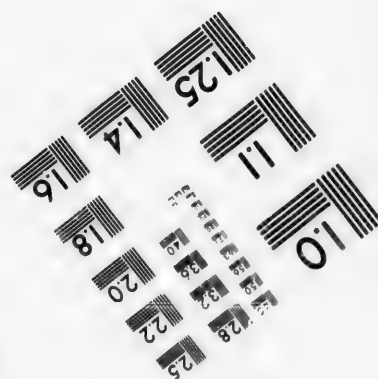
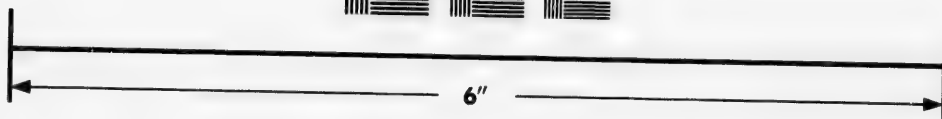
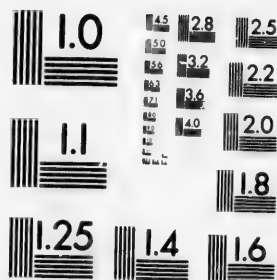


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MT. BLANC, SWITZERLAND. No visit to Switzerland is complete without a trip to Chamounix, that little village above which rises the sovereign of the entire Alps, the first of all upon whose brow at sunrise rests a crown of gold, viz.: Mt. Blanc. It is called thus the "*white mountain*," par excellence, from the glittering mantle of eternal snow in which it stands enveloped to the height of 15,781 feet. It is this peak more than any other of the Alps which has enchanted us from childhood, and even before our eyes have rested upon it we have sung: "Mt. Blanc is the monarch of mountains, They crowned him long ago, On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds, With a diadem of snow!" Ever since 1786, when the guide Balmat (after incredible difficulty) gained the summit, thousands have been ambitious of following in his footsteps. Yet in the years which have elapsed since its conquest, only about 1200 foreigners have reached its crest. And these have been the fortunate ones: while those who failed, or have been frozen, injured or killed outright, have far exceeded them in number. Yet, notwithstanding a long catalogue of disasters, we need not be apprehensive here. For the science of the ascent has now been reduced to a system; and with fair weather, good guides and suitable precautions, there is no very serious danger. Moreover, the guides of Chamounix are far too much alive to the profits of their business to bring discredit on either the mountain or themselves by incurring undue risks.



MODERN ATHENS, GREECE—The rank which nations have acquired in history is not dependent on their size. Greece was the smallest of all European countries. Yet in the light of the stupendous influence exerted by a few Athenians in the days of Phidias, China's four hundred millions seem like shadows cast by moving clouds. The debt which the world owes to Greece in general and to Athens in particular is beyond computation. Her language, her literature, her temples, her statues, together with her philosophers, orators, historians, statesmen and heroes, kindle the soul today with the inspiration of true genius, immortally associated with such names as Socrates, Plato, Pericles, Aristotle, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Phidias and Xenophon. If most of her art-treasures had not been carried away from Greece, first to embellish Rome, and finally to fill the various museums of the world, Athens would be now annually visited by thousands instead of hundreds. Nevertheless, its Acropolis is still here, together with many of its ruined shrines and numerous sites of classic and historic interest. The modern and the ancient parts of the city are in close proximity, and therefore one enjoys modern luxuries and comforts in full view of some grand memorials of the past. The palace of the present able sovereign, George I, (son of the King of Denmark) stands only a few hundred yards from the Acropolis, and from the windows of our hotel we may look off on the classic mountains of Hymettus, Pentelicus (where were the quarries of Pentelic marble), and Lycabettus, the one displayed in the illustration. A charming blending this of old and new! For though the streets are modern, their names upon the corners are traced in the same characters which Socrates pronounced and Plato wrote.

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CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS, TURKEY.—If there be one city in the world whose site combines in absolute perfection, beauty and utility, and which, while radiant with loveliness, holds the most enviable location on the globe, it is beyond a doubt *Constantinople*, the favorite of Destiny, enthroned upon the threshold of two continents, and well named the "Sultan's Paradise." How matchless is its situation! Here Europe and Asia advance and gaze into each other's eyes. Between them speeds that ocean current called the Bosphorus, which sweeps along in majesty for fifteen miles, connecting the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. It is the most secure and capacious harbor that ever opened its bosom to the navies of the world, and lies here like a bridge of lapis-lazuli uniting thus the Orient and the Occident. The oldest part of Constantinople, called Stamboul, is a gracefully rounded promontory, the extremity of which is known as "Seraglio Point." On one side of this, and at right angles to the Bosphorus, is a glittering arm of the sea bearing the title of the "Golden Horn." Just as the Bosphorus divides two continents, so does the Golden Horn separate Constantinople into two great sections, the Turkish (Stamboul) and the European (Galata and Pera). The general view of this capital of the Sultan is one of the most remarkable and beautiful that this world can offer. For aside from the exquisite contour of its wave washed shores, one looks upon a marvelous perspective of many-colored houses, marble Mosques and palaces, besides numerous graceful minarets which cut their outlines on the clear, blue sky, like columns of polished ivory.





THE GREAT BELL, MOSCOW.—Among the famous structures situated inside the walls of the Kremlin, (elsewhere described), none is more sacred than the Cathedral of the Assumption. It is severely plain in appearance, with the exception of its domes, which gleam as usual like golden helmets. Within this edifice, the interior decorations of which are magnificent, all Russian Czars from Ivan the Terrible down to the present sovereign have been crowned. Near this, and at the base of the great Ivan tower, 325 feet high, we see that monstrous mass of metal known as the "King of Bells." It looks, on close approach, like a huge bronze tent, and in fact through the aperture in its side a man can enter without lowering his head. The thickness of its walls is two feet, and its weight is 444,000 pounds!—Within this bell forty people can assemble at one time, and the cavity has been used as a chapel. In 1730, owing to an imperfection in its casting (caused, it is said, by jewels and other treasures having been thrown into the liquid metal by the ladies of Moscow), a piece, which of itself weighs eleven tons, was broken out of the side, and thus the bell was ruined. But though this "King of Bells" has remained silent since its birth, it has at least filled the world with its renown! In the tower near it there hang no less than thirty-six bells, two of which are of silver, while the largest weighs 130,000 pounds. In Russia bells are regarded as sacred instruments of worship, and so much silver and gold are cast in their molten mass, that their mellow vibrations are wonderfully beautiful and impressive.

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LISBON, PORTUGAL—Lisbon has been well called the "Sultana of the West," for its situation almost rivals that of Constantinople. For from the broad and glittering Tagus it either rises on series of high hills, or lies in indolent repose for six miles on the water's edge. If close inspection only confirmed the picture which Lisbon presents at a distance, Don Luis would possess the most magnificent of European capitals. Philip II made a great mistake in not establishing the capital of his empire at Lisbon. If he had done that, Spain and Portugal would probably be to-day a prosperous and united realm. Lisbon would then be the natural sea-port of the whole Spanish peninsula, for the mighty river Tagus, which has its outlet here, actually extends inland for hundreds of miles into the very heart of Spain, like a great arm to gather up its wealth and bring it to the Atlantic, to be thence carried out to Europe, India, the United States or Brazil. There are some handsome streets and squares in Lisbon, particularly prominent among them being the Place of Commerce, which is surrounded by the Exchange, the Custom House, the Treasury and other public buildings, together with a line of open arcades, where merchants gather in great numbers. On one side this great square looks out upon the river Tagus. The commerce of Lisbon has fallen off greatly since Portugal lost Brazil, the brightest jewel in her crown, but there may come a time, if the Spanish peninsula ever is united and well governed, when its prosperity will again be worthy of its once splendid promise and temporary fulfillment.

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THE ROYAL PALACE, BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.—Close by the pretty park of Brussels stands this residence of Belgium's royal family. Its exterior is not very handsome but it is furnished with great elegance. Leopold II is much respected and beloved by his subjects. He is an intelligent, refined and accomplished gentleman and a wise sovereign. It would be difficult to find in Europe a nation better governed, a constitution more implicitly obeyed, a King more liberal and progressive, and a people happier and more prosperous than in Belgium. One might select worse places for a European residence than this bright capital of the Belgians. Why English and Americans who wish to live abroad, sometimes to study French, should almost always go to Paris, where the great foreign colony and the incessant whirl of gaiety make study almost an impossibility, is not quite easy to explain. The French of Brussels is remarkable for its purity, and certainly the life there is much more agreeable than in the smaller towns of France, like Tours, Bordeaux and Orleans, so much frequented by American and English families. The expense of living here is also moderate, and the Belgians themselves are an extremely courteous and attractive people.

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ST. GOTTHARD PASS AND BRIDGE, SWITZERLAND.—The king of Alpine routes from Switzerland to Italy is the St. Gotthard. It is impossible to speak too highly of this noble road. Scaling the loftiest cliffs, spanning the wildest torrents, and winding through the deepest gorges, it seems like a gentle chain, which man, the Victor, has imposed upon the vanquished Alps, the first end guarded by the Lion of Lucerne, the last sunk deep in the Italian lakes, but all the intervening links kept gilded brightly by the hand of trade! It is a splendid instance of the way in which these roads are made to thwart at every turn the sudden fury of the avalanche or mountain torrent. For where experience proves a place to be unusually exposed, a solid roof extends to break the fall of rocks and ice. Still, in these days of steam and telegraph, even this mode of travel in the Alps appears too slow for those who journey here for business purposes, and one of the most important works of this or any age is the tunnel of the St. Gotthard. This perforates yonder chain of mountains for a distance of nine and a half miles, yet is sufficiently wide for two railway trains to run abreast. What labor must have been expended here by myriads of men, who most of the time were thousands of feet beneath the mountains, yet who at last, by the perfection of engineering skill, met and shook hands through the narrow aperture which they had pierced from the opposite sides of Switzerland and Italy!

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CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA—This Capital of the British possessions in South Africa, lies at the foot of Table Mountain on the shore of Table Bay. It was founded by the Dutch in 1650, but in 1795 was taken, together with the colony, by the English. At the peace of Amiens it was restored to the Dutch, but in 1806 it was once more taken by the English and has since remained in their possession. The town is quite regularly built; the houses are of good size and are mostly of brick or stone, generally having a verandah in front. The town is exposed to great heat, facing the noon-day sun, and backed by naked mountains. The Castle is on the right side of the town and commands the anchorage of Table Bay. Many of the public offices of the Colony are within the fortress and its walls also contain barracks holding 1,000 men. Table Bay is capable of containing a great number of ships, but it is exposed to a very heavy swell during the prevalence of the westerly winds in June, July and August, though at other times it affords safe anchorage. An observatory has been built about two miles north of the town and large iron buildings have been erected as depots for coal to supply steamers touching at Cape Town en route to Australia. Table Mountain at the height of 900 feet is a solid mass of granite, but after ascending 900 feet more it changes to red sand stone. Its entire height is 3507 feet above the sea.



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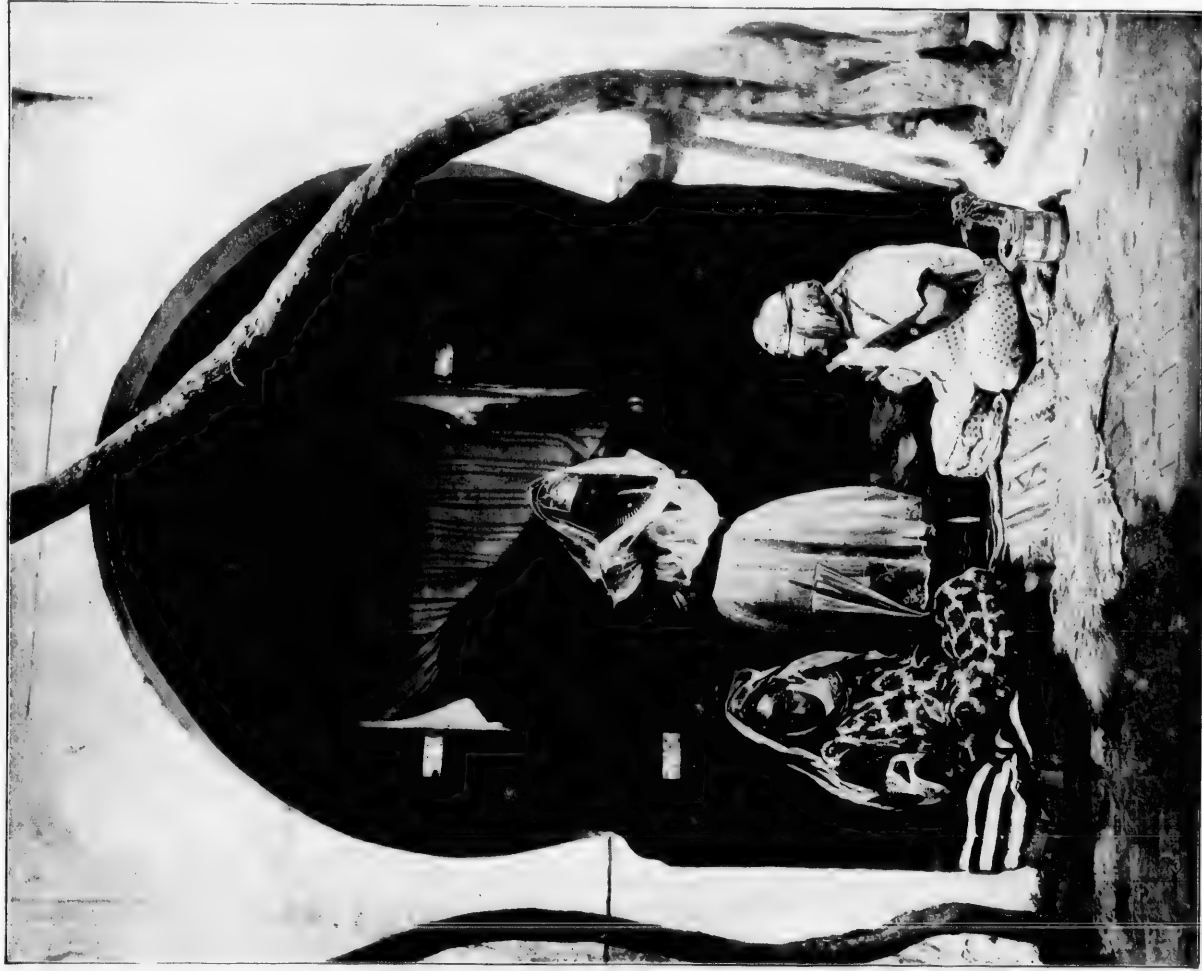
CAMP OF A CARAVAN ON THE SAHARA DESERT.—Few travelers in the east venture out upon the Desert, and yet it is neither difficult nor dangerous to do so within a reasonable distance of either Algeria, Egypt or Palestine. In any case the experience is unique and can never be forgotten. You are there at once transported back to the days of the Patriarchs. You are a nomad, a Bedouin, a voyager on a petrified ocean which with its rolling waves of sand seems to have been suddenly changed from a state of activity to one of eternal rest. By day a journey on the desert means a perpetual struggle with the sun, whose heat reflected from the yellow sand seems almost unendurable. But at night the fascination of the desert's silence, solitude and awful sense of isolation beneath the sparkling stars is something which can hardly be imagined until actually experienced. A veritable ocean the mighty desert is. It has the same succession of limitless horizons, the same dreary monotony. Caravans glide over its surface like gigantic fleets. When a party of Bedouens once came to the Mediterranean, they inquired, "What is this *desert of water*?" There is a wonderful amount of romance about the desert, which explains the charm which it possesses for the sons of Ishmael. The colors of its drifts of sand are glorious in the glow of morning and of evening. Its wonderful mirage prevents to view from time to time such regions of delight as may have suggested to the Prophet his vision of the Moslem's Paradise. While ever and anon this tremulous horizon-picture becomes a reality, and we behold the beautiful, mysterious oasis, a place of palms and fountains, a miracle renewed continually and justifying the exclamation of the grateful Arab, "God is great! God is merciful!"

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CAPE SPARTEL, TANGIER, AFRICA — The distance from Gibraltar to Tangier in Morocco is about seventy miles. This Strait of Gibraltar, like the channel between France and England, is almost always rough, but the scenery along the two confronting coasts of Europe and Africa is most imposing. Snow covered mountains rise in Africa as well as in Spain. At one point near Tangier a promontory, called Cape Spartel, advances boldly into the waves. Upon its summit glitters in the sun a white-walled light-house and tower of observation. From this view of the ocean is magnificent. Tangier itself is a most melancholy proof of the degeneracy of that cultivated race which built the Alhambra at Granada and ruled in Spain for seven centuries. Its streets are merely narrow, dirty alleys. There are few, if any, wheeled vehicles there. Apparently the sparkling channel which rolls here between Spain and Morocco proves an insurmountable barrier to the advent of European civilization. Yet in the Governor's Palace in Tangier there are several rusty keys, said to have once unlocked the doors of Moorish houses in Granada, and theretore held by the descendants of the exiles of four hundred years ago as priceless souvenirs of their once glorious past. A few miles from the city on a high plateau are the residences of the American Minister, various foreign Consuls and a few wealthy European merchants. The view from these dwellings resembles this from Cape Spartel, and is not only beautiful, but thronged with those historic memories which make the classic Mediterranean the most interesting sheet of water on the globe.





GROUP OF MOORISH WOMEN, ALGERIA, AFRICA.—The splendid drama of the Moors, which had held the stage of history for 700 years, ended in 1492, when they were driven out from Spain into Africa. That race has now degenerated, yet occasionally in Morocco and Algeria one sees some Moors whose forms and faces seem not unworthy of their glorious past. A peculiarity of their dwellings even now is the horse-shoe arch, which was represented in the magnificent Mosque of Cordova in Spain and in the courts of the Alhambra. Whether these Moorish homes are happy ones may well be doubted. It is true, life is said to move on quietly in the seclusion of the Harem everywhere in Mohammedan countries, but, human nature being much the same the world over, it is probable that tragic scenes sometimes take place there. When a woman truly loves, she must be jealous of her rival; and the dagger, the cup of poisoned coffee, the silken girdle used for purposes of strangulation, are dangerous weapons in the hands of jealousy. Although allowed by law to have four wives, the Moslem of the present day rarely has more than two, partly through motives of economy, partly in accordance with the Oriental proverb (founded probably on experience), that a household with four women is like a vessel in a storm!

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EXCURSION BOATS ON THE NILE, EGYPT.—There are two modes of travel open now to the voyager on the Nile. One is the steamboat journey, which is expeditious, comfortable and comparatively inexpensive. The other is a voyage on one of the Dahabeehs, or private boats, represented in this illustration. Where time and money are of no special consideration, the Dahabeeh is of course much to be preferred. One is thus absolutely independent of "schedule time;" he can linger as long as he likes at certain points, and he can choose his own companions—a most important matter where one must otherwise travel for weeks with strangers under very peculiar circumstances and in a very limited area. The traveler who hires at Cairo one of these boats, together with its crew, is for the time the master of a floating castle, and if his Dragoman be a reliable one, and his subordinates honest and obedient, it is almost impossible to imagine a more delightful way in which to spend weeks and even months than on the surface of this majestic river, in the most delicious of climates, untroubled by a drop of rain, and surrounded by the grandest ruins of antiquity. The busy and exciting Western World is left behind and almost forgotten, as we glide day after day along this old historic avenue of Egypt, which leads us back amid stupendous temples through the mirage of memory and imagination to the great dawn of human history.

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RUINS, THEBES, EGYPT—Four thousand years ago there lay upon a plain, 100 miles inland from the Mediterranean and cut by the Nile into two unequal parts, a city which was to the ancient world what Rome was in the days of Hadrian, the Egyptian capital, the center of the world, a city of wonders, a city of marvels, a city of the future, and temples that their very name to-day the marvel of the world and attract travelers from every quarter of the globe. Among its wonderful features, still in a measure preserved, are the two colossi, one of which was the famous "Vocal Memnon" of antiquity, and the overturned statue of Ramesses II, which was the largest figure ever made by man, one solid block of beautifully polished stone weighing 900 tons! In Thebes also was the stupendous temple of Karnak, unsurpassed in grandeur, as well as many obelisks of great size and beauty. Homer called this city "Hundred-gated Thebes," but investigation has established the fact that Thebes was not surrounded by a wall. "Thebes" referred to, therefore, are supposed to have been the splendid entrances to the many temples of the place, some of which are still standing. There is something indescribably marvellous in the sight of the mutilated fragments of this once magnificent Egyptian capital. One marvels at the works constructed here and half believes that the Arabs are right in saying that the old Egyptians were wizards, able to transport mountains of stone at the mere stroke of the enchanter's wand. But the glory of Egypt has departed. Race after race follows the same inevitable cycle of progress, civilization, decadence, decay and death. Egypt, the mother of civilization, has led the way, but none of its successors will leave such vast material vestiges of power, and few can show such proofs of intellectual ability. Standing on the threshold of pre-historic times, it nevertheless reveals to us a people marvelously skilled in astronomical calculations, art and science, and thoroughly convinced of immortality. Of all the countries of Antiquity, therefore, Egypt most charms us by the irresistible attraction of undying fame.

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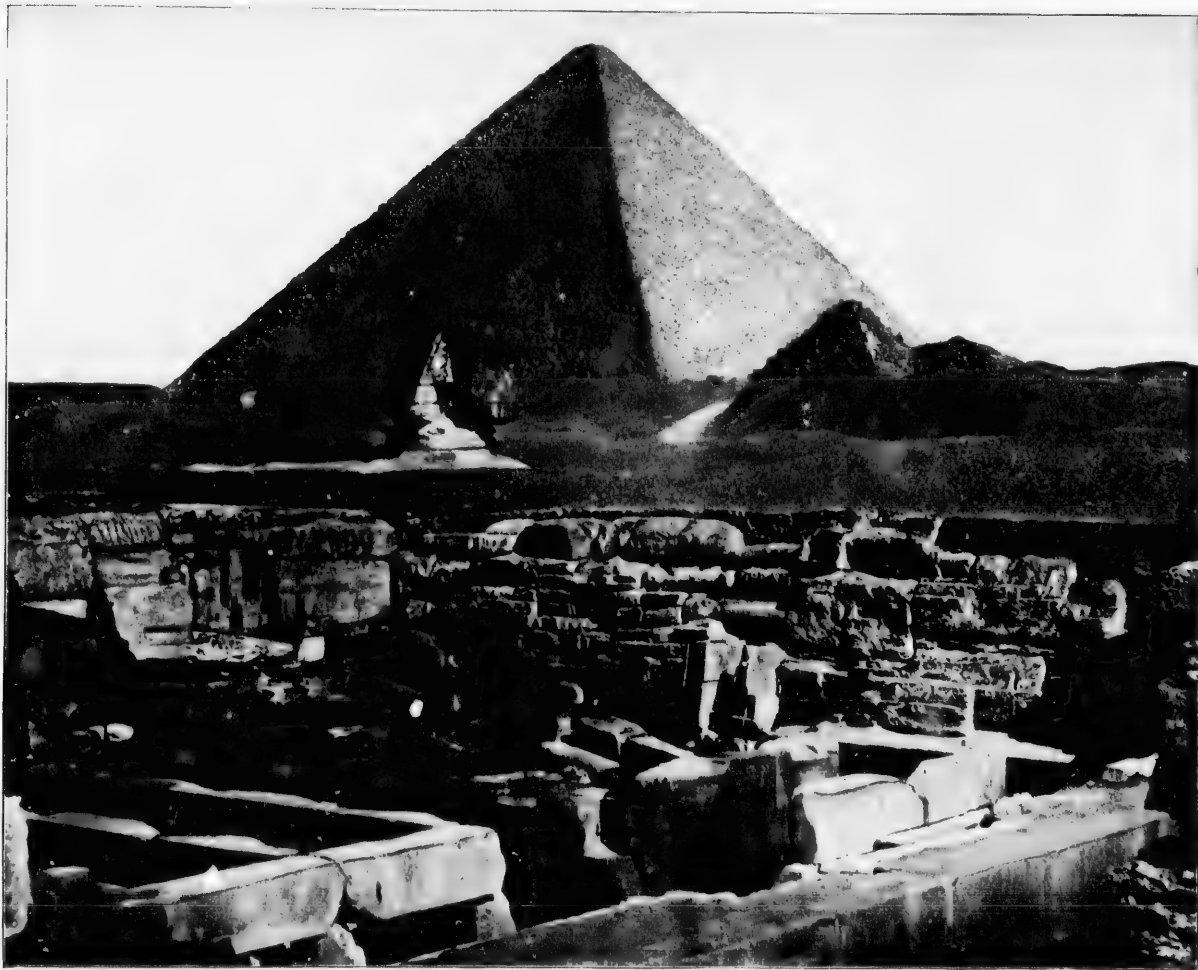
AVENUE OF SPHINXES. KARNAK, EGYPT.—Karnak is the most stupendous temple ever reared by man, and is to-day one of the most amazing ruins which the sun beholds in all its course. Even this approach to it must have been overwhelming in its grandeur. It was an avenue nearly two miles long, and sixty-three feet wide, bordered by hundreds of colossal sphinxes, the fragments of which still remain. Nor was this the only such approach to Karnak. Ten others, almost as imposing, have been traced! Four thousand years ago this avenue and the temple to which it led were in their glory. The archaeologist, Champollion, has truly said: "The imagination sinks abashed at the foot of Karnak." Such a temple as this is in its way almost as marvelous and awe-inspiring as the Pyramids themselves. It transcends all our previous ideas of what had been either probable or possible. The ruins of Karnak seem today more like those of a city than a temple, thrown into terrible confusion by a succession of earthquake shocks. It thrills one to survey this chaos of upright or overturned columns, walls, gates and obelisks, and to realize that as long ago as the time of Joseph, magnificent processions of Kings, priests and worshippers made their way between these very sphinxes, now headless and disfigured, awed by the grandeur of this unrivalled Vestibule.





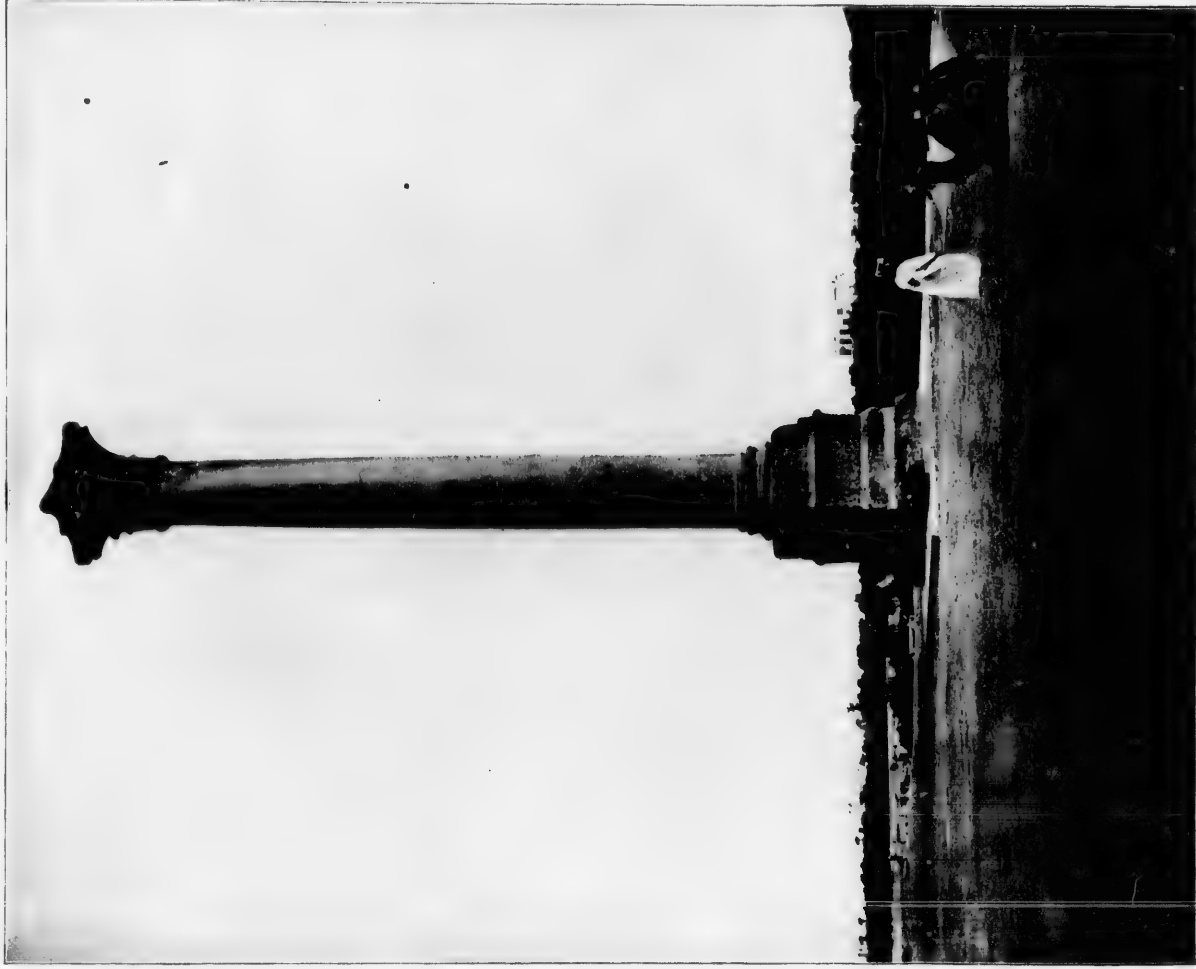
CLIMBING THE GREAT PYRAMID, EGYPT.—Once these stupendous mountains of stone could not be climbed. They were covered with a smooth porcelain-like coating and presented an enamelled appearance. But this substance and many of the huge stones of the Pyramids were long since carried off to Cairo for building materials, and now therefore tourists make the ascent of the great Pyramid, "Cheops," using the broken surface as a kind of staircase. Its companion, "Cephren," however, cannot be climbed because some of that covering still adheres to the apex. It is no easy task; but Arabs are always ready to pull and to push, and whenever the traveler is weary . . . I seats himself, they will rub his limbs and back, praise his strength and courage, and then demand "Back-sheesh" with great earnestness. In about fifteen minutes one can thus reach the summit of Cheops, which is now a platform about thirty feet square. (Only by actually making the ascent and looking down upon its vast receding walls can one appreciate the vastness of this Pyramid and realize what an amount of human labor must have been expended in its construction; for he then bears in mind that all this mountain beneath him is a *solid mass of masonry*, with the exception of the narrow galleries leading to the King's and Queen's apartments. Such a stupendous production therefore compels him to think with additional wonder and reverence on the marvelous civilization which flourished here six thousand years ago beside the Nile, and must even then have been existing here for a very long period in order to have attained to achievements in architecture such as the . . . stonished world has never equalled since.

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THE PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX, EGYPT. No photographic view does justice to the Egyptian pyramids. Nothing else of human workmanship is quite so impressive as these stupendous masses of stone. The height of the great pyramid, Cheops, shown in illustration, is 482 feet, or 12 feet higher than the cross which sparkles on the dome of St. Peter's at Rome. If, therefore, that pyramid were hollow, instead of being almost entirely solid, the whole cathedral of St. Peter's, dome, cross and all, could be contained within it, like an ornament in a glass case. It covered originally thirteen acres, though it has been reduced to eleven acres by the spoliation which went on here for centuries. Each of its four sides measured at the base 705 feet. Think of 85 million cubic feet of solid masonry piled here together in one pyramid, alone with such accuracy that astronomical calculations have been based on its angles and shadows! Vastly inferior in size to the pyramids but surpassing them in antiquity is the Sphinx, a monster cut out of a natural cliff on the edge of the descent, and partially buried in shining drifts of sand. Horribly mutilated though it be, this relic of Egyptian antiquity stands solemn and silent in the presence of the awful desert, symbol of eternity. If those mighty lips could speak, they might utter the words, "Before Abraham was, I am!" There it disputes with Time, the empire of the past, forever gazing on and on into a future which will still be distant, when we, like all the millions who preceded us and gazed upon its face, have lived our little lives and disappeared.





POMPEY'S PILLAR, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.—One of the few remaining relics of ancient Alexandria is this imposing column of red granite, popularly known as Pompey's Pillar. Its entire height is 104 feet. The shaft itself, exclusive of capital and pedestal, has an altitude of sixty-seven feet. For years it was supposed that this handsome monument was reared to the memory of Caesar's illustrious rival, Pompey the Great, who, fleeing hither after the battle of Pharsalia, was murdered on the Egyptian coast. But the inscription proves that it was erected by a certain Roman prefect named Pompey, who placed it here in honor of the Roman Emperor, Diocletian, about 300 years after Christ. It may have been hewn then from the granite for this purpose, but it is more likely that it was brought hither from some old temple up the Nile, and is of far greater antiquity. Unfortunately this fine architectural jewel has now no proper setting. It stands alone upon a dreary eminence, covered with rubbish and fragments of ruined walls and buildings, and near a desolate Arabian cemetery. Nevertheless, it is an impressive feature in the landscape, when viewed from a distance, and rises as an elegant memento of the past from out the refuse at its base; reminding us that close by it here was once the magnificent Temple of Serapis, which is said to have surpassed in splendor every building in the world except the Roman Capitol, and contained the priceless library of Alexandria, all of whose precious manuscripts were destined at last to perish in flames and smoke!

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THE ELZBEKIEH AND STREET SCENE, CAIRO, EGYPT—The Elzbekieh is an enormous square in Cairo, named after a brave Egyptian general who served under one of the last of the independent Mameluke sovereigns of Egypt in the last part of the nineteenth century. In the centre of this open space are beautiful pleasure grounds covering an area of twenty acres, and abounding in luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation. Around these are some of the finest modern edifices in Cairo, including hotels, cafes, theatres, handsome shops and residences of wealthy foreigners. During the winter an Egyptian band plays in this square for three hours every afternoon. On Sunday and Friday evenings (the Christian and the Moslem Sabbaths), the gardens here are illuminated with thousands of gas-lights and the effect is charming. Formerly only Europeans seemed to frequent the park of the Elzbekieh, but of late years the Arabs are beginning to send their wives and daughters here (of course suitably veiled), to enjoy the music and the flowers. This garden is another proof of how the recent Khedives of Egypt have made of Cairo a delightful winter-resort. The streets in the foreign quarter are broad, smooth and clean. They are also heated by gas, and the hotels in Cairo are well kept and comfortable. Yet within five minutes' walk from any such surroundings one may plunge into square miles of Arabic mosques, dwellings and bazars, where he is apparently 1,000 miles removed from all that would suggest European civilization. This combination of the Orient and the Occident; this blending of modern comforts with the stupendous souvenirs of an almost inconceivably remote antiquity, make Egypt at once the most mysterious and fascinating country on our globe.



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HERE ALL FROM MOUNT OF OLIVES, PALESTINE. The first glimpse of the Holy City from any point can never be forgotten. No spot on earth appears at once so powerful back to the security and the tranquillity the "eternal and unchanging." The city of Abraham, of David, of Solomon, of Jesus! The city also of Titus and the Crusaders! In one great broad "flood" of the "eternal" memories of many years, once sweeping over the "living" and those lines of walls and towers grow, "ruined and old," and the "eternal" and the "eternal" of the "eternal" and the "eternal," when they first saw the City of the Cross, is every mailed knee same remaining in the dust, and every scarred and "eternal" cheek was "eternal" faces, "eternal" and "eternal" set upon a hill. On three sides it looks down on deep ravines, which take the place of moats, and filled with water, would have rendered Jerusalem impregnable. If it had had a corresponding gorge on the fourth, remaining side, it would have been practically impregnable to ancient modes of warfare. Although very compact and small, Jerusalem has always been defended by a massive belt of masonry. Its walls are practically useless now save to repel the Bedouins from the desert. An hour's long thin machine guns would make them fall as prostrate as the walls of Jericho. Nevertheless they give to this "eternal" city a "eternal" and from some points certain imposing appearance. Conspicuous in the foreground is the Moslem "Mosque of Omar," elsewhere illustrated and described.



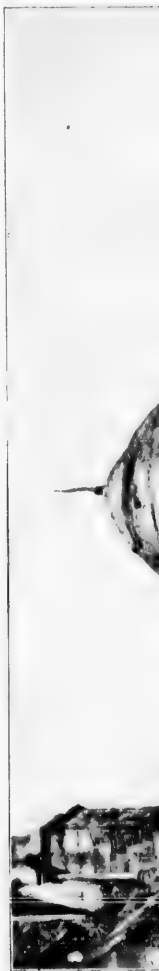
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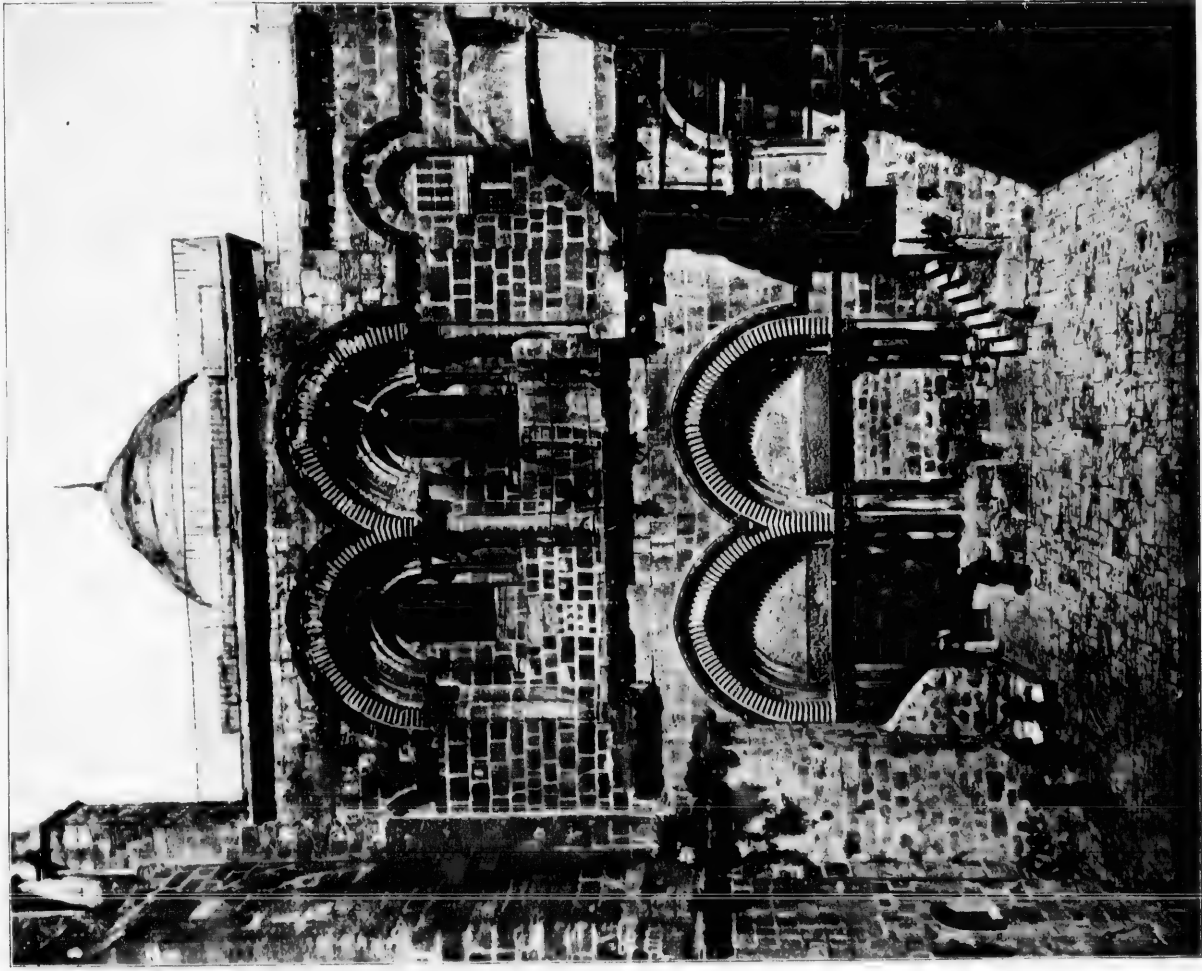


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Mosque of Omar. It is the only great mosque of the town, and the only one of the three great mosques, a place of pilgrimage to the followers of Mahomet. For many years it has been the principal mosque of the Moslems, and the magnificent Mosque of Omar is the only place of worship and assembly, not only to Mecca itself. This Mosque is built in the form of an octagon, each of the eight sides being equal. The lower part of the dome is covered with mosaics, the upper part is covered with precious stones, which are intersected by other in beautiful designs. Passages from the Koran are inscribed on the walls of the dome. Unlike most Mosques, it is not a place of worship, but a place of assembly. Its elegantly proportioned dome was thought to be sufficient, but it is so high and so small that from a distance one could easily expect to see it float away in the blue air like a Pillion of silk. This structure covers the sight of Solomon's Temple, and Pagan gods, and is the "Sacred Rock," the natural summit of Mt. Moriah, and probably the foundation for the original altar of the Jews on their apocryphal shrine. The Moslems greatly revere this rock, for Mahomet is believed to have there knelt in prayer, and to have ascended thence to Heaven. He derived most of his religious doctrine from the Jews, and venerated this part of Jerusalem, which has been hallowed by the prayers of Hebrew patriarchs. Few places in the world, therefore, are more revered than the mosque, in which this Mosque now stands, and few historic shrines are so deserving of respectful interest.





THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.—If the building in Jerusalem most revered by Moslems be the Mosque of Omar, the one most revered by Christians is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is an enormous edifice, with no claims to architectural beauty, founded about 360 years after Christ by the Emperor Helena, mother of Constantine, first of the Christian Emperors. In one sense it can hardly be called a *Church* at all. It is rather a sacred Egyptian Building. Beneath its enormous roof are many chapels, altars, shrines, halls, caves, valleys, and monuments, commemorating all the localities mentioned in the Bible which can by any possibility be situated in Jerusalem. Among the places supposed to be identified within the limits of this church are the spot, here of Christ, at the summit of Mt. Calvary, the place where Christ was scourged, crowned with thorns and amounted for burial; the spot where the true cross was found, the point where Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene the place where the Centurion stood during the crucifixion; and the grave of Adam. All these are the property of various Christian sects—Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Syrians and Abyssinians—all more or less jealous of each other and all desiring to possess the property of each other's relics. Opinions of course differ as to the authenticity of these localities. But genuine or not, there is no doubt that the site of the sepulchre itself has influenced the fate of Nations more than any other spot on earth. It caused the greatest event of the Middle Ages (the Crusades), and for its possession and defense the best and bravest blood in Christendom has been freely shed.



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TO BETHLEHEM, PALESTINE — In a town of only 10,000 the Holy Land and one always sees a multitude of flat-roofed houses made of stone, cement or sun-dried bricks. Whatever beauty such towns possess is to be found in their situation and character of the structures themselves. Bethlehem is situated in a fertile region which gave to the place its name; for Bethlehem in Hebrew signifies "the place of bread." Every resident of these times of course knows the prominent part which this town has played in Jewish history. It was the scene of the beautiful story of Ruth, and as that scene of the family of David it was especially revered by Hebrew prophets and poets. During the Christian era it has been the resort of millions of pilgrims who have come, either after weary and troubled journeys to worship at the shrine of Christ's nativity. The church erected over the reputed birthplace of Jesus is of enormous size and is owned by Catholics, English and Americans. In recent times, however, at least the site has never been changed. Here on Christmas day, 1187, the Crusader Baldwin was crowned King of Jerusalem. The tomb of Saint Joseph, also known as Bethlehem, is a building of the fact that that illustrious father of the Church resided here for many years, dying A.D. 420. Here he learned Hebrew, the language of the Jews, and translated the above Bible from the original into Latin. Various chapels are erected here to commemorate the Adoration of the Magi, the Slaughter of the Innocents, and most of the events connected with the birth of Christ.

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NAZARETH, PALESTINE.—How often have we seen pictures of Nazareth, the town of Mary, and Bethlehem, the birthplace of Jesus, and thought them so alike. Most of our conceptions are probably based on paintings and their costumes are very showy and elaborate. On festive days the women wear very ornate dresses, and the men wear suits of the latest fashion. The traveler can see in Nazareth the reputed sights of all the events recorded in the Bible. It is here that Mary came to live, and it is here that she gave birth to Jesus. Besides this, there are many other places of interest in the city. The site of the Angel's standing while offering to Mary his glad tidings, and there Mary herself stood during the Annunciation. Besides this, there are the site of the Virgin's House, the Workshop of Joseph, the Synagogue, in which Christ is said to have taught, and the "Fountain of Joseph." One of the most interesting places in the city is the "Fountain of Joseph," where it is said that Joseph and Mary stood when they first met. It is a curious story of water rushing from the side, and Nazareth women may be seen there, as they have been for centuries, drawing water from the fountain. It is a curious story of water rushing from the side, and Nazareth women may be seen there, as they have been for centuries, drawing water from the fountain. It is a curious story of water rushing from the side, and Nazareth women may be seen there, as they have been for centuries, drawing water from the fountain. As this is the only spring in Nazareth, it is said that Mary and Joseph, when they first met, stood here. It is a curious story of water rushing from the side, and Nazareth women may be seen there, as they have been for centuries, drawing water from the fountain. As this is the only spring in Nazareth, it is said that Mary and Joseph, when they first met, stood here. It is a curious story of water rushing from the side, and Nazareth women may be seen there, as they have been for centuries, drawing water from the fountain. As this is the only spring in Nazareth, it is said that Mary and Joseph, when they first met, stood here. It is a curious story of water rushing from the side, and Nazareth women may be seen there, as they have been for centuries, drawing water from the fountain.



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CAPERNAUM, GALILEE, PALESTINE. — The Sea of Galilee still as peaceful and beautiful beneath the Syrian sun as when the Syrian wrecked beside its shores or sailed upon its surface. But its surroundings are now desolate. The city of Tiberias is a most wretched unattractive town, and proud Capernaum is such a ruin that doubts are entertained as to its site! There is no trace here now of any quay or harbor, and the final evidence of the city's greatness is a single column and a few fragments of marble. It must have once been an imposing edifice, for scattered there on rocks and stones are many ruined columns and capitals. Thus, it is thought, must have been the Song-song of Capernaum. It so, within its walls, the voice of Jesus was frequently heard. The fragments tell of his words to his people, and of his prophecy of its humiliation, which certainly is startlingly verified to day. How little did the people of Capernaum realize, they destined to the ruin of the Nazarene, and his humble followers, that the time would come when even the station of their city would be a matter of dispute, and, if an object of interest, it would be as a place of pilgrimage, because that gentle teacher who addressed them had once walked its streets! Beyond the ruined town is the fair lake, sixteen miles long and six miles wide, bordered by undulating hills, whose rounded forms are just the same as when the gaze of Jesus rested on them, and when He uttered on their grateful slopes words which have revolutionized the world.





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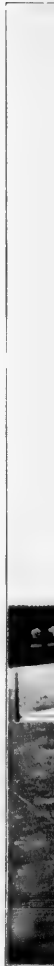
NATIVE VILLAGE NEAR CALCUTTA, INDIA—How many people in America realize that India is 1600 miles wide, and has 210,000,000 inhabitants, who speak thirty different languages, which vary as much as the different tongues of Europe? Life for most of these natives is reduced to its lowest terms. Three yards of cotton cloth furnish their dress, a little rice their food, and fifty cents a week their probable income on which to support a family! It would seem as if Nature invented means to cut down this enormous population. Occasionally famines sweep away thousands at a time. Cholera and other pestilences claim their victims too at frequent intervals. In one year 18,000 deaths from snake-bites have been recorded in India. One tiger in India was known to have killed 110 persons before it was shot! But human life increases rather than decreases there, notwithstanding these appalling scourges. These natives are not black like Africans, nor red like the American Indians. They are pure Asiatics, of a dark brown color. Those who have even rude dwellings are better off than thousands of their fellows; for in many places men, women and children may be seen sleeping in the streets and on the country roads, wherever their fatigue has induced them to find rest. Alas! the pitifully degraded condition of the great majority of the population of India is disheartening, and almost incredible to one who has not investigated the subject. There is no doubt of the ancient grandeur and civilization of India, and of the vast debt we owe her for her noble Sanscrit language, (the parent of so many others), and for many precious truths in science and religion; and this it is which makes us feel a greater sadness as we see the painful proofs of her decay.



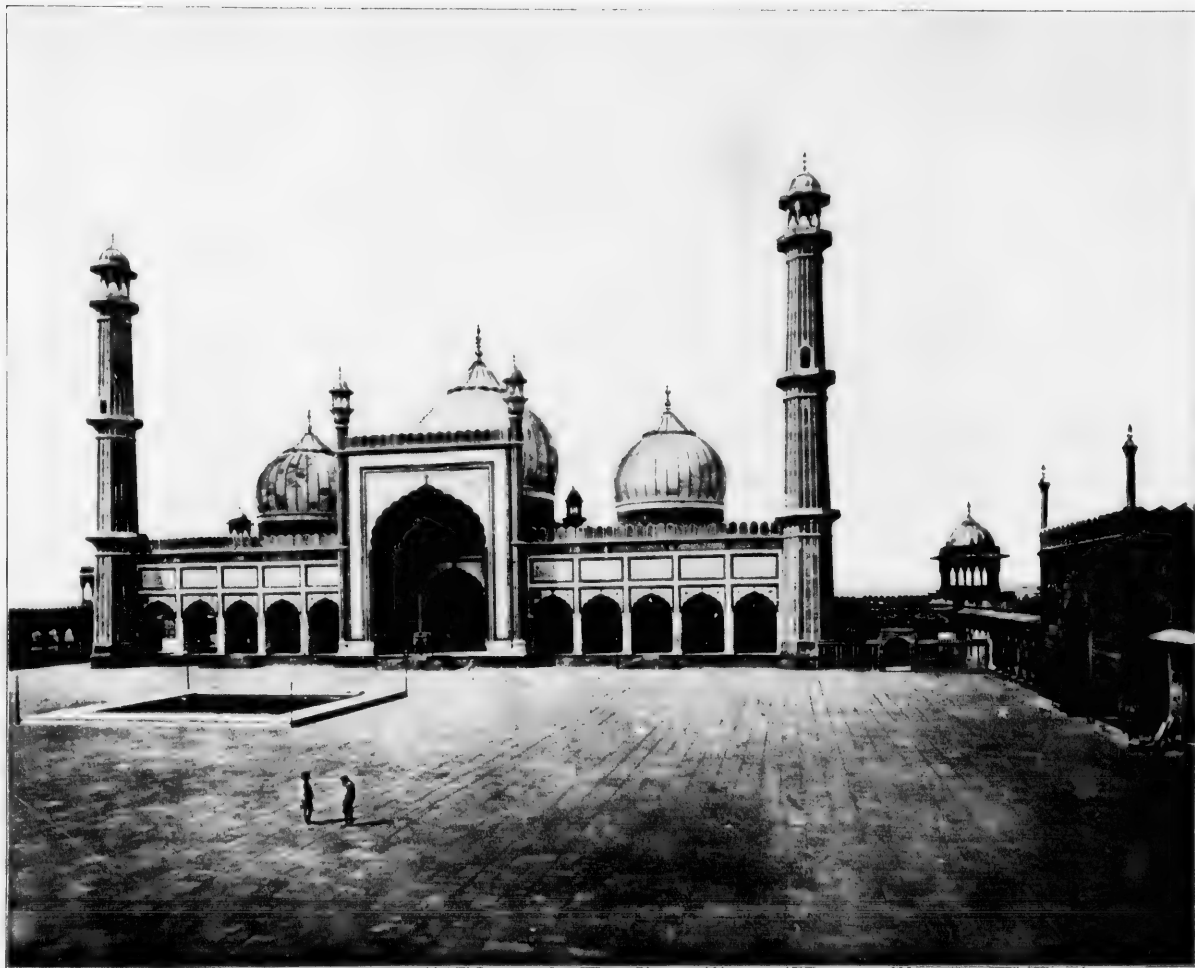
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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA, INDIA—Calcutta is the capital of British India, and the Government house, the residence of the Queen's Viceroy there, is a most imposing structure. It is of great size and is built around a spacious and beautiful garden. But its massive walls remind us that it could be utilized as a fortress and necessity require. From this Government building an immense esplanade, called the Maidan, extends for two or three miles along the river, forming not merely a grand parade-ground for military displays, but a delightful promenade for all foreign residents in the cool of the evening when the sun, the tyrant of the day, has disappeared, and its terrific heat has been succeeded by comparative coolness. The climate of Calcutta is so trying that for nearly half the year the Viceroy and as many of his officials as can escape, leave this Government house and flee to the first range of the Himalayas, twelve hundred miles away! For in the hot season in Calcutta the mercury sometimes rises to 120 degrees in the shade, and to 170 degrees in the sun! Most English residents in India have to send their children home when they are five or six years old, as by that time they usually begin to droop and pine away. Even removing them to the mountains then has no effect. Nothing but a return to England will save them. This city of nearly a million inhabitants presents of course the widest extremes of wealth and poverty; for nowhere is such a difference more marked than in half-civilized lands. It is not merely the English, with their brilliant uniforms and carriages, who stand in striking contrast here to the wretched natives, but Indian Princes themselves still live in something of their former extravagance, which hints to us still of Oriental luxury.



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JAMMA MASJID, DELHI, INDIA. Delhi is called the Rome of India. It is a very ancient city. It has been seven times destroyed and seven times rebuilt, and its colossal ruins cover an enormous area. Around the city of to-day there lies a plain, resembling in some respects the Roman Campagna, covered with ruined palaces and temples, and telling us of war and conquest through a line of centuries. In 1525 it came into the possession of the Mogul dynasty, and soon became the capital of the Mogul Empire. Though not one-tenth as large as ancient Delhi, the present city has more than 450,000 inhabitants. It is still one of the most important and sacred of Mohammedan cities. No less than forty mosques within its limits display to the astonished traveler their tapering marble minarets and domes of gold. One of the most magnificent of these is represented in this illustration, viz. the Jamma Masjid. It stands upon a lofty terrace approached by stately flights of marble steps. Bronze doors admit the worshipper or traveler into a spacious courtyard, adorned with a marble fountain for ablution and surrounded by cloisters. This Mosque was built in 1658, and it is said that 5,000 workmen were employed upon it for six years. In one part of it are preserved some relics of the Prophet Mahomet, including his slipper, a hair from his mustache, and even his foot-prints left upon a stone! Here also is a very ancient copy of the Koran, said to have been written in the seventh century. The minarets of this temple are remarkably graceful and beautiful, and reach the height of 150 feet. Within them are staircases, and their ascent is easy.



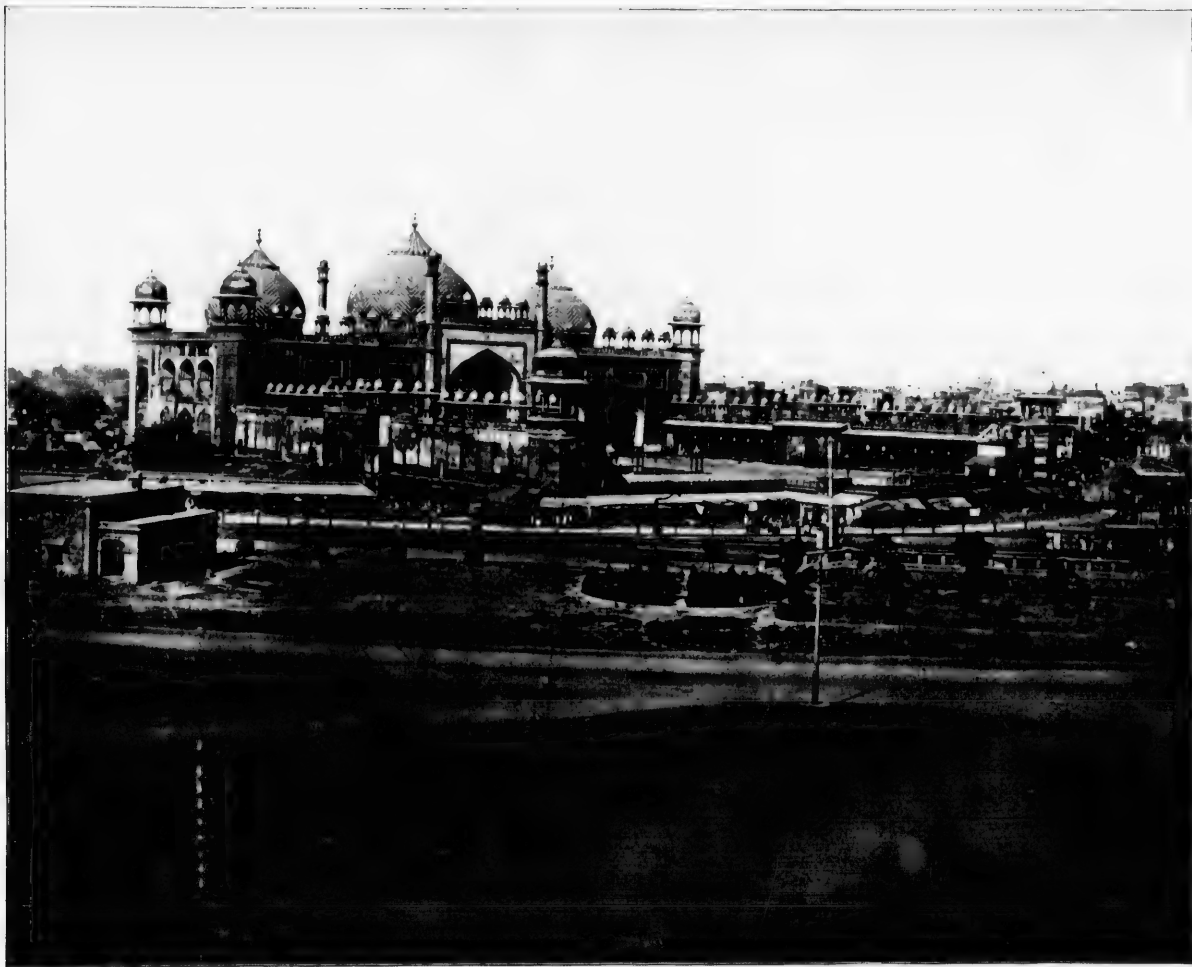
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NASSICK (Nasik). Nassick is one of the most sacred of Hindu towns. Thirteen hundred families of Brahmin priests are established here and form a population by themselves. Throughout the city grow the sacred trees, the *ashvattha*, and the *mustika*, only to the *ganges* trees. All Hindu Hindoo temples keep special family priests here to perform devotion for the household and to represent them as it were, continually at the sacred shrines. The river is lined with many temples, like the one displayed in this illustration, and in their vicinity may be sometimes seen hundreds of men, women and children bathing in the hallowed waters of the Godavari. In close proximity to these temples are little booths, where idols are sold. One cannot travel anywhere in India without perceiving the tremendous influence which its varied religions exert upon its millions of inhabitants. Temples, idols, shrines, pilgrims, sacred streams, religious festivals attended by hundreds of thousands of people, all these impress themselves continually upon the retina and on the mind. Some temples there are actually sacred to animals, for in the eyes of the Hindus all life is sacred, and, inasmuch as many of them believe to treat or to kill even insects and reptiles. There is, not far from Nassick, a hospital for animals, where sick or wounded dogs, cats, rabbits, monkeys and birds are protected and even carefully nursed until they recover or die. If it be superstition which prompts such treatment of those poor dumb creatures, a little of it in the Occident would do no harm.



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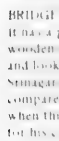
THE PEARL MOSQUE, AGRA, INDIA—No city in India equals Agra in respect to fine and wonderful architecture. Here, for example, is that marvelous tomb, the Taj Mahal, which is almost universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful edifice in the world; here also is the enormous Citadel of Agra, about two miles in circuit, and surrounded by a moat 30 feet wide and 35 feet deep and by walls 70 feet in height! It is within this fortified enclosure that most of the famous structures, built by the Moguls at Agra, are located. Among them is the "Pearl Mosque," which is unquestionably one of the most elegant and elaborate edifices ever reared by man. It was begun in 1648 and finished in 1655. The exterior is of red sandstone, but its courtyard, which is no less than 155 feet square, is entirely lined with marble from its pavement to the summit of its snow-white domes. In the center is a marble basin, 38 feet square, designed for ablutions. Around it is a marble cloister of great beauty. On one side is an inscription consisting of letters of black marble inlaid into the white. It declares that this charming mosque may be likened to a precious pearl, since no other is completely lined as this is, with marble. Bishop Heber said of this mosque, "This spotless sanctuary, showing such a pure spirit of adoration, made me, a Christian, feel humbled when I considered that no architect of our religion had ever been able to produce anything equal to this temple of Allah."



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BURNING GHAT, BENARES, INDIA—Benares is the holy city of India. What Rome is to the Catholics, Jerusalem to millions of Christians, and Mecca to the Moslems, that Benares is to the Hindus. It lies beside the sacred river, Ganges, along whose hallowed waters Buddha taught hundreds of years before the founder of Christianity was born. Hither come hundreds of thousands of pilgrims every year to bathe in this stream, which is supposed to purify them from all sin. From the temples and dwellings on the banks of the Ganges certain "ghats," or flights of stone steps lead downward to the waves. One of these is called the "Burning Ghat," since here cremation is continually going on! It is a shocking sight. Rough piles of wood about four feet high are here constructed and on these funeral pyres the bodies of the dead are placed. When all is ready, the nearest male relative of the deceased applies to it a lighted brand. The fiery flames leap heavenward at once and lick the body lying there with yellow tongues. It seems incredible that friends and relatives can gaze upon such a sight, which is beyond description ghastly and revolting. At last, however, a shapeless mound of ashes upon the shore, and these are thrown upon the river's breast and roll on toward the sea, symbol of that Eternity towards which the dead man's soul has winged its flight. It is the dearest wish of the pious Hindu so that he may die on the banks of the Ganges, and be at last committed to its soft embrace.



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BRIDGE OF SHOPS, SRINAGAR, INDIA.—Srinagar is the capital of Cashmere, that valley in the Himalaya mountains so famous for its beauty, and which is represented in an adjoining illustration. It has a population of 135,000 people, and is built for four miles on both banks of the river Jhelum, which here is a placid stream with a breadth of about 300 feet. This river is crossed by many wooden bridges, lined with deuced and weather-beaten shops and houses, most of which are adorned with balconies and lattice windows. Some have their upper stories propped up by poles, and look decidedly insecure, as they overhang either the narrow streets or the river itself. The town is also intersected with innumerable canals, and from this fact and from its beautiful situation, Srinagar has been called the Venice of Asia. That is enough, however, to make the old Venetian Doges turn in their graves! For this Indian city is really too filthy and dilapidated to be seriously compared to the Queen of the Adriatic. Yet it possesses some Hindoo temples and an enormous mosque, in which it is said that 60,000 people can worship at once. There was a time, however, when this capital of Cashmere was of great importance. It was a favorite resort of the old Mogul emperors, many of whose palaces are still standing in its vicinity. One of these Moore selected for his closing scene of Lalla Rookh. Even now Srinagar has some commercial prominence, for it is the centre of the shawl manufacture of Cashmere.



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GATE TO LUCKNOW, INDIA. Lucknow, one of the most important cities of India. It has a population of 100,000 and offers a variety of specimens of Oriental architecture. In looking at its gates, domes and minarets, one is continually reminded of scenes in Cairo and Constantinople. It is 600 years old, and its walls and the works of its goldsmiths are famed throughout the world. The name "Lucknow" however, that of a half English-speaking people very different savants from those of architecture or the art of jewelers. This was in 1857, the scene of the so-called British massacre, the first of its kind, which has been expressed in history. Inside the Residency, here were, located about 2000 persons, of whom over 500 were women and children. Six hundred of them were English soldiers. The rest were natives who had remained faithful. The attacking force numbered 30,000 men. Most of the English there were doomed, but sold their lives as dearly as possible, and actually held out for three months, during the appalling heat of an Indian summer, which the hot weather perpetuated, making English women and children fairly succumbed the vicious troops, and they slaughtered the Sepoys with savage fury. The atrocities of the great mutiny was put down, but its memory remains, as the far-distant conflagration lights up the sky with the red tint of blood.

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TEMPLE OF THE SHENG SHENG, CANTON, CHINA. — One of the most celebrated of all the hundreds of temples and pagodas in the city of Canton is that which contains 500 gilded statues of deified warriors, heroes, gods and goddesses of the Buddhist faith. It looks more like a gallery of sculpture than a place of worship, with these long lines of solemn looking figures staring each other out of countenance. Incense, incense, incense! There, before each of the hundreds of statues, incense is burnt constantly before some of them, and the air is heavy with that pungent perfume. China is a land of altars and priests. As a rule, shops of a sort or have little altars at their doors dedicated to the God of Wealth, that deity who is in one way or another universally worshipped in all quarters. Thousands of thousands of altars to the Almighty Dollar. The Chinese deities, it would seem, are largely composed of departed and distinguished ancestors. Reverence for parents is one of the important precepts of China, and the result is that filial reverence and obedience are characteristic traits of the Chinese. These sentiments extend even beyond the grave, so that when parents are deceased are addressed to the gods to guard their spirits. Benevolent societies are therefore numerous in Chinese cities, so that poor or suffering relatives may be tenderly cared for. Thus orphan, asylum, home for the aged and infirm and public hospitals exist here, not as copies of European institutions, but having been maintained in China for many centuries. Some good features can be found in almost every race and every religion, however widely they may differ from our own.

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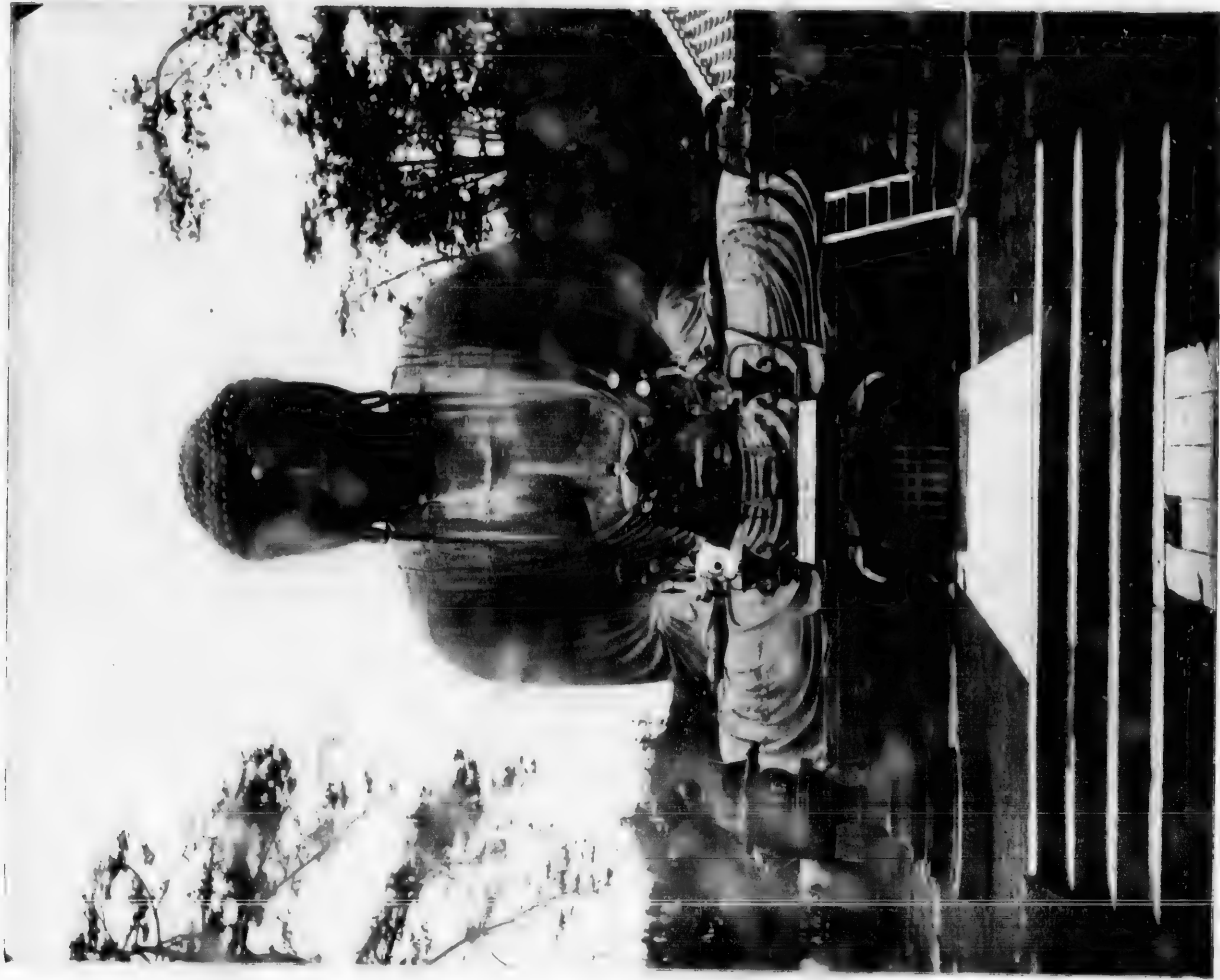


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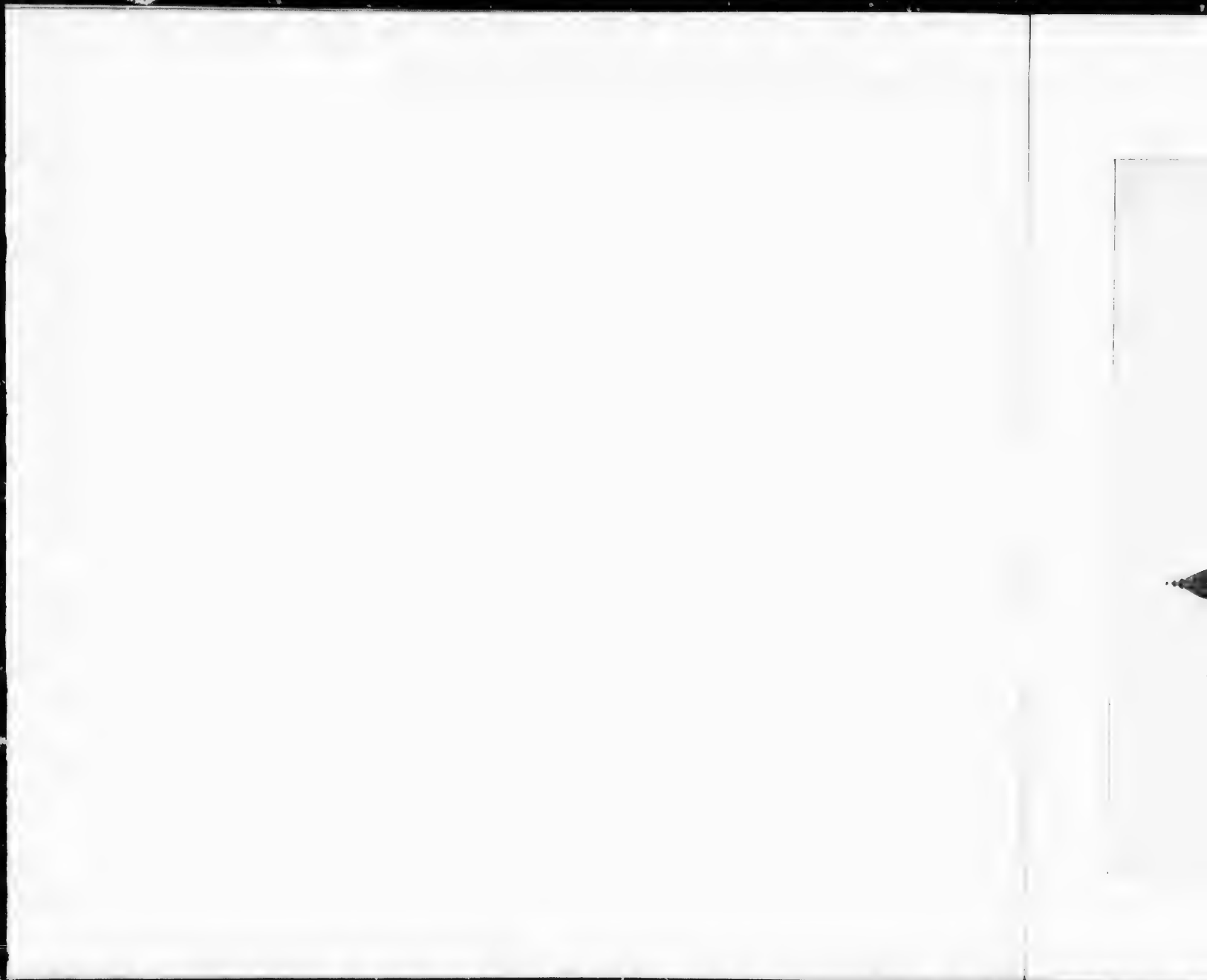


HEIJAKONGAI TEMPLE, KYOTO, JAPAN. Kyoto is called the City of Temples, and it well deserves the name. The traveler sees so many, that it is ever after difficult for him to name them separately. They are of various shapes and sizes. One of them alone contains 10,000 idols, most of which are rude images carved out of solid blocks of wood and heavily gilded. They are about three feet high, and some possess many arms and hands, symbols of power and plenty. In many of these temples priests are continually writing on slips of paper the prayers of worshippers, who request that these petitions be pinned or pasted up in the sanctuary. In many Japanese shrines there are gongs, which are beaten vigorously by any one who comes to pray, to arouse the attention of the Deities, and notify them of the prayer about to be offered. Bronze bells of great purity of sound are also to be seen there, and they are rung at stated intervals by the priests, with a strangely beautiful effect. Kyoto has today a population of more than 100,000; but it no longer has the proud position it once occupied, when it was the capital of Japan and the sole residence of the Mikados. At present the seat of sovereignty has been transferred to Tokio, and there is now the palace of the Japanese Emperor. Perhaps no country in the world offers so much to interest the thoughtful traveler to-day as does Japan. Intelligent, progressive, assimilating with wonderful rapidity the ideas, customs and inventions of European and American civilization, the Japanese are, nevertheless, a race having a national record and a regular succession of Mikados for more than 2,000 years. In them the past and present strangely meet and blend. The interesting question is, out of this union what future is to be evolved?





THE GREAT BRONZE BUDDHA, JAPAN.—Kamakura, once the capital of Eastern Japan, has now sunk into a sea-side village, which is a famous health resort for the Yokuhama residents. The chief sight there is the colossal bronze deity represented in this illustration. This "Great Buddha" stands unique among Japanese works of art. To be fully appreciated it must be visited many times. There was a temple in this place as early as the eighth century, but this image is of much later date. Its precise history is involved in obscurity. Tradition, however, says that Yoritomo, a famous Japanese king and warrior, when taking part in the dedication of a great statue at Nara, conceived the desire of having a similar object of worship at his own capital, but died before he could put the plan into execution. One of the ladies of his court undertook to collect funds for the purpose, and in the year 1252 the Kamakura "Buddha" was cast in bronze by Otto Gorenchin. The statue has been seen from about half way up the approach. Its dimensions are approximately as follows: Height 49 feet 7 inches; circumference, 97 feet 2 inches; length of face 8 feet 5 inches; length of eye 3 feet 11 inches; length of nose 3 feet 9 inches. The eyes are of pure gold, and the silver boots weigh 30 pounds. The images formed of sheets of bronze cast separately, brazed together and finished off on the outside with the claid. The hollow interior of the image contains a small shrine and the visitor may ascend into the head.





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PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE NEW ZEALAND ARMY. THE SHIP IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE "H.M.S. 'ALBATROSS'". THE SHIP IN THE MIDDLE GROUND IS THE "H.M.S. 'ALBATROSS'". THE SHIP IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE "H.M.S. 'ALBATROSS'".



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Aerial view of the harbor of San Francisco, California.

W. H. P. & Co.



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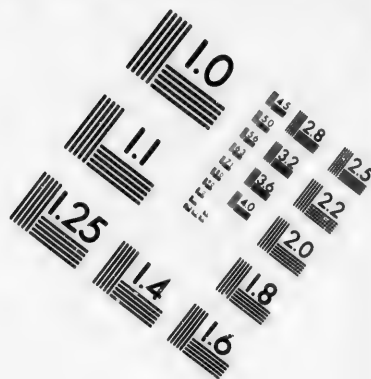
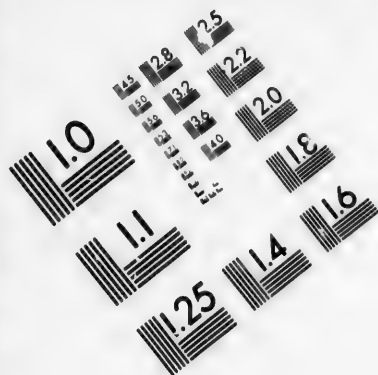
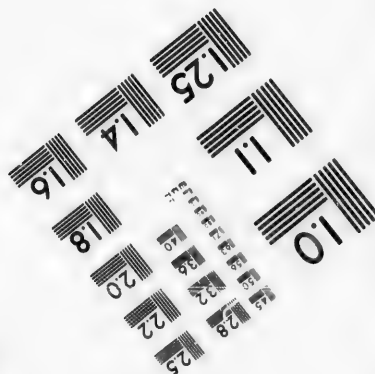
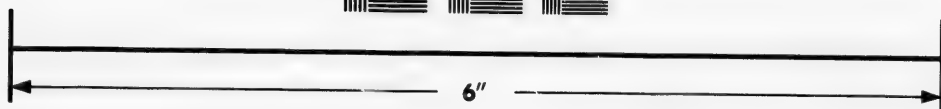
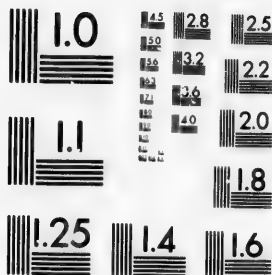


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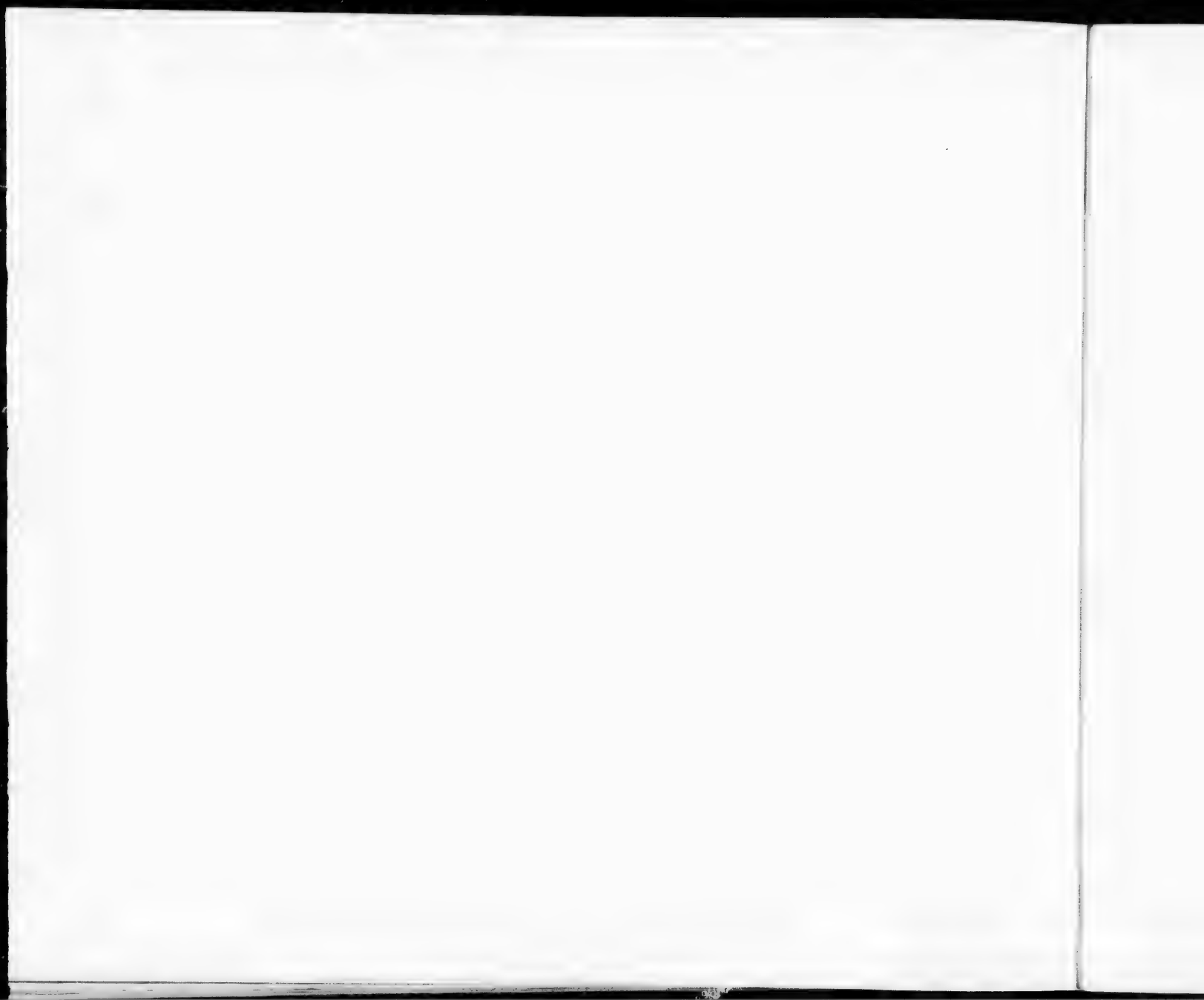


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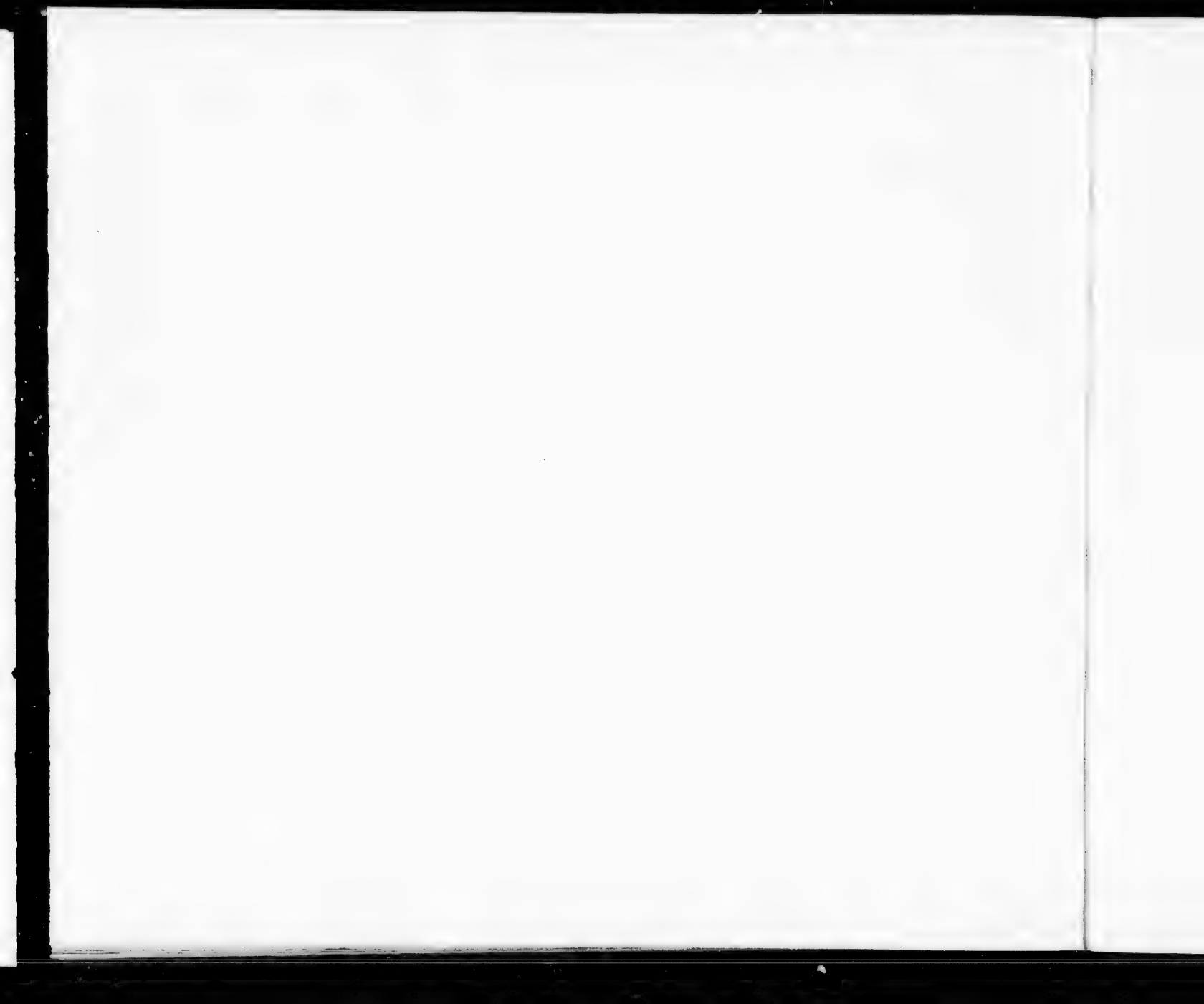
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HAVANA, CUBA.—Cuba is naturally a wonderfully fertile and productive island, blessed with a charming climate and delightful scenery. But, as in many other portions of the world, man frequently undone and spoiled all that indulgent Nature has so lavished here. Insurrections, revolutions, and conflicts with Spanish soldiery have ruined many miles of territory once covered with large estates of sugar, coffee and tobacco. What the city of Havana might become commercially under more favorable conditions can be easily imagined, when we consider its own beautiful situation and the marvelously rich country behind it, of which it is the natural gateway. Excellent steamers now bring the traveler from New York in four days to this lovely bay on which Havana is located. So popular has this trip become that good hotels have been constructed here, which in the winter months are often crowded with foreigners. The view across the harbor from some of the upper rooms of these hotels is of great beauty. Of course Havana is essentially Spanish in architecture, customs, language and amusements. Bull Fights are as much the delight of the Habaneros as of the inhabitants of Madrid and Seville, and famous Matadors come over here from Spain to win new laurels in Cuba, as European Opera Singers cross the Atlantic to New York. As is well known, in Cuba are produced the finest specimens of the tobacco plant which the world knows, and a genuine "Havana" is almost an object of devotion to every lover of the "fragrant weed."





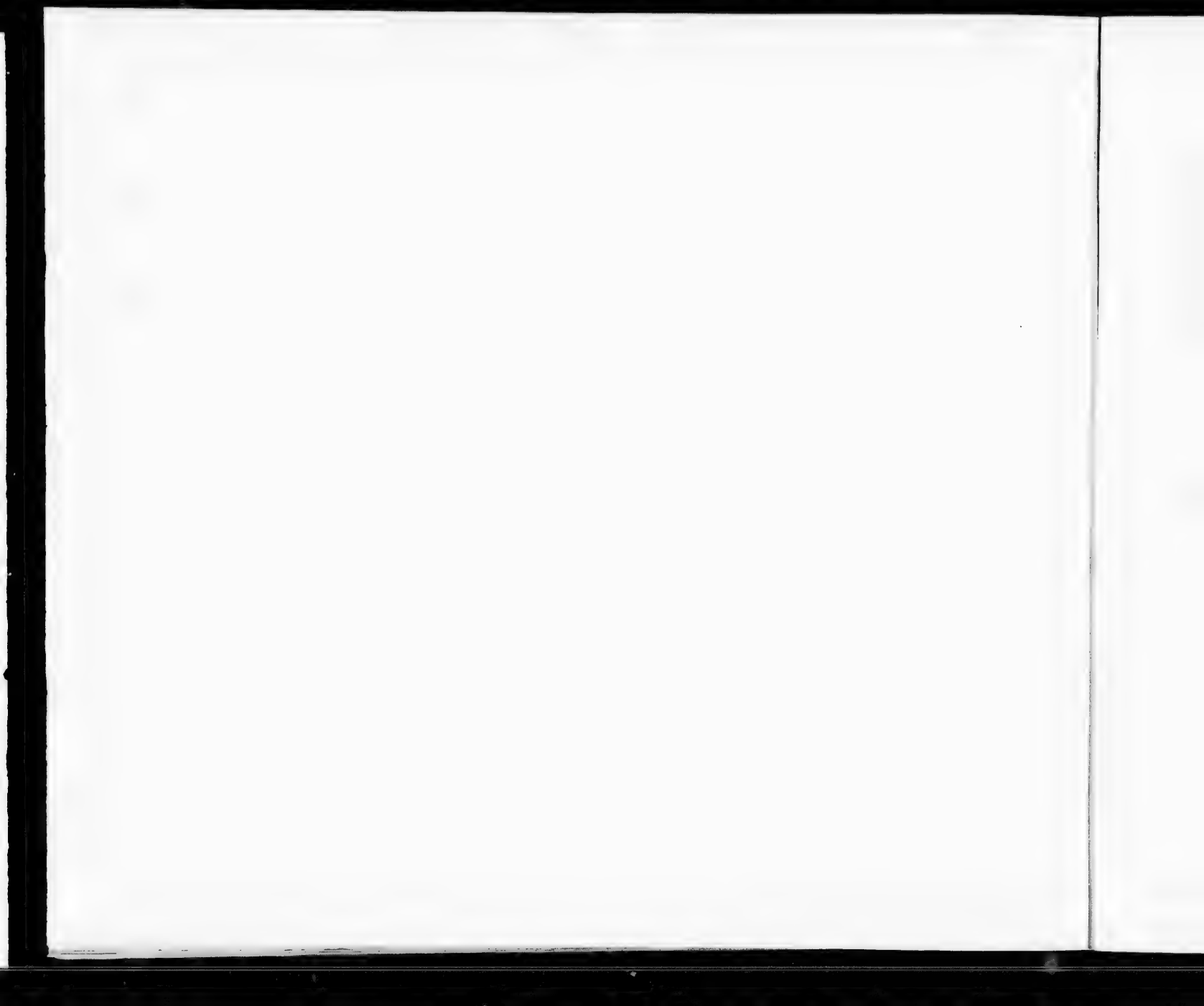
MUIR GLACIER, ALASKA—There is probably no natural feature in the world more awe inspiring and sublime than the stupendous Muir Glacier in Glacier Bay, Alaska. In the rear of it are mountains 15,000 and 16,000 feet high. Into the bay itself advances with a glittering front 100 feet high and over a mile in length a frozen river, moving steadily and resistlessly at the rate of forty-four feet a day during the summer months! Further inland it has a width of three miles, and is fed by fifteen minor glaciers! Excursion steamers approach it as closely as safety permits, and there, filled with emotions too profound for words, one gazes on this slowly moving, solidified Niagara, from which huge icebergs fall at frequent intervals with explosions resembling the discharges of a cannon. The noise of these falling monsters is well-nigh incessant, and interspersed with these reports one hears when sounds within the glacier itself caused by the terrible grinding and compression of millions of tons of ice between the mighty cliffs through which this frozen torrent moves out towards the sea. In front of it is always a large fleet of icebergs, born that day from the parent-mass and sailing out in splendor 'neath a brilliant sun or else in sullen majesty beneath the clouds, to float thenceforth upon the ocean, till they lose themselves forever in its warm embrace. Moreover, this glacier extends not only 300 feet in height above the waves, but 400 feet below them! Think of the awful power represented here, forever pushing outward from the mountainous interior this gigantic wedge! No words can paint the glories of this wall of ice when it is illumined by the radiance of the setting sun. It then appears the birthplace of innumerable rainbows or a mountain of prisms. The name of this great marvel of the world was bestowed upon it in honor of Professor Muir, the State Geologist of California.

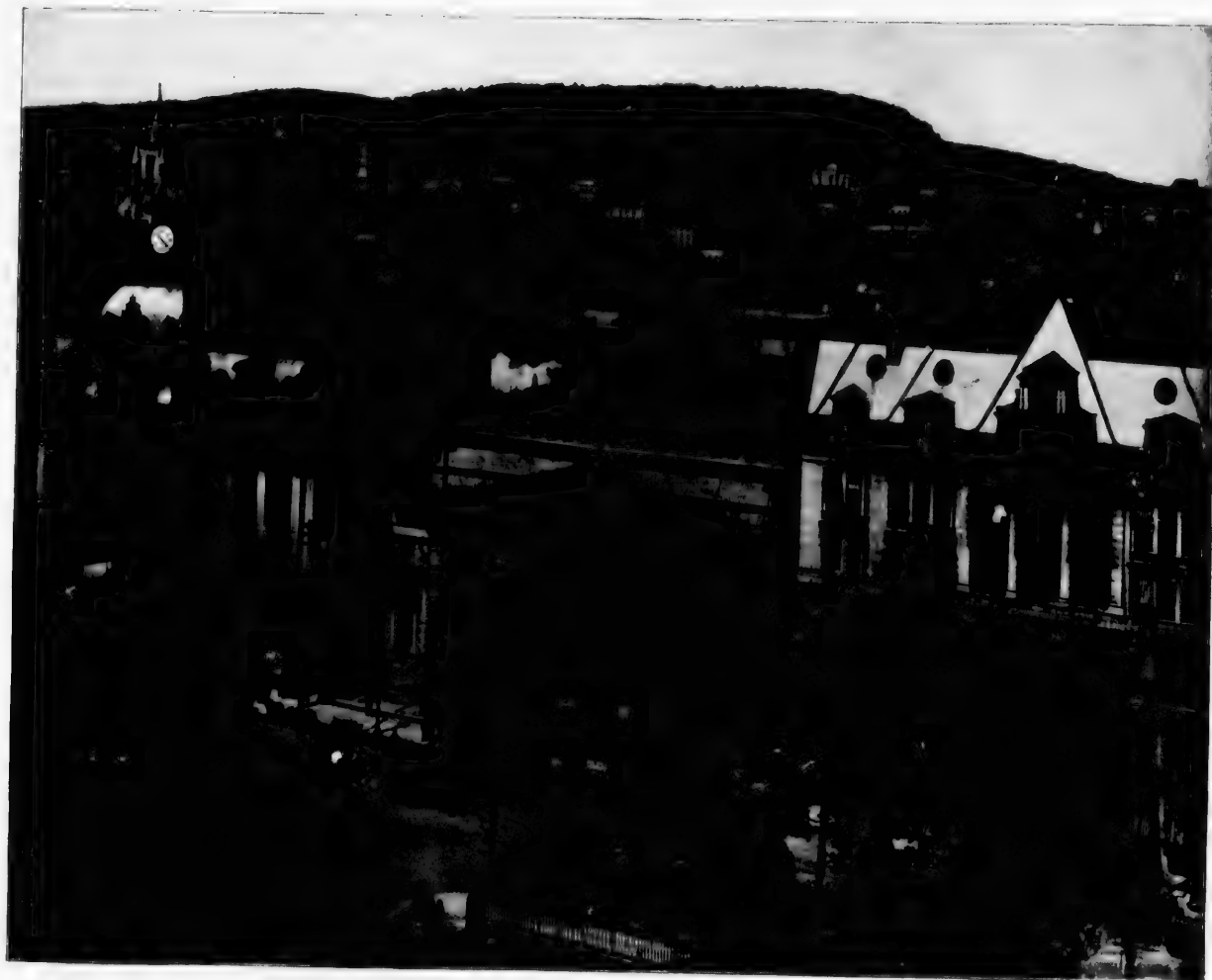


TOTEM POLES, ALASKA.—In front of the rude cabins of Alaska Indians rise frequently tall, hideous posts sometimes 100 feet in height. They are called Totem Poles. From top to bottom they are usually carved into grotesque resemblances to human faces or else to forms of bears, wolves, birds and fishes. Just what they signify is not always clear. Some certainly commemorate heroic deeds in the lives of those beside whose homes or graves they are erected. Some also indicate by certain marks, resembling coats-of-arms, the family or tribe to which the dead may have belonged. One totem pole, for example, may represent a bear and a gun, rude symbols doubtless of the fact that the man whose memory is thus evoked once shot a bear, and probably under some peculiar circumstances deemed worthy of commemoration. Most of them are three or four feet in diameter and about thirty feet high; though some attain an altitude of sixty, eighty and even one hundred feet. The height of the pole is supposed to have denoted the rank of the deceased. Some of the natives value these ancestral relics to such a degree that they refuse to part with them at any price! It is supposed that only rich natives could have had the honor of a totem pole. The carving, however crude it may seem to us, represented a great deal of time and labor for the native sculptor. Moreover, it was customary to give a grand banquet, free to all comers, whenever such a pole was raised. Hence one of these decorated family ornaments probably involved, in all, an expenditure of several hundred dollars.



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA—In 1858 Queen Victoria selected OTTAWA as the seat of the Canadian Government, and it is consequently the capital of the Dominion of Canada. It is a city of only about 30,000 inhabitants, but its Government Buildings would do honor to any capital. They form three sides of a quadrangle and are situated on an eminence 150 feet above the Ottawa River. Covering an area of nearly four acres, their cost was four million dollars. They are substantial and yet extremely ornamental in appearance. The general style of their architecture is Italian Gothic. The arches of the doors and windows are of red sandstone, and the columns and arches of the legislative chambers are of marble. The roofs are rendered attractive by means of variously colored slates, and the towers and pinnacles are adorned with iron trellis-work. The interior decorations of this edifice are also very rich and tasteful, including the Viceroyal canopy and throne, a marble statue and portrait of Queen Victoria, and full-length likenesses of George III and Queen Charlotte by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Library of the Government is a very handsome and valuable portion of this structure, and contains more than 100,000 volumes. OTTAWA has in addition to these Houses of Parliament, a fine Cathedral with lofty spires, and an imposing Catholic institution known as the Gray Nunnery. At one extremity of the town are the famous Chaudière Falls, in which the Ottawa River plunges over a rough precipice 40 feet high and 200 feet wide. The "Chaudière" itself (or cauldron) is of unknown depth. The sounding line has not found bottom even with a length of 300 feet. It may perhaps be added that down the Ottawa River, which is the chief tributary of the St. Lawrence, a steamboat makes a daily trip to Montreal (101 miles away) in about ten hours, a pleasant relief from railroad travel.

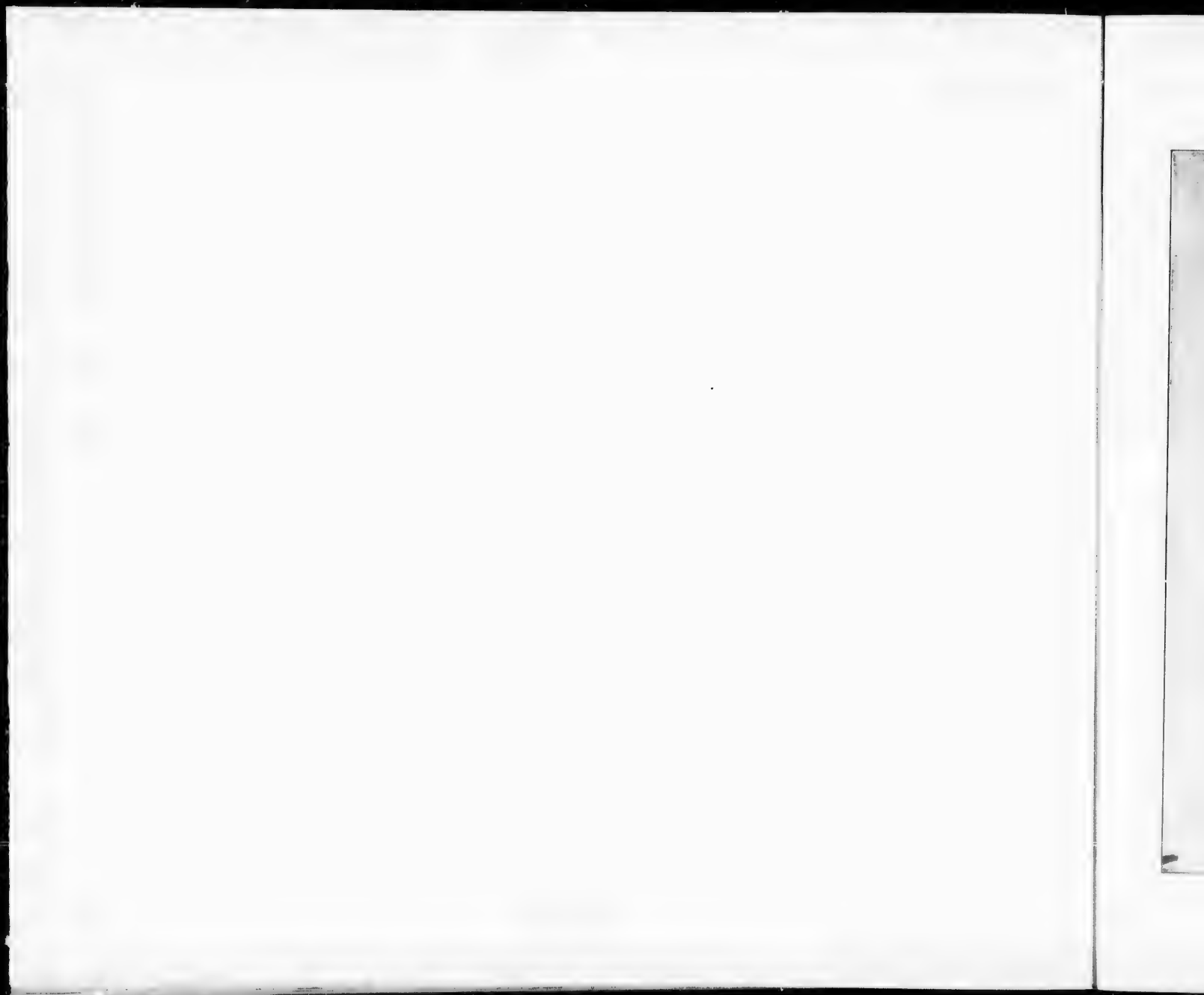




MONTREAL AND MOUNT ROYAL, CANADA.—Montreal, the commercial metropolis of Canada, is a very attractive city, located on the best situation when the St. Lawrence River offers a view of Quebec. Its population is about 141,000, of whom 78,000 are of French descent. Of course the French language is very extensively used here. More than one-half the population of Montreal are Roman Catholics. The city is built upon a series of terraces which indicate beyond a doubt the former levels of the river. Its buildings are massive and frequently imposing, and its streets are finely paved. It was not until 1760 that the French power in Canada was finally destroyed by the surrender of Montreal. Since then, though its history has been comparatively uneventful, it has made great material progress in all directions. Still it is not by any means a monotonous and purely commercial town; for the variety here of different races, languages, and religions gives to the place a certain rivalry of thought and interest which imparts zest and excitement to otherwise unimportant events. One of the principal features of Montreal is a long wooded ridge forming the city, 750 feet high and covering 150 acres. It is Mount Royal, and was purchased by the Municipal Government for a park in 1874. The view from this precipitous and shaded bluff is beautiful and very extensive, embracing in one direction level, cultivated plains and the distant Adirondack mountains, and in the other the city itself and the lovely valley of the St. Lawrence. The visitor may drive to the summit of Mt. Royal, or if inclined to test his muscles, he can walk either up long flights of steps which have been built to the very top, or along paths of easy grade. One singular feature of the mountain is a lake of wonderful clearness, which supplies holy water for the city's catholic churches.



"THE THOUSAND ISLANDS," ST. LAWRENCE RIVER, CANADA.—Usually a name like that of "The Thousand Islands" is more poetical than truthful, and we smilingly agree to pardon the poetic license of exaggeration. But in this portion of the St. Lawrence River the number of islands actually is nearer 1500 than 1000. Their nearness, beauty and variety amaze the traveler. Commencing with Wolf Island, about 30 miles in length, they gradually increase in number, although diminishing in size, forming innumerable combinations, floating apparently at times in groups or else as individuals, and cutting thus the surface of the stream into a maze of intricate channels, which to a tourist appear bewildering. It is a charming day that the traveler spends in sailing in and out along these liquid labyrinths. Some of the "thousand isles" are uninhabited, others are owned by private individuals and hold embosomed in delightful foliage expensive and picturesque villas, whose inmates spend here weeks and months in summer. The names bestowed upon these retreats indicate the opinions entertained of them by their enthusiastic occupants. Thus the three islands visible in this illustration are respectively called "Nobby," "Castle Rest" and "Welcome." Hotels are also found at frequent points. Boating and fishing are the principal amusements of the "Islanders," and these are always close at hand.





NIAAGARA FALLS. "Nacareno" has captured a subject for minute description. The mighty overflow of Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan and Erie, here makes a leap of 160 feet,—magnificent in volume, dazzling in radiance, stupendous in its breadth and awe-inspiring in its ceaseless roar. Of all word-painting of this scene which man has ever tried, nothing surpasses these appropriate phrases of Charles Dickens: "it was not till I came to *Table Rock* and looked—Great Heaven!—on *what* a fall of bright green water, that it all flashed upon me in its might and majesty. Then when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing, the first impression and the lasting one of this tremendous spectacle was—*Power*; calm recollections of the Dead; great thoughts of an eternal rest and happiness." Even now in many a quiet hour I think, Still do those waters roar and rush, and leap and tumble all day long! Still are the rainbows spanning them one hundred feet below! Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine like molten gold; still, when the day is gloomy, do they seem to crumble like a great shaft of cliff, or like a mass of dense, white smoke. But ever does the mighty stream appear to *die*, as it descends, and from its grave rises that ghost of mist and spray, which never has been laid, but which still haunts the place with the same dread solemnity as when the First Flood, *Light*, came rushing on Creation at the word of God!"



THE GRAND CAÑON YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK. Of all the marvels of the Yellowstone National Park, the most sublime is the Grand Cañon. Through this the Yellowstone River, which is tributary of the Missouri, flows in one place for twenty continuous miles between perpendicular cliffs only about 200 yards apart and from 1200 to 1500 feet in height. At the entrance to this part of the cañon, the river makes a perpendicular leap of 300 feet, in what are known as the "Lower Falls." The sides of this gigantic chasm have literally almost all the colors of the rainbow displayed upon their vertical surfaces. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet and white tints are constantly succeeding one another here in wonderful variety, thus lighting up with glory the entire architectural form, which Nature it would seem, had fashioned here to make the proudest works of man appear diminutive and tame. These colors doubtless have been formed by the percolating through the cliffs of the hot mineral waters from the neighboring springs. Distinguished painters have sadly declared that any adequate representation of these brilliant, variegated hues, contrary beyond the power of human art. What an unrivaled combination is there, therefore, in this Cañon, of awe-inspiring grandeur and enchanting beauty! And what a magnificent pathway has been given to the Yellowstone River! Leaving the famous Yellowstone Lake enclosed by snow-clad mountains, it passed through a series of rapids and a fall of 140 feet before it even reaches the Grand Cañon; and just beyond that it receives a tributary which in its haste to join it makes a leap of 150 feet! Thus cradled in sublimity, the Yellowstone River must be called in some respects the most extraordinary stream upon our continent.



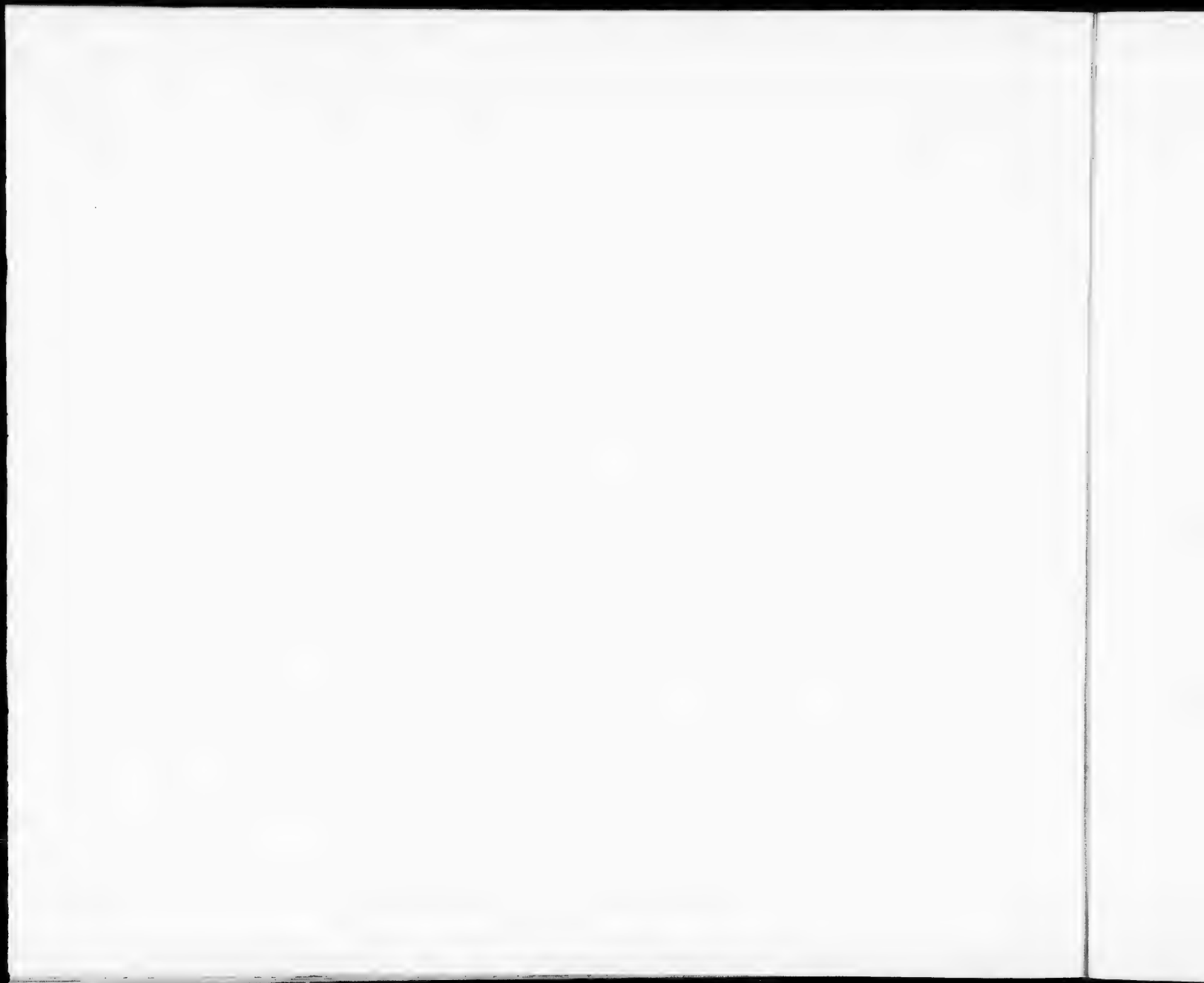
CRATER OF THE GIANT GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK—The surface of this globe which we inhabit, compared with its diameter, is only about the thickness of the rind of an orange in proportion to its entire mass. Beyond a certain depth the earth's temperature rapidly increases on account of the great heat of its interior. Wherever the crust on which we dwell is especially thin or weak, a portion of our planet's pent up energies burst forth in the form of volcanoes, geysers, hot springs or earthquakes. That wonderful region now wisely reserved by our Government as a "National Park" is particularly remarkable for the number and size of its Geysers. Volcanic action here has evidently held high carnival in pre-historic ages of the past, and remnants of its furious outbursts are still seen in the almost innumerable masses of steam and water ejected from its area. Some of these geysers hurl into the air rocks and boulders as well as water, the latter rising sometimes to a height of 200 feet. The temperature of the water is usually more than 170 degrees. One of these geysers, called "Old Faithful," spouts regularly every hour throwing the water to the altitude of 130 feet, and holding it up by a succession of impulses for about five minutes. Another maintains its immense uplifted volume of boiling water for twenty minutes. The "Giant Geyser" has a rugged crater (outlined in this illustration), about ten feet in height and twenty-five in diameter. This is one of the most irregular of all the volcanic fountains here. It has been known to spout continuously for three and a half hours, its height varying from 90 to 200 feet.



NEW MORMON TEMPLE, UTAH.—Salt Lake City is in some respects the most extraordinary settlement that men have ever founded. It has a population of about 35,000 people. Its streets are lined with many handsome buildings. Business is active there. It is in many ways a city of the world, like any other great metropolis. Yet no one enters it without perceiving traces of that Mormon religion, which founded here in 1847 this "City of Saints," and still exerts upon its life so powerful an influence. Over most of the shops is the motto, "Holiness to the Lord," and we learn that the Church regulates those merchants' prices and receives from them a percentage on all sales. Almost every house has its little garden of fruit and shade trees. On each side of the principal streets runs a crystalline stream of water coming from the mountains. Two famous buildings stand near the centre of the city. One is the Tabernacle, of whose huge dome, vast auditorium and wonderful acoustic properties all the world has heard. But even the Tabernacle is destined to be surpassed by the Temple represented in this illustration. It is a structure which at once commands our admiration by its immense dimensions and massive grandeur. Its walls of sparkling polished granite are one hundred feet in height, and its towers are to rise one hundred feet higher still. It is emphatically "fire proof," for its walls of solid granite are eight feet thick, and the partition walls, floors and ceilings are also of solid stone. Its foundations are sixteen feet thick. The corner-stone of this imposing structure was laid in 1853, but the Temple is not yet completed. It has already cost two and a half millions of dollars.



CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.—"A trip to Chinatown" is an essential feature of a visit to the Pacific coast, and a memorable experience it often proves to be. Within a limited area in San Francisco in which 3,000 Americans would be cramped for room, are always living at least 20,000 Chinamen, whose one idea seems to be to hoard up all the money they can possibly obtain, in order to return in a few years to their native land. It is a most repulsive and apparently dangerous quarter of the city, although crimes are said to be of rarer occurrence there than elsewhere. Moreover, whatever may be said of them in other respects, drunkenness is hardly known among the Chinese. They frequently stupify themselves with opium, but not with rum. The shops in Chinatown are most grotesque, with their (to us) unintelligible decorations and letterings, recalling memories of the fantastic characters displayed on tea-caddies and bunches of fire-crackers. The variety of merchandise in these shops, its comical arrangement, together with the mysterious dark rooms in the rear, presumably the sleeping apartment of some Wee Lung Chin and family, are all most novel and amusing. The names of the merchants here have that curious combination of monotonous monosyllables which causes them to slip from the memory like drops of water from a duck's back. Interspersed with the shops and tenement houses are several loss houses, or Chinese Temples. Here, too, are Chinese Theatres, where the entire audience smokes, and the performance goes on amid a hideous beating of drums and gongs. The Gambling Dens and opium Cellars in Chinatown should be visited in company with a policeman. They are filthy places where either gambling is carried on by a mass of repulsive Chinese, or opium is being smoked by men dozing in a half-drunken sleep.

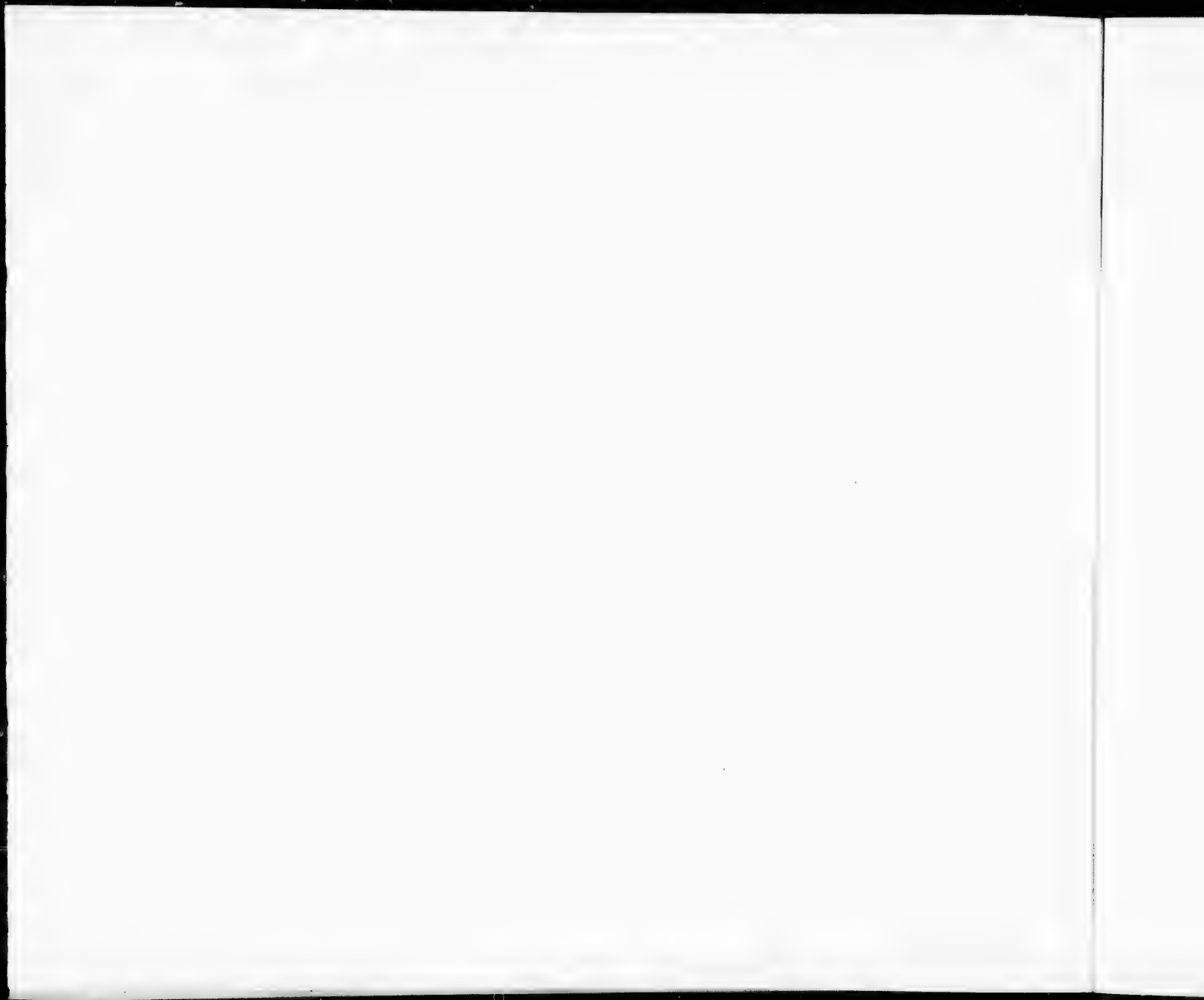


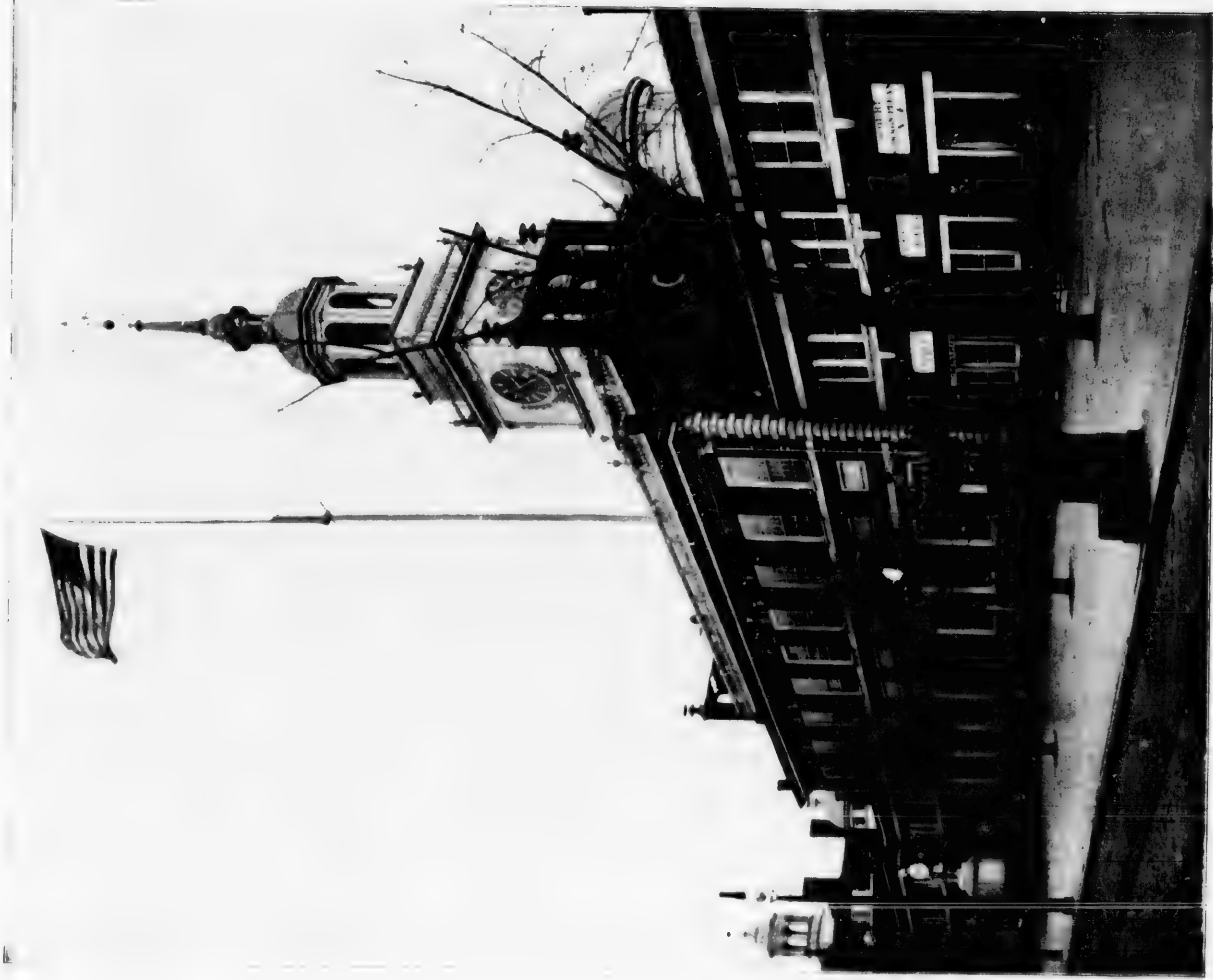


CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCKS, GOLDEN GATE, CALIFORNIA — On the southern side of that beautiful entrance to San Francisco Bay, known as the Golden Gate, stands the Cliff House. As its name indicates, it is located on a cliff rising abruptly from the sea, and the view from its broad, shady piazzas overlooking the apparently boundless ocean is one of which no visitor can ever become weary. At a little distance from the hotel are a few ledges, called the "Seal Rocks," over which scores of sea-lions may be continually observed climbing up their steep sides, plunging into the waves, and roaring with delight in tones which make themselves distinctly heard above the breaking of the surf. These animals are protected here by the law of the state, and hence are perfectly fearless and natural in their movements. Some of them weigh at least 1,000 pounds, and these are evidently the masters of the herd which claim the sunniest places on the rocks, and hold them by the principle that "might makes right." The Cliff House is a favorite place of resort, as can be well imagined. In addition to the attractions already mentioned, its restaurant is famous for its excellent cuisine. Behind it are the lovely gardens of Mr. Adolph Sutro, the millionaire, and into these the public is admitted free of charge. Moreover, the drive of six miles hither from the city is one of great beauty, winding through the Golden Gate Park, which comprises more than 1,000 acres, one-half of which are laid out in walks, lawns, flower-beds and driveways. In this charming park is a music-stand, in front of which stands a fine statue of Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner."



YOSEMITE VALLEY FROM ARTISTS' POINT, CALIFORNIA—One never wearies of this immitable valley. From every "Point" of observation new marvels are discernible. For ages it has made this landscape glorious with its stern savage cliffs, its barren precipices, its flower-strewn carpet of alpine vegetation, and its stupendous waterfalls. During unnumbered centuries with her usual sublime indifference to Man's appreciation Nature has played these wonders before the eyes of the passing air and night's looking moon unassisted without a human eye to gaze upon their charms. Then crossed other centuries when to the savages who visited this place its marvellous phenomena seemed but the manifested-onion of some hideous deity, twinking little more appreciation in their minds than could be found in the wild beasts which made its caves their homes. But now this grand Yosemite, so kind of shrine, where thousands annually come to worship the Eternal Power which has thus revealed itself. The undevout astronomer is mad, exclaimed the poet as he gazed upon the drunken universe strewn with innumerable suns and systems. So may one also characterize the man who treads the mountain-delled valley of Yosemite and does not reverently look through Nature up to Nature's God. Anticipate what you will, you never can be disappointed in the Yosemite. In the world of the queen of Sierras the astonished traveler here exclaims: "The fact has not been told me." Nor does familiarity with its glories lessen their effect. Truer words were never written than those of Lowell: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and whatever else may be forgotten in this crowded life of ours, the vision of this glorious ravine will linger like an inspiration with the traveler who has stood between its peerless walls, till memory shall have lost its power and till his eyes have closed upon the finite to behold the infinite.





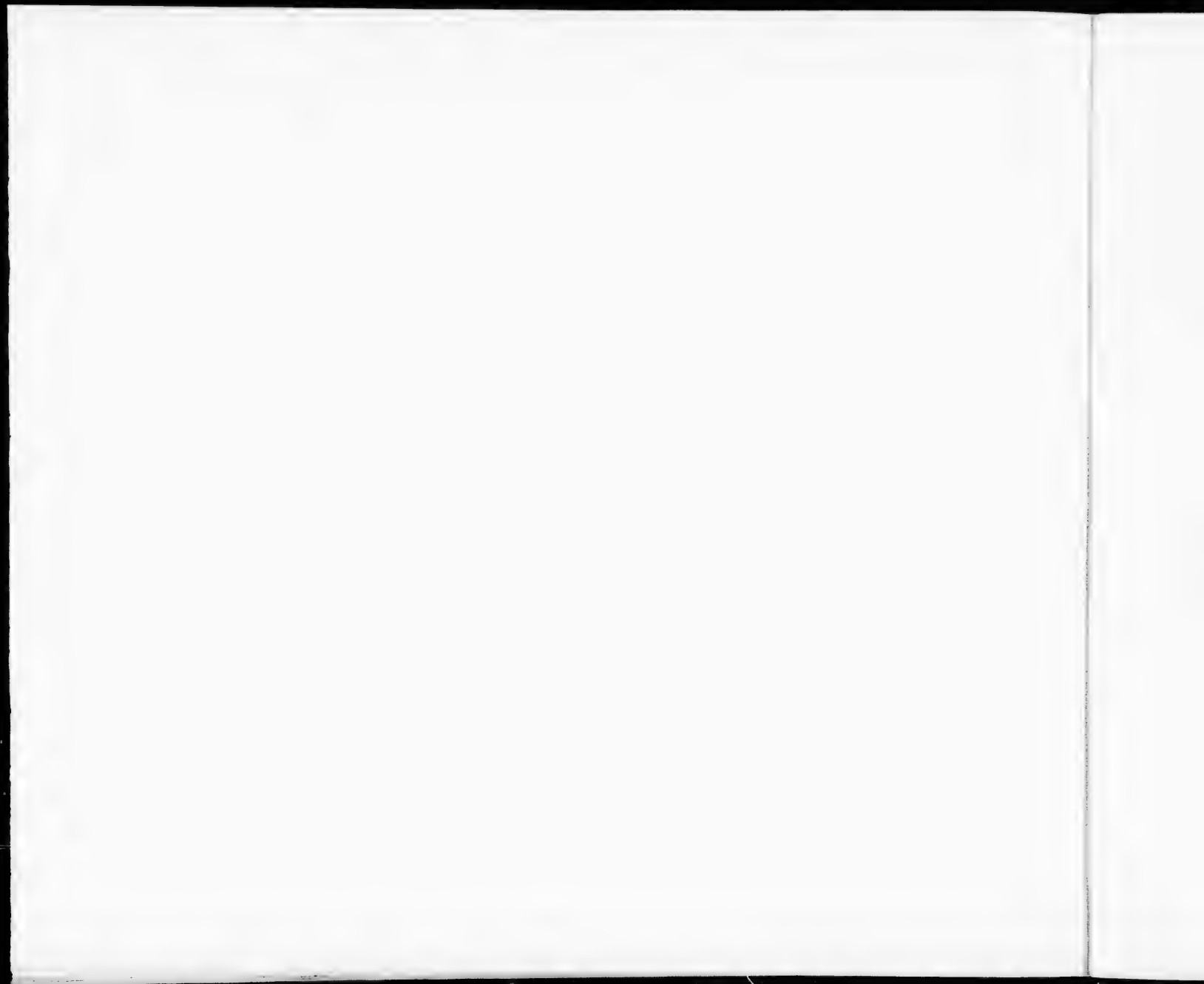
INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA - Plain and old-fashioned among many new and imposing edifices, like a modest Quaker dress amid the fashionable society of a ball room, stands the historic structure, known as Independence Hall. But what priceless memories does it not contain, like jewels in a well worn sash! Here we may see the very room in which the Continental Congress met, and where, on the fourth of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was adopted, signed and proclaimed to the people gathered in the adjoining square. The walls of this room are lined with portraits of many of the patriots, signed and dated that Declaration, and there are still preserved the table and many of the chairs used by the Deputies. Opposite this is another room of equal size filled with interesting souvenirs of those heroic days. Among these are articles of furniture used by Washington, Lafayette, Benjamin Franklin and John Hancock. Letters, words, articles of wearing apparel and authentic portraits, also vividly recall to us the patriots who were not found wanting in the time "not free, men's souls". There also is the heavy framework on which the famous "Liberty Bell" was originally hung, and in the corridor of the building we may see the historic bell itself, now cracked and voiceless, but eloquent in the memories which it awakens, of the days, when, first of all the bed-ridden feudal states, it "tongued out in iron's peals, announcing the adoption of the Declaration, and proclaiming 'Liberty' throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof". In "Congress Hall," an apartment in the second story of this building, Washington delivered his farewell address.



STATUE OF LIBERTY, NEW YORK HARBOR.—Standing out in sublime proportions against the sun-set sky, the colossal statue of Liberty seems one of the most impressive works of man which ever stood upon this continent. It is indeed gigantic, having a height of 141 feet. And simple as enormous size, it is so perfectly proportioned that one beholds it with complete satisfaction. This is the work of the French sculptor, Bartholdi, who fortunately chose a position which gives it an independent, queenly and even threatening aspect. It stands on Bedloe's Island, about two miles from the city. It is made of repoussé copper, and represents a female figure crowned with a diadem. One arm presses a tablet closely to her breast, the other holds aloft a blazing torch. Its great height is intensified by the huge granite pedestal, which is itself 125 feet high. A stairway leads to the head of the statue, in which several people can be easily accommodated at one time. At night this colossal figure seems even more imposing than by day. A powerful searchlight near it at such a time would reconvert the awe-inspiring effect produced by that Titanic figure rising through the gloom, into a dimly-lit monument by a sombre background, while the spotted torch glitters with electricity, as a star flashes when we view it through a telescope. A few statistics may well be mentioned here. This statue can be seen distinctly at a distance of four or five miles. Its total height above low-water mark is 106 feet. The forefinger of its right hand is seven feet long and over four inches in circumference at the second joint. It weighs over twenty-five tons, and cost more than a million francs—\$200,000, which was paid for by popular subscriptions in France.

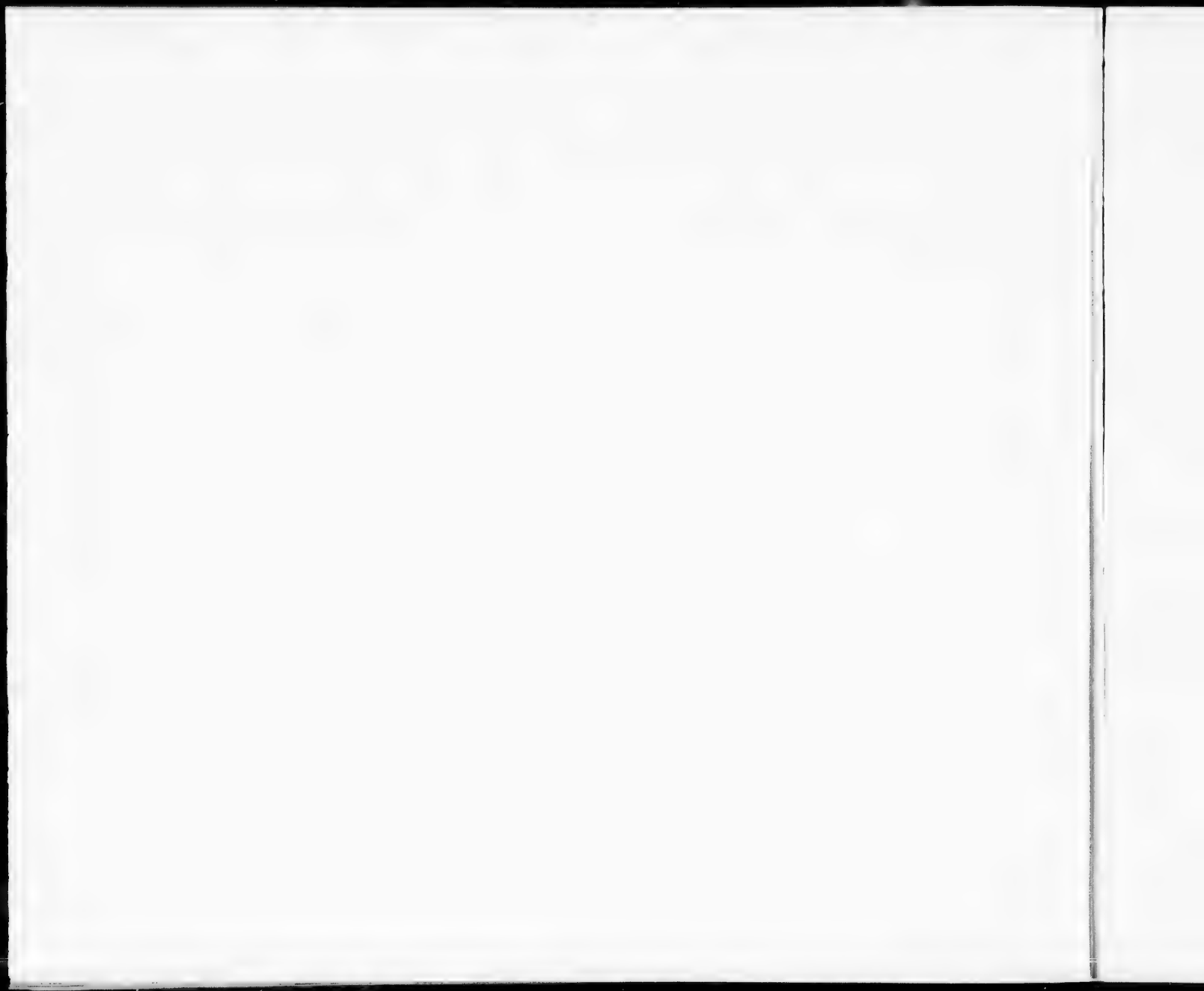


BUNKER HILL MONUMENT, NEAR BOSTON, MASS. The summit of Boston, known to the citizens as "Breed's Hill," is well as in the landscape by a tall granite shaft, which, plain, severe and substantial as the Puritans themselves, looks down upon the surrounding country. It stands upon the summit of the little hill, where on the night of the 16th of June, 1775, a small redoubt was erected by the American patriots to resist the British. The real name of this eminence was "Breed's Hill," but *Bunker Hill* seems to have been the general term for the locality, and that title has been ever since associated with the battle which took place here on the 17th of June. On the thirty-third anniversary of this conflict, in 1825, the Marquis of La Fayette laid with his own hands the corner-stone of this granite monument, which is thirty feet square at its base and 221 feet high. A spiral flight of 295 steps leads to the summit, whence a magnificent view is obtained of Boston, its harbor and its suburbs. This shaft was dedicated on the 17th of June, 1843, in the presence of President Tyler and all the members of his Cabinet. It was on that occasion that the great orator of Massachusetts, Daniel Webster, pronounced the dedicatory oration, which is usually considered the most eloquent and impressive speech that he ever delivered. In a house near the monument is a statue of General Warren, who was killed here in the battle. This circumstance recalls to all the well-known story of the proud citizen of Boston who was explaining this locality to a country visitor. "This is the spot," he said, "where Warren fell." Looking up at the monument and measuring its height, the countryman replied, "Gracious! no wonder that it killed him!"



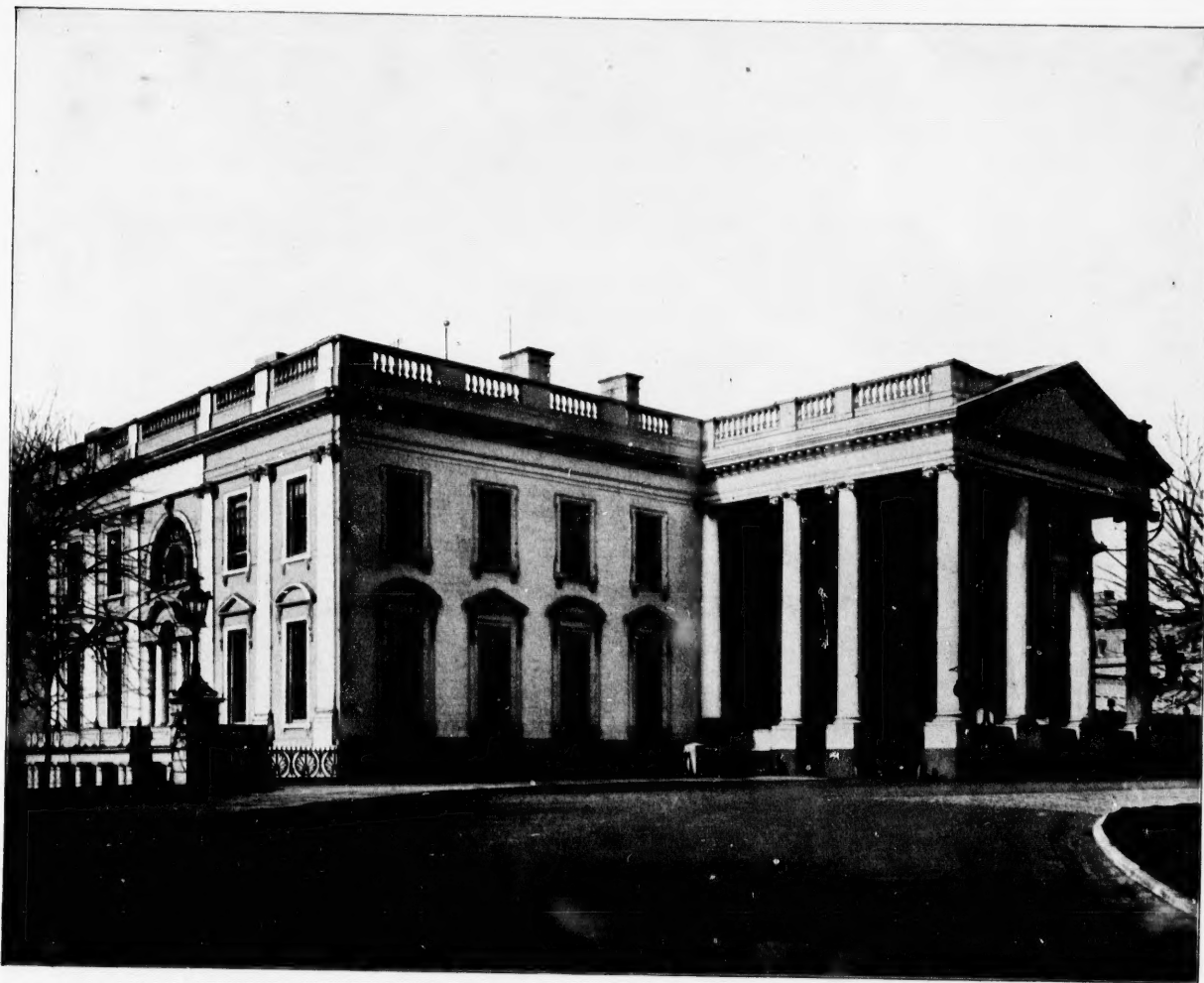


BOSTON COMMON, BOSTON, MASS. — To a Bostonian the "Common" is almost sacred ground. No matter how crowded are the surrounding streets; no matter how inconvenient it may be to go around it, the Common must remain inviolate. It dates from 1634, and by the city's charter, is made public property forever. It is unusual for a city to have thus in its very heart a park of 48 acres, laid out in sloping lawns and lovely walks; and this is the more remarkable since, divided from the common only by a single street, is another park of 22 acres called the Public Garden. These two enclosures, adorned with ponds, statuary and beds of flowers, form thus an enormous hollow square of 70 acres, of easy access to thousands. The great beauty of the Common lies in its magnificent "Table." Above the Common, and shown to the right in picture, rises the handsome State House, with its gilded dome, crowning the summit of Beacon Hill. On one side of it extends a part of Beacon Street, long famous for its fine residences; among which was once the house of John Hancock. Another side is flanked by Tremont Street, now being rapidly transformed into attractive shops. Within a stone's throw of the Common are many prominent buildings, such as the Public Library, the Masonic Temple, Music Hall, the Somerset Club, the Athenæum Library, and the State House, already mentioned, as well as the Old Burying-Ground, where repose the patriots, John Hancock and Samuel Adams.





PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Washington, like Paris, is a city of noble perspectives. Its stately avenues, smoothly paved with asphalt, are not merely handsome thoroughfares in themselves; they have also at their termini either buildings of superb proportions or groups of statuary commemorating many of the statesmen and generals of the nation. Pennsylvania Avenue is the most prominent of all Washington's streets. That part of it which connects the Treasury and the White House with the Capitol is straight as an arrow, is about a mile and a quarter long, and has a width of 160 feet. If the structures which front upon it were only of a uniform height, the appearance of this famous avenue would rival that of almost any in the world. Unfortunately too much individual irregularity is permitted in the architectural embellishment of American cities, and while a certain amount of variety is always desirable, glaring contrasts in style and above all in height, detract from an otherwise beautiful effect. Upon this avenue, or very near it, are many of the leading stores, hotels and theatres. At one extremity rises, like a snow-covered mountain, the dome of the Capitol; at the other is the truly majestic building of the Treasury. This city is appropriately named after the nation's first President, for it was Washington himself who chose its site, and who laid the corner-stone of the Capitol in September, 1792. Seven years later the seat of the Government was removed thither from Philadelphia. The city was also planned and laid out by Andrew Ellicott under Washington's supervision. The latter desired to have it called "Federal City," but his own name was bestowed on it, and it was incorporated as a city on the 3d of May, 1802. In 1860 its population was 60,000. In 1890 it was 230,392.



THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—The real name of this building is the *Executive Mansion*, but it is almost universally called the White House. It is a plain but somewhat imposing edifice, built of freestone painted white. It is only two stories high, but the effect of this is relieved by the eight Ionic columns which support the lofty portico of the main entrance. The first Executive who occupied this was President Adams in 1800. Since then it has been the abode of every Chief Magistrate of the Republic. The grounds adjoining and belonging to the White House comprise about seventy-five acres, twenty of which are inclosed as the private garden of the President. The latter are not, however, sufficiently walled off to afford the Executive or his family any real privacy within their limits. The principal apartment in the White House is the "East Room," a richly decorated parlor eighty feet long and forty wide. This is usually open to the public daily from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. The President's Study and the Cabinet Room are on the second floor, as are also the private apartments of the family. The history of the White House is of course the history of the country, so far as the latter has been affected by the distinguished men who have occupied in turn the Presidential chair; and no American can regard without emotion this stately though unostentatious building, beneath whose roof have lived Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant.



THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Every American has reason to be proud now of the central city of his Government. Its miles of asphalt pavement, its broad and extensive avenues, its imposing public buildings and its many elegant residences render it a very beautiful and attractive city. Particularly impressive is the Capitol itself. Its noble dome, 300 feet in height, is a conspicuous object from all portions of the metropolis, and verifies the poet's line, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." One never wearies of beholding it, so fine are its proportions and so elegant are its graceful curves, making it look like a great marble bell, surmounted by a bronze statue of Liberty. A beautiful park surrounds the hill on which the Capitol is located. One enters it through lofty iron gates and makes the ascent through flower beds, terraces and fountains, to reach at last a broad plateau, upon which stands this grand assembling-place of the representatives of our great Republic. The corner stone of the central part of this majestic edifice was laid by Washington in 1792. On either side of this is a white marble-wing 142 feet long and 239 feet deep. These spacious structures to the right and left of the magnificent dome give an idea of grandeur and solidity well worthy of the Nation which it is designed to serve. The view from the balconies of the Capitol is extremely fine and extensive, embracing the entire city, the windings of the Potomac, the soldiers' cemetery at Arlington, and the hills of Virginia. On the lawn in front is Greenough's colossal statue of Washington, upon the pedestal of which are the well-known and truthful words, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

